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LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON

The Revolution

IN

Constantinople and Turkey

A DIARY

BY

SIR W. M. RAMSAY

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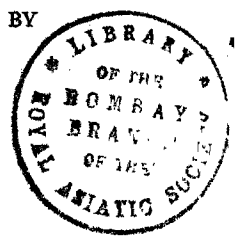
WITH EPISODES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY

LADY RAMSAY



HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LONDON MCMIX

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PREFACE

WHEN taking the train for Constantinople, I resolved to keep a record of what I saw and heard in events that seemed likely to be historical; and day by day, in train or steamer, cab or Club, the diary was written. It is reproduced here, improved in expression, but unchanged in meaning. I have not corrected reports that proved incorrect, and anticipations that were falsified in the issue. They were generally believed at the time when they were set down; and my intention is to give a picture of the fears and conduct of the unknown crowd in an uncertain situation as well as to record the judgment expressed by well-informed authorities whom we had the opportunity of meeting. The picture must appear confused, but it could not be true to fact otherwise, for hopes and apprehension chased one another, and emotions varied from hour to hour. Additions made subsequently to prevent error are placed within brackets.

It is my object not to set down opinions of my own, but to record impartially those of others—stating only our reasons for persisting, against weighty advice, in our plans of travel in Asiatic Turkey. But doubtless

my opinions colour the narrative; and therefore I set down in warning three opinions, which doubtless have often directed my observation. (1) I have a strong belief in the true patriotism and noble purpose of many leading Young Turks and of the movement generally. (2) The Revolution is a phase of the long conflict which has been waged throughout historical memory between Asia and Europe. At present it is introducing European science and order into Turkey; but it is essentially patriotic, and will become more and more definitely national. (3) It is closely implicated in the great European questions, and especially that of the relation between Britain and Germany. My belief is that some of the most serious difficulties which face the Young Turks proceed from the divergent aims of those two countries; but that the true interests of all three are identical; and that an agreement between Germany and Britain could be made. The chief difficulty which prevents such an agreement lies in the deep-seated disbelief with which each country regards the professions of the other: each starts with the conviction that nothing which the other says can be trusted, and that the other is bent on deceiving and destroying its competitor. I have tried to describe accurately the old English method and the new German method of dealing with the Turks, and to state fairly the advantages and the

results of both. The latest English method is like the German, but perhaps improves it.

As the book is a Diary, it has no order except the sequence of experiences and of thoughts that passed through the writer's mind.

People often think of Turkey as a place where time is wasted, and nothing can be done without long delays. My experience has been that there is no country where my business is done with so little loss of time; though there is infinite delay if you try to obtain from the Turks what they do not wish to give. If you go direct to the Turkish official, deal straight with him, and make him feel sure that you have no hidden motives, things often arrange themselves in a few minutes; but our Western red-tape and unreal forms are an abomination to him, and he loves to foil official requests, which he believes to be all deceptive (a belief in which he is too often justified).

Many descriptions of incidents, and of visits to Turkish ladies, are supplied by my wife; and word-photographs of two scenes are extracted from the diary of my daughter.

To Mr. W. M. Calder, Hulme Research Student of Brasenose College, and Craven Fellow, Oxford, who often appears in the diary, I am indebted for three excellent photographs. The rest, except two, are by my wife.

W. M. RAMSAY.

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Page 6, footnote: The vowels of the name vary much in pronunciation: Selenik, Selinik, etc.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND TURKEY IN THE REVOLUTION OF APRIL, 1909

I. THE SITUATION

THE following diary is a simple record of the experiences day by day of three travellers, bound for the inner regions of Asiatic Turkey, but storm-stayed in Constantinople for seventeen days in April, until some sort of definite authority was established in the capital and in the country. It reflects the varying emotions of hope and anxiety, in what was really a very critical time, felt from hour to hour by the inhabitants, whose fortunes and whose very lives in many cases were staked upon the issue of the very delicately balanced contest. In Great Britain people seem to have heard little that was really well-informed about the struggle in Constantinople, and almost every one thinks that the whole facts are expressed by the statement that a complete and apparently easy victory was gained by the Young Turks in the two struggles of July, 1908, and April, 1909—a statement which is superficially quite true, but in reality very incomplete and misleading. Hence there exists in our country little appreciation of the anxiety in which the people of Constantinople had to live during the Revolution of April, 1909, and utter ignorance of the imminent danger in which they were involved.

Especially foreigners who never come in contact with the ordinary people, and even official residents who live within easy access to safe and well-guarded Embassies in the European quarter of Constantinople, are often quite unable to appreciate the situation of the vast masses of population in many cities besides Constantinople, and are sceptical about the reality of their danger, or contemptuous of their cowardice and resourcelessness in the face of danger. For example, a friend of mine, who was travelling for the second successive year in Asiatic Turkey, said to a young and active Greek of Konia, referring to the massacre that had threatened there, and the apprehension in which the Christians had been living for days, "Why did you not clear out, when you knew days beforehand what was going to happen?" "Where could I go to?" replied the Greek; and my friend knew enough about the country and the possibilities of the case to see that there was no answer to the question. Three words had stated the whole case. One had simply to wait until the blow fell, and then sell one's life as dear as possible when the time had come. This Greek got a big knife, and would have fought like a wild cat at the last. In the interval I fear he only drowned his care in many glasses of raki. The idea of trying to escape from Konia was simply ludicrous. The whole country round was, indeed, perfectly open; one could go out freely by every way except one; but the country outside was as hostile and dangerous as the city. One was floating in a sea of Mohammedanism: change of place would not have meant change of situation, it

would only have meant the substitution of one environment of Mohammedans for another; and after all "go east, go west: home was best" for the Greek. In Konia he had many Mohammedan acquaintances, and some probably might have helped him, even in the worst excitement.

I have said that only one exit from the city of Konia was guarded. That exit was through the doors of the railway station. But the trains would accept only those who could pay for their tickets, and a ticket to any place distant enough to offer a safer refuge was too dear for all but a very few. Moreover, no one was ever under the old régime allowed to enter or leave the city without a permit; and police were always on guard at that solitary exit. The fact is that the Christian in Turkey was as securely guarded as a rat in a trap; there were no official guards except at the railway station and in the Konak Meidan (Government Square); but every Mohammedan was a guard and a possible enemy if the hour of danger came.

Such was the situation of the native Christians in Turkey. Who can wonder at the bitterness and hopelessness of their minds? Who but will sympathise with the relief that they felt when the despot whose rule meant for them such a life of anxiety was swept away and placed in his turn in a trap where he is in the same state of unprotected anxiety as his former Christian subjects used to be? They were formerly denied even the small consolation of complaint; they must hide their feelings with the most

anxious care. I know a Greek lady of some education and respectable position, the wife of an engineer in the Government service and the sister of a priest who is quite an educated man. She was overheard expressing her opinion about the tyrant, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in a filthy, verminous jail, a single dark room, with a herd of criminals and women of the lowest class; and her baby was born there. That is the sort of prison in which St. Paul was confined at Philippi, and I have used it (and many like it in Turkey) as an illustration to show the naturalness of the incidents which befell him. Nowadays, the former despot, in his villa at Salonik,[1] is as much debarred from the expression of his feelings as those Christian subjects of his formerly were; and who will pity him or regret his hard fate?—certainly not his Mohammedan subjects, who suffered almost as much as the Christians, though in different ways. Even among the many Moslems who are out of sympathy with the Young Turks, and who are strongly inclined to be reactionary, there is not, so far as I could judge, any sympathy with the fate of the late Sultan. He reigned to the suffering and terror of all, himself always in as great anxiety and terror as the meanest of his subjects; and he fell without rousing any expression or feeling of sympathy with his miserable downfall.

To make the following pages clear to any reader that did not follow closely the events of last winter in

[1] This is the Turkish name; but the commoner form Salonica is used throughout the following pages.

Turkey, it will be well to explain that, after the apparently complete victory of the Young Turks in July, 1908, there gradually developed among them two parties, the Ahrar or Liberals on the one hand, and those who adhered to the Committee of Union and Progress on the other. I had always found it difficult, living away from Turkey during the winter, to detect any serious difference in principle between the two; and good observers, who had resided in Constantinople throughout the whole time and enjoyed access to the best information, maintained that the differences lay more in personal feeling than in political principle. The one matter of principle that distinguished them was that the Liberals inclined, more or less, to some form of Home Rule, which should leave the different parts of the Empire free to manage their internal affairs, whereas the other party maintained that, in an Empire where the parts were so sharply divided from one another in feeling and racial character and even in language, as Arabia, Syria, Kurdistan and Anatolia are from Macedonia and the Greek regions and islands of the West, it was impossible to maintain unity except through a strongly centralised Government. But this idea of Home Rule was a mere fancy floating in the minds of some, never *materialised* in any plan or formal proposal. Prince Sabah-ed-Din[1] was understood to be its warmest admirer and partisan; but he held no official position. Kiamil Pasha, the Grand Vizier and the official head of the Liberals, was not

[1] He is a nephew of the late and the present Sultan, but was long an exile on account of his free views.

believed to regard it as a practical possibility; and many other Liberals had no thought of such lofty principles, but were entirely immersed in the facts of the moment and the struggle to maintain themselves in power.

The real difference was this. The Liberals were in possession of most of the official positions and of apparent authority. They could be seen and known. The Committee of Union and Progress was a secret body, whose meetings and members and deliberations were unknown, but which exercised great power in an incalculable and irresponsible fashion. The leaders of the Young Turks, after the victory of July, 1908, had shown great self-denial in refusing all rewards and all offices of dignity or outward show. But the Committee, which had conducted the revolution, forced the Sultan to accept the Constitution, and really appointed the officials, did not dissolve itself and leave the Ministers of State a free hand to conduct the affairs of Government. There was always that secret, supreme authority standing behind the chairs of State on which the Ministers sat; and no one knew when or how it might intervene to direct or thwart their action. This anomalous situation was defended on the ground that the Constitution was too young and weak, and that its makers could not venture to leave it to work its way, but must be ready to save it from danger and to guide it in case of difficulty. There was considerable truth in this plea; but, evidently, such a double authority, the ostensible and the secret, made the machinery of government delicate and difficult; and it could only

be kept in working order by the exercise of great discretion and judgment on the part of the secret Committee. I believe that none of its most ardent adherents felt that the members of the Committee had always shown perfect discretion in their interference with the conduct of affairs. As I was informed by good and friendly judges, even the most enthusiastic Young Turks acknowledged that mistakes had been made. The difficulty was that no one knew who or what was the Committee, or what it had determined; and well-meaning, but not always well-informed, persons sometimes acted as if they were the Committee, without any formal consultation of others. These faults, which sprang from excess of zeal, combined with inexperience, were undeniable and confessed; and, probably, they might have been corrected if a peaceful development of events had been permitted.

On the other hand the Liberals were, on the whole, the party in possession of official power, although some of its leading men, such as Prince Sabah-ed-Din, remained in a private position. There is always a temptation for officials to aim at permanent possession; and in Turkey there is also always a temptation to take the advantages which office presents in the form of bribes. Kiamil Pasha himself was recognised as absolutely honest. He possesses the unique distinction of having been three times Grand Vizier, and yet having remained a comparatively poor man. But the old system of government by bribery cannot be easily or quickly eradicated. Though some of the Reformist leaders were, like Kiamil, perfectly honest, actuated by

true patriotism, and sincerely desirous of keeping the government pure, yet others, who had been capable of rising in the moment of the first enthusiasm to a high level of patriotism, were not able to maintain themselves permanently on the same level throughout the drudgery of everyday life and work. I was assured by one who knew well what are the practical facts of Turkish life, that it was distinctly more expensive to get a concession from Government during last winter than it had been under the old régime. Previously there was a certain well-known lot of persons whose favour had to be bought, three or four in the Palace, two or three in the Ministry; but under the new system there were a hundred or two whose support must be obtained.

The evil genius of the Liberals was Said Bey, the third and favourite son of Kiamil Pasha. In 1907, when we were last in Smyrna, where his father had been Governor for many years, I heard the worst accounts of him from many sides: he was declared to be the most corrupt of the Turks and to be in league with the brigands, who certainly were worse in the province than I have ever known them to be during thirty years; and they have sometimes been very bad. In Constantinople Said wrought much evil by his reckless, unprincipled and corrupt conduct; and his old father unfortunately believed to the end in his honesty and high character. The stories that were told of him, one or two specimens of which will be found in the following pages, were almost incredible. He had more to do with wrecking the Liberal party

and the Government of Kiamil than any other person. The hatred felt for him was intense and almost universal; and his father necessarily suffered from it.

The two sections of the originally single reform party were thus gradually embittered against one another, partly by faults of temper, partly by worse faults; and at last in the month of February the Ministry of Kiamil Pasha was overthrown, and a new Grand Vizier, more acceptable to the Committee of Union and Progress, Hilmi Pasha, was appointed. There followed on 13th April a Reaction. The soldiers mutinied against the established Government, murdered a certain number of military and civil officials, and compelled a change of Government: they complained that the Religious Law of the Sheriat was endangered, they demanded freedom to pray when and as often as they pleased, and called for officials who were faithful to the Sheriat. There is no doubt that the mutineers were bribed and misinformed. There is no doubt also that orders which were injudicious had been issued by the military authorities; and the general in command of the First Army Corps (the army stationed at Constantinople), Ahmed Mukhtar Pasha, was especially blamed by the soldiers, who were bent on killing him. The general narrowly escaped death, thanks to the shelter courageously given him in an English house: the story is told in the following diary.

The difficulty is to determine how much share in provoking the Mutiny must be assigned to the one cause, and how much to the other; but that both causes

combined to produce the result is certain. The soldiers were provoked by a general order that prayers must give way to military requirements. Agitators took advantage of their discontent to preach insurrection, assuring them that Christians were to be placed in authority over them, that Christians had been mainly instrumental in causing the Revolution of July, 1908, and slighting the Sultan, and that the whole army was to be compelled to adopt Christianity. Money also was distributed to the soldiers in abundance—as to this no doubt can exist in any unprejudiced mind; numbers of witnesses told me what they had seen; the fact that soldiers previously poor have come into possession of money cannot be hid.

What has been disputed is, who was the instigator of the agitation, and who supplied the money. If we apply the old Roman principle, *cui bono?*—who had to gain by it?—there cannot be any doubt that the Sultan stood to gain far more than any one else. Also there can be no doubt that he had abundance of money; and ready money is scarce among the Turks. A few people defended him, declared that he was absolutely loyal to the Constitution, and maintained that the Mutiny had been caused solely by the injudicious orders against prayers; but I am bound to say that the evidence is simply overwhelming that, while those orders provoked discontent, the discontent was actively fomented through some concerted plan. Months before, in the early winter of 1908, I received information from Constantinople, at one time that the Sultan was actively engaged in intrigues against the

Government and the Constitution, at another time that at any moment the Sultan might be dethroned on account of the intrigues which he was fomenting. His defenders maintained that this information was false.

Another dispute was on the question what share, if any, the Liberals, now out of power and desirous of regaining power, took in instigating the Mutiny. The opinion which, on the whole, gradually prevailed, was that some of the Liberals, the worst and most reckless among them, were gravely implicated, that others had at least been inclined to look at the Mutiny passively, and watch it without active regret as it discomfited their triumphant rivals, but that others were absolutely free from blame, and regarded the whole proceeding with regret and distrust.

Such was the situation, and such were the questions agitating people's minds and discussed by everybody in Constantinople when we went there. I was eagerly desirous of getting at the truth. I was acquainted with at least one man who knows Turkey as few men do, and who vehemently maintained the Sultan's perfect innocence. For his opinion on any matter of Turkish politics I had learned to entertain the highest respect, and I was therefore not likely to set it aside lightly as erroneous. I weighed the facts and the evidence without prejudice, and set down day by day what I saw and heard and learned, without committing myself prematurely to any opinion. In the long run I came to a definite conclusion as to the general run of the facts. It has, however, not been my aim to

state my own opinions about Turkish matters—that has been done as well as I could in my *Impressions of Turkey*—but to record the opinions of those whom I met, so far as they seemed typical of present conditions in Turkey.

One other question of a very different kind is even more pressing on the attention of any English citizen. It was the German policy in Turkey to support and defend the late Sultan in all his acts. The Sultan was the bitter and fanatical and relentless enemy of England; he hated almost all Europeans and all European interference, and England was to him the quintessence of everything that he detested in the way of foreign interference with Turkey. The declaration of the Constitution was, therefore, a great blow to Germany, and a great gain to English influence in Turkey. The enemies of the tyrant were the friends of Turkish freedom. But Germany had no friendship for the Sultan; she merely used him for her own purposes, and threw him aside the moment he ceased to be advantageous to her. Then began a struggle for influence in Constantinople. Germany gauged the situation with consummate skill. She foresaw that in the struggle between the Liberals and the Committee the Committee would win; and she backed the Committee with all her power.

In truth, it did not require any deep insight to perceive that the Liberals were a motley and heterogeneous group, not very numerous, and not united in any policy; whereas the Committee had certain clear and definite aims, which a vast majority in the Chamber

of Deputies regarded as absolutely essential. English feeling was misled by strong and well-deserved personal sympathy with Kiamil Pasha, by implicit confidence in his honesty (which was also thoroughly right), and by firm belief in his governing capacity (which was not so well justified by his past career, with its mournfully demonstrated incapacity to preserve even moderate order and peace in the Province of Smyrna). Kiamil's public and strong preference for the Liberals produced in many, who trusted in his skill and insight, the belief that the Liberals would win, whereas the event showed beyond dispute that they had no power in themselves, and must either go to ruin or lean on the strong latent force of Mohammedanism and Reaction. Kiamil himself was apparently decided in his preference for the Liberals mainly by dislike for the secret power of the Committee, which frequently intervened, and interfered with his action.

The Press in Constantinople was gradually won over to support the policy of Germany; people who knew much, and who require to know much in order to live in Turkey, assured me that German money was freely spent in winning the Press. One important paper alone remained actively friendly to England in the early days of April, called the *Ikdam* in its Turkish edition and the *Indépendant* in its French edition. It was the most influential paper and had the largest circulation in Constantinople. Its fate and the guilt or innocence of its two editors were burning questions during the first few days of our stay there.

I had a long conversation with one of the editors on the day that he escaped from the city.

The story went, also, that Germany financed the Young Turks in their march on Constantinople during that eventful week. Whether there was any truth in the story I do not presume to judge, but, if there was, a country's money never was better spent for its interests. The triumphant entry of the Army of Freedom was universally regarded as a German triumph and as a humiliation to England. That was felt and acknowledged by all whom I spoke to. How did it come about that whereas the Revolution of July, 1908, was the triumph of English influence, the Revolution of April, 1909, which placed the same men once more in authority, was considered to be the downfall of English influence? It is a strange and hardly comprehensible reversal.

In the long struggle between the Liberals and the adherents of the Committee of Union and Progress, England had supported the Liberals with her whole influence. Many people thought and said that she was carrying her interference in the affairs of a foreign country to an extraordinary and almost unparalleled point; and those critics were sincere friends to England and the most patriotic of Englishmen, of very diverse political views, some of them Conservatives from childhood and by heredity, others ardent Liberals in English politics. The Ahrar, the Turkish Liberal party, had so managed, or mismanaged, its affairs, that at the last the Reaction and the Mutiny had seemed to come as the logical and necessary result of its

endeavours to regain power; and thus the ludicrous and almost incredible situation that to outside observers English influence in Constantinople, which had been identified too much with Kiamil Pasha and the Ahrar, seemed to depend on the success of the Reaction. Now, whatever was its origin, and whoever stimulated it, there could be no doubt that the Reaction meant the restoration of the Sultan's powers. The soldiers openly proclaimed that, and no one could deny the patent fact; the mutineers championed the Faith and the Padishah against the Reformers and the Christians. Every prominent Turkish champion of reform and liberty, except a few of the old Liberals, had to flee in order to escape death after the first day of the Mutiny. The Liberals could remain safely; but Abd-ul-Hamid had regained in large degree his former influence. The members of Parliament were mostly afraid to assemble; one representative was taken out of his carriage on his way to the meeting of 13th April, and murdered in the street; and Parliamentary power had ceased.

There was not, in any unprejudiced mind, the slightest doubt that the Liberals would in their turn be proscribed by the Sultan, if the Reaction had permanently triumphed. I do not see how any even of those who had maintained that the Sultan was in April acting with strict loyalty to the Constitution, could carry their advocacy of him to the extent of believing that, when power was restored to him by the action of others, he would or could refrain from using it after his old fashion, engrained in him during

more than thirty years of practice and urged on him by his whole entourage.

When the struggle broke out anew between the Committee of Union and Progress, with its headquarters at Salonica and Adrianople, and the Reactionary elements inspired from Yildiz Kiosk, with or without the connivance of the Sultan, the Liberals in Turkey had ceased to be a power and were either living in retirement and sorrow or hoping for the triumph of the Reaction. The cause of Freedom and the Constitution had passed wholly into the keeping of the Committee. The soldiers of the Committee were the Army of Liberty marching on Constantinople, financed (as many rightly or wrongly believed) by Germany. The soldiers in Constantinople were mutineers who had risen against their officers and murdered some of them; they were to a considerable extent an army without officers, for many of these had fled to Salonica and (as the story ran) 260 of them had been secretly murdered in the Palace of Yildiz;[1] they were an army fighting for absolutism, for the old Moslem custom and Sacred Law, and for the restoration of Abd-ul-Hamid's old methods of rule. Whatever had been the rights and wrongs of the long struggle between Ahrar and the Committee, the wheel of fortune had so come round that every one who believed in freedom, every one who hated tyranny and the policy of massacre and espionage and repression, must now long for the triumph of the Committee.

[1] This story, like other matters here touched on, will appear more in the diary.

The belief entertained by 90 per cent. of all the people in Constantinople was that the Army of Freedom was favoured by Germany, and that English influence, which had supported Kiamil Pasha and the Liberals, was now identified with the Reaction. That this last belief was entirely false I do not need even to state in a book addressed to English readers; but expressions of sympathy for the Sultan were heedlessly and needlessly uttered by some English people who believed in his innocence during the Mutiny, and were reported in exaggerated form throughout all Constantinopolitan society; and similar expressions were uttered in a different and disgraceful sense by a very few English people whose interests were identified with those of the Sultan; and these words were turned to account by the enemies of England. Fortunately, the staunch and unhesitating attitude of many English people, whose names and views had been familiar for many years to all old residents in the city, prevented any permanent and serious harm to our reputation among the Turks, who know the English from long acquaintance and a certain natural sympathy; but in all my experience of Turkey (beginning in May, 1880) there never was a time when such strong hostility to England was so openly expressed in Constantinopolitan society as the middle of April, 1909.

It has seemed necessary to explain the situation of affairs and feeling which we found in Constantinople, in order that the following record of actual experience, and of facts set down as they occurred without sufficient explanation of their bearing, may be intelligible to

the reader. It may be added that I hardly came into contact with the English official world in Constantinople, and have nothing to tell about official views. The few occasions on which I saw officials for a few minutes are mentioned in the diary, and nothing passed on those occasions which was not suited for verbatim publication in all the Constantinople and London papers, with one single exception; and there is now no reason why that interview should not be fully described, as it tells only to the credit of the foresight shown at the Embassy, and shows nothing to confirm the malignant rumours which were current in Constantinople about its action and feeling.

For convenience the name "Young Turks" is used in the following pages to denote the party which supported the Committee of Union and Progress and opposed the Liberals; though it is true and fair to say that some or even many of the principal Liberals had originally been enthusiastic members of the Young Turk party, and had taken an active and honourable part in the Revolution of July, 1908. Such, for example, was Prince Sabah-ed-Din, a leading member of the original committee of exiles in Paris which was the mainspring of the whole movement, and a man of the highest honour.

II. DIARY ON THE JOURNEY AND IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Saturday, April 17.—We arrived in Berlin direct from Scotland *viâ* Hamburg, intending to stay three days, as I wished to see several of the professors in the University and of the officials in the Museum, and make some arrangements about the work which we proposed for ourselves in Turkey. There we learned from the morning papers that the Young Turks were collecting troops in Macedonia with the intention of marching on Constantinople. My daughter at once exclaimed: "Could we not go straight on, and be there when the fighting begins?" As we did not want to spend our time in Germany or Austria, and as it was probable that it would be difficult to enter Constantinople after the Army of Freedom had once assembled and begun the war, we resolved to take the first train, which started that afternoon about 4 o'clock. We had to make some slight preparations, and to purchase tickets; and our passports required to get the visa of the Turkish Consulate, which could only be procured through the British Consulate. The official at our Consulate—I did not gather whether he was actually the consul or a secretary—though he expressed some surprise at our hurried departure for so disturbed a scene as Constantinople, got the matter put through with speed, and by 1 P.M. we were all ready.

An old pupil of mine, now Craven Fellow in the University of Oxford and Hulme Research Student of Brasenose, called after ringing me up on the telephone. He wired yesterday to Aberdeen to ask about my movements, and heard that I was believed to be in Berlin. He arranged to travel with us, if he could be ready in time, and if not to follow us by to-morrow's train. As it turned out, he had to take the second alternative.

Sunday, April 18.—We reached Buda-Pesth at 9.30 A.M., and had to wait till 3.15 for the train to Constantinople. After depositing our bags at the Central Station we went into the city; and in the Parliament House met among other people an Italian gentleman who had arrived from Constantinople this forenoon. He expressed amazement that we should think of going thither, and said that everybody who could get away was hurrying out of the city, and that he had left his business—in fact there was no business to be done—and was going to a safer country till things were settled one way or other. This gave us good hopes of finding plenty of room in the sleeping-car; and, as it turned out, my wife and daughter got a room to themselves, and I had only one companion in mine, who proved very interesting.

In the waiting-room, where we were all herded in a crowd after the German fashion waiting until the train was ready and the doors were opened, we noticed an active yet powerfully built Turk in a fez; and the word was passed round in German (and probably also in Magyar) that this was a Young Turk. The de-

Fraternising with the Soldiers of Liberty on the way to Constantinople.
(Volunteers wear White Caps.)

See p. 48.

meanour of the crowd showed very plainly that the Young Turk cause had their full sympathy. In the train I found that there was along with me a young man of a very alert, resolute and intelligent look, who was speaking French to the conductor quite fluently, but still evidently as a foreigner who had learned French. That suited me, because I find that French people speak so fast that they finish three sentences while I am grasping the meaning of one, so that I understand only every third sentence in their speeches, whereas Turks and Armenians speak intelligible French. To pay him a delicate compliment and to open conversation I asked him if he were French. He answered that he was a Turk; and I soon found that he was accompanied by the man in the fez, who was travelling more economically in the adjoining carriage, which was not a sleeper. Both were going straight through to Salonica, and both impressed me by their marked difference in type from the Anatolian Turks, to whom I am more accustomed. In gesture and word they presented a strong contrast to the grave, statuesque and almost stolid dignity of the Turks of Asia. They were true Europeans, not Asiatics; they had the quickness in physical movement and alertness of look that belong to the West.[1]

[1] That can be imparted to a considerable degree by training in boyhood. In some small Anatolian towns we have often detected that a chance passer-by had been educated at an American Mission College, simply from noticing the way he walked in the street, while all others shuffled along, even peasant mountaineers accustomed to long marches and capable of great endurance.

One was not surprised to hear that they were Young Turks. My room-mate had, as he told me, gone only a few weeks ago to occupy an official post in a European capital; and he had now thrown up his official duties, and was travelling to Salonica to join the troops which were gathering there. I asked about Enver Bey, one of the two boldest leaders of the insurrection in July last, who was military attaché to the Embassy in Berlin; and learned that he had already arrived at Salonica. Then, as my wife and daughter would, I knew, be intensely interested, I went to fetch them; and we had a long conversation about the situation in Turkey. My new acquaintance, whom I shall call Mehmet Bey, though that was not his real name, stated his views with the most perfect frankness and decision.

In the Revolution of July, 1908, when the Constitution was established, the Young Turks, he said, had made a mistake, and they were not going to repeat the error. The life of the Sultan was the death of the Young Turk. One or other must leave the stage of history; and the party was going to "mak siccar" this time. The Liberals had betrayed the party, and were cajoled by the Sultan, whose plan was to crush the Young Turks with the help of the Liberals, and thereafter to crush the Liberals. The question had resolved itself into a simple one, a struggle between the reactionary forces of the State on the one hand and the Committee of Union and Progress on the other. All who now opposed the Committee were aiding in the Reaction; and they must suffer the consequences of their choice.

We asked what his views were with regard to the late Vizier, the "Grand Old Man" of Turkey. Mehmet Bey was, I regret to say, very bitter against Kiamil, who is the most honest man in Turkey, very much respected by every one, and very kind to me personally. Kiamil Pasha, he declared, had tried to make himself autocratic, and he must go. He had chosen the wrong side, and become a supporter of the tyrant. The English people had been much misinformed regarding the facts. The correspondents of the leading newspapers had misled public opinion, whether through pure ignorance or through prejudice. He quoted one case as specially characteristic of the mischievous errors which were served up for the public every day in the English papers. When not long ago Ferid Pasha, the last Grand Vizier of the old régime before the Constitution had been declared, was appointed Governor of Smyrna, the *Times* had complained that Ferid was the leading Germanophil in Turkey and a bitter opponent of England, and that the Young Turks, in permitting such an appointment, were definitely ranging themselves on the side of Germany against England.

Mehmet Bey maintained that such a statement was as foolish as it was false. Ferid Pasha had risen to power under the Sultan's régime by German support, because there was no other way to rise; but he was not committed to approve of German influence in Turkey when the Sultan's tyranny was ended. Still less was the Young Turkish party committed to favour Germany, because it had sent one of the ablest

of Turkish administrators to govern the province of Smyrna. But the effect of ignorant statements of this kind, persistently made in the most official [1] and representative of English papers, inevitably was to force Ferid and the Young Turks over to the other side, by making it clear to them that English feeling was hostile to their policy, and denied them freedom of action in the most elementary matters of domestic government.

The Turkish nation, said Mehmet Bey, claimed full right to choose at its own discretion those persons whom it considered best qualified to govern the provinces of the Empire without regard to foreign influence. It was an unwarrantable interference with the internal affairs of a sovereign country to make such an appointment the ground of a charge of unfriendliness to England.

He also mentioned the telegram sent by King Edward to Abd-ul-Hamid last autumn, advising him to trust to Kiamil Pasha, and resented it strongly as a public and official interference with the choice of the Ministers of State, which was an insult to Turkey and had caused serious harm to the reputation of England. Not even Russia had ever so openly and rudely dictated its desires to little Bulgaria, as England did

[1] It is, as every traveller knows, impossible to make the people in other European countries understand or believe that the *Times* never was and is not an official organ. If you tell them that there is no official paper in England, they receive the statement with a polite smile, as one of the usual fictions by which English people think to bamboozle the foreigner.

in that case to Turkey. It was a great mistake to suppose that English influence in Turkey was dependent on any one official, or any set of officials; it was founded on an old alliance before the present Sultan's time. The Young Turks recognised that it was Abd-ul-Hamid, and not Turkey, that had been the enemy of England; and they were not inclined to make the error that the Sultan had made. But self-respect did not permit them to accept such dictation, or to listen to criticism administered in such a public way before the whole world. England did not venture publicly to advise the King of Italy or even of Servia or Greece what Prime Minister he should trust to. Why not leave Turkey to judge for herself, or at least be content with secret diplomatic advice?

In the course of conversation my wife mentioned that several people had expressed astonishment at our venturing to go to Constantinople at this time, and that an Italian gentleman in Buda-Pesth had strongly advised us not to go, but that we were far too deeply interested to feel any apprehension of possible danger. Mehmet Bey replied very impressively: "Madame, you are quite right. There will be no danger to any Europeans who remain quietly in their houses. Every precaution will be taken to safeguard their lives and their property. All is arranged with a view to that."

[At the time I paid no attention to this remark, regarding it as prompted merely by politeness; but in looking back afterwards over the development of events we recognised that it was full of significance,

and implied the existence, already at that early stage, of a carefully planned series of operations, in which the difficulties were foreseen and provided for. Those who read the following diary will observe the traces of this plan appearing from time to time, although at the moment we did not in thought connect together the various details which indicated it.]

But Mehmet came back always to the same topic. It was such a profound blunder for England to act as if her interests and influence in Turkey depended on any one man, or on barring out from office any other man. The Young Turks knew that it was to the interest of England that Turkey should be strong and well-governed, whereas they were not sure that any other Power in Europe did not desire to keep Turkey weak. This was the sure foundation for good feeling between England and Turkey.

We, of course, seized on this admission, and argued that the telegram and the complaint in the *Times* were both due to anxiety—perhaps an over-solicitude—for the benefit of Turkey; and maintained that the people of Great Britain were sincerely desirous that the reform and regeneration of Turkey should be successful. But it is not my business to set down what we said, but only to state what others, and Mehmet Bey in particular, said and felt.

I must say, in correction of Mehmet Bey's account, that in Constantinople the opinion is still held by many that the Sultan was not instrumental in fomenting the recent troubles, and that he has really tried hard to maintain the Constitution. Time will decide. I do

not claim to know who is right. Nothing is so difficult as to tell what is really happening in Constantinople, except to foretell what is going to happen to-morrow.

That the heated struggle between the English and the Germans for influence in Constantinople has much impeded the establishment of peace and order in Turkey there can hardly be any question, and probably no one doubts that this is so. Which side is to blame, or whether both must share the blame, or whether the tide of events was too strong and swept both along in its course, I do not pretend to judge. But it is universally believed to be the fact that there has been a continuous struggle for power among the various parties and interests, and that the restoration of order has been sacrificed in the struggle.

After all, the Sultan was the one governing force in the country, and when that force was suddenly stopped there was no Government strong enough to take its place. The trained officials were almost all of the Sultan's party. Few of the Young Turks had ever had practical experience in government, and there was not a sufficient number of officials to do the work, while the energy of many of the leading men was absorbed in the struggle for power. The eastern part of the Turkish Empire has been drifting into anarchy, and first Kurdistan, now Cilicia, is in a state practically of civil war. Whether the anarchy and war may spread westwards depends largely on the personal character and administrative ability of the governors of the great central Anatolian Provinces,

Konia, Angora and Sivas. Will they be able to stand the strain on their powers? The future will show; but the outlook is very black at present. Had Germany and England been able to unite in a common policy for the benefit of Turkey the situation would have been alleviated, and order might have been restored. But this was not fated to be. I have no means of knowing whether any attempt was made, or any wish was felt, to unite. The outsider sees only the results.

I do not quote Mehmet's views as an unbiassed appreciation of the facts, but as being characteristic of the party and of the time. They are the opinions of a strong partisan in the heat of a contest, which is literally a life-or-death fight; and they are certainly prejudiced and one-sided. There is, of course, another side, which will doubtless reveal itself as we go on. Meanwhile I record what I hear from the mouth of a person who is going to play a part in the fight. He made on us an extremely favourable impression, as being for the moment entirely devoted to and absorbed in a great and a noble idea, and as desirous that his party should so act as to stand well in the eyes of the world. Above all, he seemed to have no feeling against Great Britain, apart from the annoyance caused by the British way of administering advice and reproof like nauseous medicine, whose beneficial effect depended on its being given in the most nauseating fashion.

I do not even know whether the charge which he made against the great English newspaper with re-

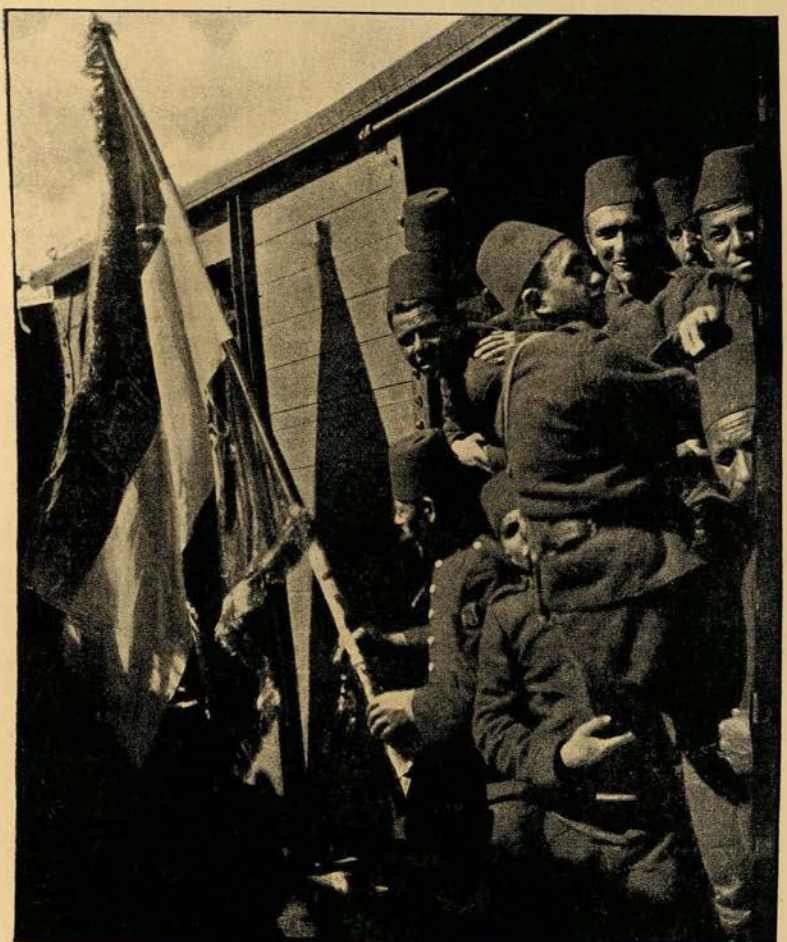
gard to the appointment of Ferid to Smyrna was true or not. I did not see the article, and can only describe the effect produced on Turkish feeling by the belief that those sentiments had been expressed in the paper.

I asked Mehmet Bey about the attitude of the officers in the army. He said that all those who had risen from the ranks were reactionary, whereas those who had passed through the military schools were, without exception, Young Turks. This sounded at the first moment strange to me, until I recollected what I had heard before about the system of promotion; and he confirmed entirely those old stories. Promotion used to be worked as part of the spy-system. A soldier who sent information against his officers, denouncing any signs of free thought or of discontent with the established order of the Empire, was rewarded; and, if he continued to be useful as a spy, he might rise high in the service. In fact this grievance had much to do in bringing about the Sultan's downfall. The officers lived in terror of denunciation; there was no chance of promotion through faith or good service; the best men among the private soldiers remained unrewarded; the clever and unscrupulous spy got all the rewards. Nothing more demoralising to discipline could be imagined; but it gradually sapped the loyalty of the army, and Abd-ul-Hamid's power rested in Turkey on the soldiers. Outside of Turkey the position of Khalif was the basis of his wide influence, but in Turkey that dignity, which he was the first Ottoman Sultan to lay

any stress upon, exercised no influence, so far as I could judge. I never heard the title applied to him in familiar speech by any of the Turks; he was to them the Padishah, not the Khalif. The Turks are a nation of soldiers, and these soldiers revere the Padishah as the head of the army. When the devotion of the army was lost the Sultan had no firm support to rely on. I remember that in the last days of June, 1908, a first-rate authority on Turkey, who knows Turkey and the Turks as he knows his own name, said to me that he had just heard from Macedonia an ominous report about the existence of serious discontent in the army, and that, if the army ceased to support the Sultan, his power could not last. It was about two weeks later that the public in Constantinople began to hear the first news, when a few hundred soldiers under Enver Bey openly raised the standard of revolt at Resna.

[In confirmation of Mehmet Bey's account, it will be mentioned later that, when the Army of Freedom was forcing its way into Constantinople, every pupil in the military schools and even in the boys' high schools volunteered for service with the Liberators, and also that when the great massacre planned for the night of the 23rd of April was talked about among the Turks, the story was that the pupils in the Turkish boys' high schools were to have been the first victims; these facts and beliefs are mentioned later.]

Mehmet Bey spoke very emphatically in praise of the Balkans Committee, a body whose conduct in the Turkish question for years has been very much dis-



The Soldiers of Liberty larking while the train stops.

See p. 48.

cussed and often very harshly criticised by English Turcophiles and others interested in the Eastern question. He declared that, had it not been for the words and acts of that Committee, the patriot Turks would have been driven to believe that England's sympathies were entirely on the side of the tyrant and against all those who were struggling for freedom in Turkey; but that, when they thought of the Committee, they asked themselves whether the *Times* was really an accurate expression of English feeling. We, of course, protested that in this matter that was not the case, that there was strong and general sympathy in England for the party of Freedom in Turkey, that the *Times* must have been misinformed as to the facts, and in any case was in no sense a mouthpiece of Great Britain, and that, as a matter of fact, we, though taking a deep interest in Turkish matters and in English opinion about Turkey, had not known about this attitude on the part of the great English newspaper.

[Mehmet Bey's reference to the Balkans Committee was illuminated by an incident of which I heard a vague report during the preceding winter, when Kiamil Pasha was Grand Vizier, and which will be found in my diary of to-morrow described by a travelling acquaintance in the same train.

It may be added that several persons in Constantinople, representing very different points of view from Mehmet Bey and from each other, said to us that the existence and action of the Balkans Committee had been a very fortunate thing for England, and in the revolution that followed was the main support of

English prestige with the victorious party. Numberless persons spoke about the unfortunate effect produced by the articles in the *Times*, which had evidently been the subject of endless gossip and scandal in Constantinople. I felt often rather ashamed, and still more often much relieved, to have to confess that I had never known of the articles in question. The whole matter shows how much importance is attached in Turkish circles to the opinions expressed in the foreign press, and how much harm may be done by the leading newspapers of Europe through unintelligent and harsh criticism of the internal affairs of other countries. The leader-writer sitting at his desk, working at high pressure, and aiming at emphasis and telling effect, distributes blame all round on foreign politicians whom he is slating, with very insufficient knowledge of the conditions and difficulties against which they have to contend.

The attitude of the *Times* (I do not know whether expressed in its correspondence or its leaders, but I think in both) made an extraordinarily deep impression in Constantinople, and was probably much misunderstood, and interpreted in a sense and with an emphasis that was not intended by those who were responsible. Owing to the rapid development of events, words that were used in one sense in London had sometimes acquired a much more serious innuendo when they were read in Constantinople four days later. Moreover, they were first read, not in their original form, but as telegraphed in an abbreviated version and then translated into French, Turkish or Greek one or two

days after they appeared in London, with the strong expressions emphasised (and sometimes probably distorted) by separation from their original context. Moreover, many Constantinople papers were strongly inclined to misrepresent English feeling and policy; and they did so not by inventing words that were not used—there was no need for invention to serve their purposes; the words used were often quite serviceable to them—but by suppressing all that tended to counteract or qualify the effect.

Still, after making every allowance for unintentional error in the reproduction, and for intentional misrepresentation of its words, I must record the opinion expressed to me by many different residents, staunch friends of England or truly patriotic Englishmen, who read the *Times* carefully as it was delivered six times a week in Constantinople, that the attitude of that newspaper was ill-advised, and productive of much harm to English reputation in Turkey; and that its sudden and complete *volte face* shortly after was urgently necessary.]

Shortly before we reached Belgrade, Mehmet Bey, who had gone out at a wayside station, came back with beaming countenance and said that the first soldiers who had been hurried up towards Constantinople had occupied the fortified lines at Tchatalja, which form the extreme outer defence guarding the approach to Constantinople, without meeting any resistance. The guards had abandoned the position without a blow, and retired towards Constantinople.

Monday, April 19.—At Nisch the railway to

Salonica diverges from the line to Constantinople, and passengers for the former have to change trains. I was roused about three in the morning by the voice of the conductor calling our Young Turk friend to rise and be ready to leave us when the train next stopped. I bade him "good-bye and good luck," feeling the strongest wish and hope that he would be successful. [He entered Constantinople with the Army of Liberty, and I observed his name mentioned in a newspaper, when he was entrusted with an important military duty soon after his party came into power. But we never met him again. Some months later, we saw the announcement in the English papers that he had returned to his former post in a European capital.]

At Belgrade about midnight the room which Mehmet Bey and I occupied had received an additional inmate, who in the morning turned out to be an American, familiar with Constantinople, educated in the United States at a college well-known to us, and knowing many old friends of ours both in his own country and at Constantinople. He proved a very agreeable and informing travelling companion. Three weeks ago he had left Constantinople to spend the spring and early summer in Italy, and thus to his intense regret he had been absent during the recent events in the Turkish capital. He had not seen the Revolution of July, 1908, but had gone to Constantinople as soon as it happened and spent the autumn and winter there, watching the development of events. Now again, like us, he was hurrying back to see how

things were progressing. He took the keen interest of a man of letters, an observer of human nature, a lover of freedom, and an American, in the struggle between the forces of Reaction and Reform. He had been an enthusiastic partisan of the Young Turkish party until the quarrel between it and Kiamil Pasha, when his sympathies went with the latter. According to his account, agreeing with all we had heard previously except from our Young Turkish friend of yesterday, Kiamil had been harshly treated by the members of the Committee of Union and Progress. Not merely the Committee as a whole, but also individual members almost irresponsibly on their own initiative, had attempted to order him about and to impose their will on him.

Our informant told us especially of one occasion, when two members of Committee had called on Kiamil one evening and informed him that they had arranged that certain representatives of the English Balkans Committee who were coming to Constantinople should dine with him on the following evening, and asked him to be ready to receive them. Kiamil declined to accept the suggestion, said that he was accustomed to invite his guests to his house himself, and that he was engaged on the following evening. Thereupon the two representatives of Union and Progress hurried off to the Palace of Yildiz to demand that Kiamil Pasha should be forthwith deposed from office. They were informed that the Sultan had already retired for the night and could not see them, but would hear a report of the business on which they

had come. The report was sent in brief and emphatic terms; they wanted the immediate deposition of the Grand Vizier. A message was brought back that the Sultan would receive them on the following morning and hear their complaints. The Sultan displayed all his wonted adroitness in dealing with such a situation, and ordered that a message should be sent at the same time to Kiamil requiring his presence at the same hour at Yildiz Kiosk.

Next morning the meeting of the four must have been an interesting scene: the three contending parties in the State were there present, the Committee of Union and Progress represented by two of its most energetic members, the Liberals by their head the Grand Vizier Kiamil, and the Reactionaries in the person of the Sultan himself. The Sultan heard the complaint and the demand of the two members of Committee, who were a little taken aback to find that Kiamil was on the ground; and he then asked whether they had the formal authority of the Committee for their action. As the Committee was not known to have met, this question was a telling one; but the two members replied that the Committee endorsed all that they did. The Sultan replied that he could not dismiss his chief Minister on such a slight pretext, and the audience ended. According to another account, which I heard later from another informant, the Sultan suggested that the Englishmen should be invited to tea.

Such incidents as this were fatal to the co-operation of the reforming elements in the State. The personal

feelings of the rival reformers were allowed to intrude into the sphere of business, and the results were fatal. The only people who could profit from the quarrels were the Sultan and the Reactionaries; and it was the first duty of the two reforming parties, the extremists, *viz.*, the party of Union and Progress, and the moderates, *viz.*, the Liberals, to avoid dissension, sacrifice their personal claims, and work together. In that way alone was salvation possible.

While our American informant was strongly in favour of Kiamil Pasha and indignant at the way in which he was treated and dictated to (which certainly was sometimes, according to reports, very hasty and inconsiderate) by the Committee, and, while the existence of such a secret, irresponsible and powerful body, claiming the right to step in at any moment and dictate the policy of the ostensible Government, was dangerous, and must in the long run cease, yet I could not gather from my well-informed companion that the Liberals had done their best to avoid quarrels, or had been sufficiently alive to the inevitable results of their action or sufficiently careful to avoid these results. Rather, the tendency of all that he said against the Committee and in defence of the Liberals was to produce in my mind the impression that the latter party had preferred to take all risks rather than submit to dictation, even where the dictation might have been in itself quite fairly wise, and where frank acceptance of the advice would have tended to produce good results. Moreover, the dictation would have remained unknown to the world if it had been accepted; and what was done

in accordance with it might have appeared to proceed from the will and initiative of Kiamil and his Ministers.

As it was, the result has been to weaken Turkey step by step and to facilitate the issue which Austria and Germany have had in mind for months and years, *viz.*, the ultimate domination over or absorption of Macedonia and Anatolia. It was, as he declared, difficult to avoid the belief that British policy during the last six months has been admirably calculated to help on the process which Austro-German statesmanship is aiming at, *viz.*, the disintegration of Turkey with its inevitable result, which is that the powers controlling the railways must control the country, especially as they have their overwhelming forces closest to the scene of action.

I was reading in the train the *Neue Freie Presse*, and expressed to my companion my admiration of the extremely acute, full and well-informed reports and discussions which it contained of the situation at Constantinople. The writers were apparently watching quietly and observantly and with much pleasure the process by which the victim was exhausting itself and making the intervention of Europe, *i.e.*, of Austro-Germany, inevitable. He agreed and said that the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan was also kept extremely well informed by an admirable correspondent; and that he always carefully studied its Turkish reports. He contrasted the knowledge and skill shown in these and some other Central European papers with the superficiality and ignorance of most of the English

newspapers[1] (there being some exceptions, though most took only the smallest possible interest in the affairs of Turkey); and declared that the English papers served up to the public little more than the information doled out in measured and carefully mixed doses by the British Embassy for its own purposes. How far this is the case I do not presume even to venture the humblest opinion: I have no means of knowing; but I state the opinion of a witness, who showed no prejudice against England, and who personally strongly sympathised with the party of Kiamil and the Liberals, which the English papers have as a rule been backing and encouraging to the utmost. Far be it from me to presume to judge of such great matters and such great men and powers.

My companion said that correspondents were, as a rule, far too much dependent on their Embassies, and sent home the news that the Embassy officials desired to make public. He declared that the correspondents were helpless in the matter. Few of the English correspondents had such command of French that the language was a really useful instrument to them in acquiring news. When they knew French, it was in the style that passes muster in England. Still fewer knew Turkish or Greek. Hence they were deprived of all means of acquiring knowledge direct from native sources, and could not very well get on without the help of the Embassy. The best informed, as a rule, were those who got their information from old resi-

[1] I speak as a reporter of another person's ideas, and not as expressing my own opinions.

dents in the city. If they did not make themselves agreeable to their Embassy, it could shut them out from many pieces of useful information; and as they were situated the wisest and the only safe course for them was to give the official view. Hence he explained the remarkable uniformity of the news that reached the English public—not to lay any stress on its monotony and uninstructive character. 'No Embassy wants to inform the public of the facts. Every Embassy desires to keep the real facts private until it is perfectly safe to state them, and to put before the public the view of the facts which it thinks useful. Nothing, he said, could be more dangerous for a correspondent in Constantinople than to acquire a reputation for publishing facts inconvenient to the authorities of his own country. I mentioned to my companion what I have often heard, that, while the Turkish officials in Constantinople almost all speak French, and communicate with the European world in that tongue, it is a very different thing to speak to one in Turkish. You find him infinitely more open and responsive when he is speaking Turkish; he is always on his guard when he is using French. He believed that this was quite true, though he himself knew only a little Turkish and could not speak from actual experience, as some of my informants could.

I was specially impressed by the business-like and masterly character of a long article in the *Neue Freie Presse* of the 18th, estimating the military possibilities of the situation. The writer pointed out that, for the Young Turks, the prime consideration was speed

and vigour of action. An immediate attack with a small army was far more effective and far more likely to succeed, than a deliberate, slow collecting of forces in order that the attack might be made with overwhelming numbers. He then proceeded to estimate the time in which such an attack with a small army of about 15,000 men could be prepared and executed. He took into account the carrying power of the single-track railway, the small amount of rolling-stock which it possessed, the probably wide-scattered position of the rolling-stock at many parts of the long line, the distance of the stations from one another (about 15 to 20 kilometres), and the very small number of sidings at the stations. All these conditions interposed great difficulty in the way of a rapid march. If everything went right, if no mistake or unlucky chance occurred, if every waggon was available exactly when and where it was required, then, assuming that the advance began on 16th April, the whole 15,000 men might be put in position before Constantinople on the night of 21st April, and real military operations could begin on the 22nd. This was the theoretical possibility, the fastest transport of which the line was capable in the most perfectly favourable conditions. The practical possibility was distinctly slower than this. The theoretical statement made no allowance for the friction, the unpreparedness and the chances of the transport. Turkish railways and Turkish officials have never been distinguished for power of working up to the highest possibilities. As to the theoretical alternative of transport by sea from one or other

of the harbours touched by the railway, that hardly entered practically into the case; ships were not there and some of the harbours were only open roadsteads. Some small help might be derived from sea-transport, but it could only be an auxiliary.

The military situation, said this writer, was governed further by two serious considerations: (1) What would the army in Adrianople do? What part would it take in the war? This was a question of the first importance. (2) Even assuming that the Salonica troops were able to place themselves in a position to act effectively on Constantinople, they could not venture to make an assault on the city. It was necessary for them to avoid a battle in the streets, for, apart from other difficulties, that would inevitably provoke intervention by the European Powers, and this must, at all costs, be avoided in the interest of the Young Turks. The most difficult and delicate part of their task would only begin when their troops were placed in a fighting position before Constantinople. The article concluded with expressing the opinion that, so far as appearances went, the chances of the Young Turks were good.

[I repeat the statements of this ancient article now, because subsequent events showed that it touched briefly on the fundamental and governing factors in the situation. Moreover, when I mentioned it to some well-informed people in Constantinople, they expressed the opinion that it emanated from General von der Goltz, one of the highest officers in the German army, and of all Germans the one who knew best and did

most to control the relations of Germany with Turkey, in conjunction with the extremely able German Ambassador, Marschall von Bieberstein. It was (so I was informed) quite an accepted fact that General von der Goltz frequently expressed his mind on Turkish matters through the *Neue Freie Presse.* This article evidently was composed two days or so before it appeared; and if we can assume that it was written not without inspiration from the general, it throws much light on the attitude of Germany and Austria towards the situation. Their officers warned the Young Turks of the difficulties, prepared them for overcoming them and encouraged them to the attempt. The relation with the Adrianople army was arranged. Several very important persons were brought to recognise which was to be the winning side, and their adhesion was decisive. The ablest general in Turkey, Mahmud Shefket Pasha, whose ability had been praised in the highest terms by General von der Goltz, gave to the Army of Freedom the benefit of his military experience and skill. He was the man who could carry out well the arrangements necessary for the performance of this serious and difficult operation. A number of the Turkish officers were trained in Germany, and were on friendly terms with the Germans. People in Constantinople talked about Germany financing the Army of Liberty, but she probably did more efficient service by helping the leaders to recognise and to meet the difficulties of the situation.

It was, therefore, not without good reason that everybody in Constantinople recognised that the

Young Turk victory was the triumph of Germany. Germany knew where to act effectively and whom to support. Great Britain has for a long time confined herself to giving unpalatable advice, which had no chance of being taken, and which frequently only injured those whom it was intended to help.

It will appear in the events of the following days how completely the situation was governed by fear or hope of European intervention. The only plan of defence on the Sultan's side was based on the bringing about of a European occupation of the city. We had heard yesterday the confident assurance given by a Young Turk that his party were taking steps to preserve order in the city during the siege, and to avert any need for European interference. The issue showed how well the Young Turks made their plans for the purpose.]

We spent the day jogging along in the leisurely style of the Bulgarian and Turkish Railway, through Sofia and Philippopolis to the frontier of Turkey at the station of Mahmud Pasha and thence during the night to Adrianople. There was nothing to indicate the slightest difference from ordinary journeys, no sign of excitement or unusual interest in events. The customs examination at the Turkish frontier, never troublesome for travellers in the sleeping-car, was markedly slight; and quite unusual deference was shown to the letter from the Turkish Embassy stating that our luggage might be passed without examination or inquiry. I do not know whether this marked deference was the reason why the large envelope in

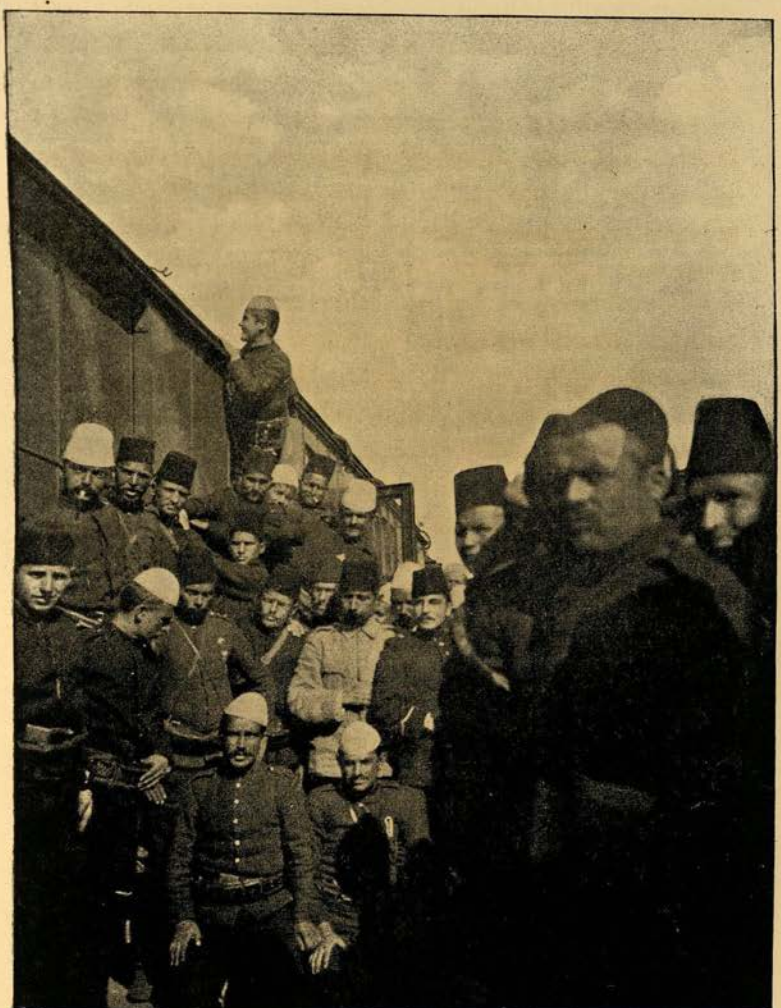
which I carried passports, letters of introduction, travelling orders and other official authorisations disappeared from the pocket of my jacket at some time during the following twenty-four hours (probably during the night) and could not be recovered in spite of all endeavours.[1]

Tuesday, April 20.—We were due this morning in Constantinople at 7.50; but towards 6 o'clock we were standing quietly in a small wayside station five hours' run from Constantinople; and we had the opportunity of dressing with comfort and observing at leisure the features of nature and the handiwork of man. The latter consisted, at this and the following stations, mainly in fragmentary, ragged, old uniforms worn by groups of soldiers, largely volunteers, who were waiting for means of transport to join the army of the Committee of Union and Progress before Constantinople. The telegraph and all transport were under control of the Committee. No one on the train could learn when we might be permitted to move on, or whether we should be allowed to enter Constantinople. Occasionally, permission was granted to go on to the next station; and, as such permission might come at any moment, it was never safe to walk more than a very short distance from the train. The stock of food on the train was exhausted, and the bread in the solitary shop which was situated beside each station had all been bought or commandeered (I believe bought) by

[1] It was sent to the Embassy a few days later, with all its contents intact, said to have been found in my room; but the attendant and we all searched the room thoroughly.

the soldiers; but we found some excellent fresh cheese in a shop, and with this and biscuits and tea (of which we had brought a stock with us in case of detention) we passed an interesting day, observing the soldiers, conversing with some of them, and taking an occasional photograph of a group (copies of which we promised to send to several of them at their urgent request). The soldiers or volunteers were in excellent spirits; some were sleeping quietly, a few were reading extracts from Turkish newspapers to groups gathered round them, others were talking, laughing and playing jokes on one another. All were most courteous and pleasant to us; and the whole scene was like a summer picnic, with a bad train-service, but without the slightest grumbling on the part of those who were detained. One feeling was expressed by all—they were going to make sure work this time—*Baba Hamid bitdi*—"Father Hamid is done for".

We saw only two trains going up to the front; one passed us, and the other dodged along with us, passing us at one station, but finally left behind by us. Each contained about twenty-five to thirty trucks; but as there were a good many horses, and the waggons were not at all crowded, I should estimate that each train carried only at the outside about 600 men. We stood a very long time at Tchatalja, the station outside the fortified line, running from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea, for the defence of Constantinople. As we had heard from the Young Turk already on the 18th, these lines were in the hands of the army of Union and Progress. A troop train stood beside us



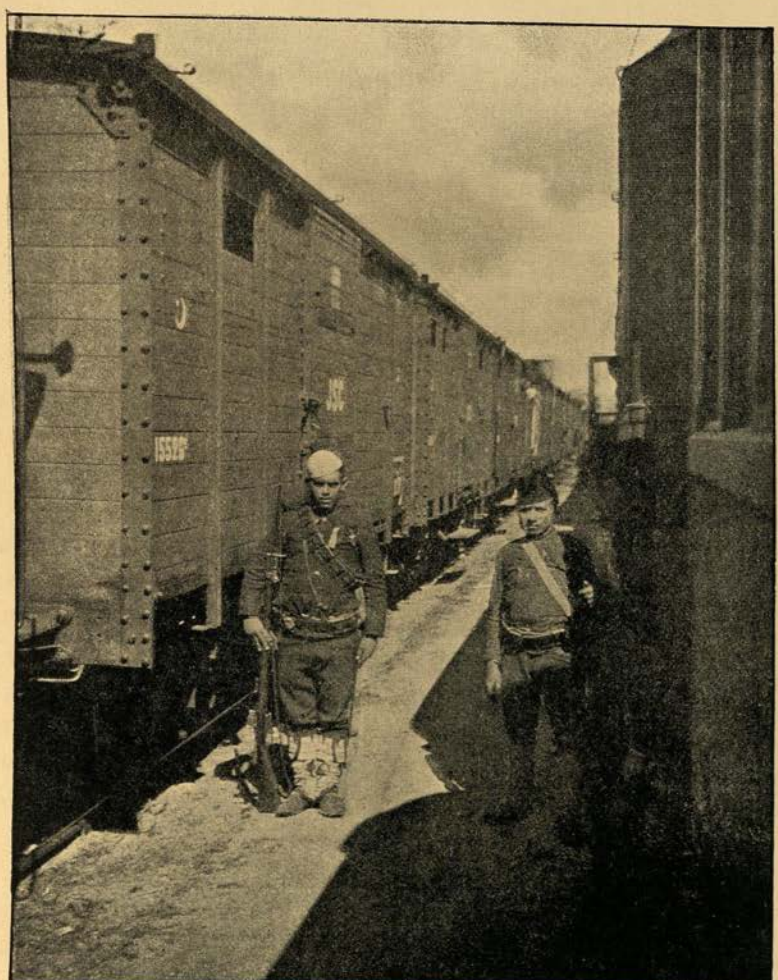
Soldiers of the Army of Liberty at the Railway Station beside the Lines of Tchatalja. (Volunteers wear White Caps.)

at this station most of the time. Only one empty train passed us in the opposite direction during the day, going back to bring up more soldiers; but many empty waggons were standing in sidings, apparently waiting for engines to take them back for more troops. There was no sign of haste or hurry; but many signs of determination and good-humour. From the train at this station we could see nothing of the lines, nor of the soldiers who occupied them. In one carriage we saw a close-shut compartment, guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets, whom we photographed. It was said that two Turkish priests were prisoners inside, and that they had come out to persuade and to bribe the soldiers of Freedom. [What became of them we never learned; but the rule of the army was that every opponent was tried at a later stage when the victory had been gained, and none were shot as spies at the moment. Moreover, the policy that directed all the operations was to avoid harsh measures, and hold out every encouragement to all the Turks in Constantinople to acquiesce quietly, to sit at peace, to fear nothing and to wait on the Will of Allah.]

One young volunteer, a clerk in a Government office at Serres (not far from Salonica), gave us a good deal of information. His talk was all of Hurriet (Liberty); the army of Liberty was concentrating at the lines, 40 kilometres from Constantinople, and as soon as it was ready it was going down to deal with the Sultan; agents of the Sultan had been trying to bribe the soldiers, but all his efforts were useless;

"Father Hamid was done for". The little white caps of the volunteers were very roughly made; the boycott of the Austrian trade had evidently been very effective; Austrians used to make every fez and other cap of felt worn in Turkey, but now their products are refused by the people. After we had returned to our carriage, a man came to us without his gun, eager to be photographed; and we got out again. He snatched a gun from one of the soldiers, and tried to fix the bayonet, but could not do so: this little incident shows how raw and untrained many of these eager volunteers are.

Late in the afternoon, after we had been standing several hours at Tchatalja, the Orient Express, with its through carriages from Paris and Ostend, which should have arrived in Constantinople about eleven this forenoon, came up, and was tacked on behind our train. Soon after we were permitted to go on, leaving a troop train standing at Tchatalja. It appears that the troops do not detrain here, but at the next station, Hadem-Keui. When we reached that place we saw two battalions of soldiers, probably numbering altogether about 800 to 1,200 men, so far as an inexperienced eye could estimate at such a distance. They were marching off to the left, apparently to take up a position in front of the lines, of which we could now see some of the earthworks not far behind, though we could observe no soldiers at those which were visible. The battalions were already at some distance; and, as the station and other buildings made it impossible to photograph them from the train, I risked the chance



Osman, clerk at Serres, Volunteer in the Army of Liberty.

See p. 49.

that the train might race on with headlong speed to Constantinople, and, taking my wife's camera and instructions, ran out some distance to get a nearer view and photograph. Here and everywhere we were freely allowed to make photographs of anybody and anything. No one impeded us—all rather courted publicity; they were all for "Liberty," and had nothing to hide.

Hitherto we have always traversed the country between Adrianople and Constantinople during the night. To-day for the first time we saw the last fifty miles of the way, and were much struck with its desolation. Throughout the day there were within sight of the railway, as a rule, no dwellings, no cultivation, nothing but a wilderness of scrub, until we came to San Stefano, which is within the fortified lines. It looks as if the approaches to the great city were intentionally left bare and unfit to support an advancing enemy.

We were by this time very tired of the monotonous diet of tea and biscuits. The single loaf had long ceased to exist, except as a fragrant memory to ourselves and to many station dogs. Our thoughts had already turned to the dining-car of the Orient Express; but our conductor told us he had learned that there also everything had been consumed in the long detention. After a time, however, I resolved to try if there was absolutely nothing to be got in the dining-car. There was no internal communication between the two trains; but, as we continued to stand at Hadem-Keui in the patient old fashion, I went along to inquire

if the attendants would sell us anything, and was prepared to purchase at any price what remnants they might still have. It turned out that the Express had plenty of food, as there were hardly any passengers; and the rulers of the dining-car welcomed all guests. The four of us forthwith repaired thither, and had a respectable and most welcome meal.

After about two hours' detention at Hadem-Keui our train got a pass through to Constantinople, and we reached the Sirkedji station in Stamboul about fifteen and a half hours late. Often have I felt much more annoyance at fifteen minutes' detention in the over-civilised countries of the West. The day had been one of much enjoyment.

[In the matter of detention we were much more fortunate than our friend the Hulme Scholar, who, leaving Berlin by the train of the following day, was turned out at Adrianople about midnight, had to wait there twenty-four hours, and finally reached Stamboul about thirty-eight hours late, in the only train that was permitted to pass for several days. He had, at least, the gain of seeing Adrianople in war-time.]

In Constantinople there was not a sign of disturbance. The want of passports gave us no trouble. The officials wrote down my name and hotel, and passed us without a word on our explanation that the passports had been lost since we crossed the frontier. In the streets, however, there was quite unusual quietness. Except on the Galata Bridge, I saw no human being out of doors until we reached the hotel high up in Pera. My friends in a cab five minutes ahead of

me, however, saw two patrols of soldiers. Generally, at that hour—10.40 to 11 P.M.—the steep street leading up from Galata to Pera is crowded.

Wednesday, April 21.—The Hotel Bristol, where we have taken refuge, is beginning to fill up again. Last week there was a universal flight. On the 13th there were twenty-four guests, and next day there was not one left. The shops in Pera are all open; but in Stamboul most of them are said to be closed. Business is generally at a standstill. There is very great poverty and distress owing to the want of work and the almost total disappearance of tourists; and it is said that there is a great amount of property and valuables for sale in the Bazaars, as people are selling their household valuables to provide food.

A friend tells me that at the British Embassy the opinion prevails that danger is now over in the city and that things will pass off quietly; and some of the best-informed Turks of great experience and high position consider that the army of investment cannot and will not do anything serious, for it cannot possibly dream of attacking the Turkish capital, nor even of firing on the Palace of Yildiz, either of which acts would be too great an outrage on Turkish feeling, and one which no Turk will deliberately and in cold blood venture to commit. The anticipation of these official Turks is that in two or three days an arrangement will be fixed up, and that things will go on as before the Mutiny, except that there will be a change made by the elimination of a certain number of the Liberals. But, after seeing the volunteers along the

railway line, and listening to their sentiments about the Sultan, we cannot feel any confidence in this optimistic view. Yet these optimists may be right; they are certainly people who know Turkey well; and it is quite true that excitement flares up and dies out again very easily among the people of these lands. Yet I should be surprised if it dies out in this case within a few days. There are too many lives at stake. The Army of Liberty cannot venture to retire quietly. The men might be quieted down easily by some small concessions; but the officers are in a different position. They have the choice between victory and exile; the forces on the side of the Faith are enormous, far outweighing the power of the insurgent army, if they are once collected. No arrangement which was patched up could permanently guarantee the career and the safety of the insurgent officers; and, to judge from what Mehmet Bey told us, they fully recognise this fact. As the *Neue Freie Presse* writer maintained, vigorous and instant action alone can save the Young Turks in the present crisis. As Mehmet Bey declared, they and the Sultan cannot permanently exist in freedom and authority—one side or other must go.

The appearance of the city is described by my wife in the following paragraphs.

"On the morning after our arrival, my husband having business to attend to, my daughter and I set out from the hotel to see for ourselves whatever was to be seen in Pera. Pera, be it said for the benefit of those readers who do not already know, is the 'European' quarter of Constantinople as distinguished from

Stamboul, the Turkish part, although both are on the European side of the Bosphorus, separated from each other by the Golden Horn, a narrow creek that runs inland for about four miles, and is so deep even along shore as to be one of the finest harbours in the world. Two bridges cross the Golden Horn, one at its mouth—Galata Bridge, generally called simply 'the Bridge'—the other some distance inland. The European Embassies and Consulates and hotels, as well as a large proportion of the business houses and shops of Europeans, are in Pera and Galata (as the lower part of Pera is called). Many wealthy Mohammedans also reside in Pera.

"Not a sign of 'revolution' could we perceive. Past the gates of the British Embassy we went (they were open and unguarded), and along the Grande Rue, following the tramway line for some distance. This is the street in which are the principal shops. They were all open. There were plenty of people in the streets; the tramway cars were running as usual; carriages and carts seemed as numerous and as busy as ever. We passed the Tash-Kishla (Stone Barracks), which a few days later was the scene of the most sanguinary fighting that took place between the opposing forces, the troops that had led the revolt being quartered there. On this lovely April morning the barracks had a deserted look, and the big open space in front, where the soldiers are drilled, and which is separated from the street by a low wall surmounted by an iron railing, was as empty as if there were not a soldier or a gun within a hundred miles.

We crossed the end of this 'waste place' (it is nothing else), climbing upwards over lumpy uneven ground, till from the top of a grassy hill we had a view of the Golden Horn glittering in the sunshine. The valley below us was covered by a network of narrow streets and hovels, interspersed by trees, too near for the 'enchantment' that distance might have lent to its sordid, poor and dirty aspect, but peaceful enough with the women washing clothes or doing other work, and children playing about the doors. We made our way back to the hotel by a different route, and then, having some purchases to make, I went on alone to a large store in the busier and less aristocratic Galata, not far from the British Post Office. The assistant who served me was a young man with whom I had talked on former occasions, and this time I found him eager to enter into conversation on the all-absorbing subject. He was quite convinced that the trouble had only begun, and that it was a fanatical movement against the Christians. He repeated what the porter at the hotel had told us[1] of the killing of 260 'people'—he did not say 'officers'—and added that among them were several Europeans and 'two Americans of good position,' but he did not know their names. News had come, he said, of terrible massacres in different parts of the country, especially Adana. Everywhere the Turks were rising and killing the Christians, and it would not be possible for people to travel in the interior—which I told him we intended to do as usual.

[1] See p. 60.

On the contrary, everybody who could was leaving the country. He told me also that his father was English, but had been long settled in Constantinople, and that he himself had been born and brought up in Stamboul. His father, he said, had a shop in Stamboul, but it had been closed since the trouble began on the 13th; nearly all the shops there were closed, and no business of any kind was being done, for nobody knew when the next outbreak would take place. I was the only customer in the store at the moment, and two or three of the other shopmen listened to what we were saying and confirmed what my informant related. I was struck by the strained expression of all their faces, and asked my young friend, 'Are you frightened?' He drew himself up with dignity, and answered briefly, 'I am an Englishman!'"

I called at the Embassy in the morning to present an introduction from the Foreign Office, and saw a Secretary (the Ambassador himself being too busy). He told me, just as I expected, that it was impossible to get permission arranged for travelling until some permanent authority was established; and that the anxiety and insecurity in the interior of Asiatic Turkey was so great that travellers ought to postpone or abandon all thought of a journey in the inner country. The news of the massacres at Adana was of the worst character; and it was not known yet whether the report that the British Consul at Mersina, Major Doughty Wylie, a good friend of ours in past time, had been fatally wounded was true, or whether he was only slightly wounded. Whether or how far the

massacres might spread no one could tell. In Constantinople itself things were quiet. Only once had there been any apprehension. That was on the night when the demands of the mutineers were granted; then firing began everywhere; and for the time appearances were really rather alarming, until it became known that it was only a *feu de joie*. Everybody tells us of this extraordinary scene. It is said that actually a million and more of cartridges were fired into the air. Boys got hold of loaded Winchester rifles, and fired every cartridge in rapid succession. The scene was extraordinary. Accidents occurred from falling bullets fired in this way. One old friend told me that beside the entrance to the Pera tunnel (the railway up the steep hill) he had seen a man drop dead with a bullet that came down on his head and passed through the brain.

The common people, however, give far more serious accounts; and they are the ones that have to suffer. Those that are connected with the Embassies are safe, whatever happens. Even before we could get away to bed last night the Greek waiters in the Hotel Bristol gave us a long account of the apprehensions and dread with which every one was filled. No one knew what might happen, but every one feared that no issue was possible without serious troubles, whoever gained the upper hand. If the Sultan re-established his power, the last state of Turkey would be ten times worse than the first. If he had maintained himself before by espionage, public massacres on a large scale, and secret execution of all who were reported to be dangerous, what would

he do now, when he came back to power after the party of Liberty had for a time reduced him to impotence? He would know more certainly than ever that there was no safety for him except in getting rid of all who cherished any free ideas, *i.e.*, of every one who was not a fanatical and uncompromising adherent of Islam.

If, on the other hand, the Army of Liberty entered Constantinople, there must be much fighting, and the peaceful population would suffer terribly during the siege and the assault. The soldiers in the city were very determined. They felt that they had no mercy to expect. Especially the regiment from Salonica, which had been brought to Constantinople to support the Constitution, and which had joined in the Mutiny, would fight to the last, because its soldiers felt they had sinned beyond all others against the cause of Liberty, and believed that they would all be shot if they surrendered.

For the ordinary people of Constantinople it was only a choice of evils, but of the evils the restoration of despotism was the worse, for it meant a long period of anxiety and depression instead of a short time of danger, followed by safety if one escaped the bullets.

In the course of the day great anxiety began to spread owing to a rumour that the navy had declared in favour of the Sultan, and that the guns of the ships commanded the approach to Constantinople, and could prevent any effective action by the Army of Liberty. Towards evening this anxiety was intensified. People are reckoning up the strong forces of the Sultan. All Anatolia lies behind him; and there are not believed

to be 200 Young Turks in the whole of that great country, where every Turk is a good soldier, who knows no fear and will go anywhere and face any danger with imperturbable coolness.

They talk of the readiness with which the cry of danger to "the Faith" is believed, and tell that emissaries are everywhere preaching the doctrine and rousing the people to murder all Christians.[1] The most faithful troops of Liberty, the Salonica soldiers in Constantinople, were seduced from the side of the Young Turks as soon as that cry was raised. If even they were tempted over to the Sultan's side, what Turk can be trusted to fight against the Padishah and the Faith, except a few officers and returned exiles? Moreover, the officers are few. Some were killed by the mutineers. Two hundred and sixty, as the waiter at the hotel told us last night, were taken to Yildiz, and all killed there. The waiter described the 260 who were murdered at Yildiz as colonellais (speaking in Greek). The story is widely current, and some good authorities say they believe it has foundation; but others declare that it is a pure invention and that the Sultan has had no share in fomenting the Mutiny. There is a Pasha of high rank in the palace whose sole duty long has been to drown quietly in the Bosphorus at night the Sultan's enemies and victims.[2]

People feel that the "Young Turks" had moved

[1] [This was entirely confirmed in our own experience later.]

[2] [He was condemned and executed later in the year on this charge.]

too fast in their attempt to introduce rigid discipline into the army. The General in Command of the First Army Corps (which is stationed at Constantinople) issued an order that prayers must give way to military duties, and that the duties must be performed before any prayers could be permitted. But that meant that the hour of prayer must often be allowed to pass unobserved.

I have often noticed that prayers form a most useful instrument of obstruction. You tell a man to do something he does not wish to do, and he forthwith sets up a stick in the ground towards Mecca and proceeds to pray before it. I remember once in a wretched Anatolian guest-house, when a very filthy and objectionable Turk tried to take up his quarters there, and our servants ordered him out, as there was a lady in the chamber, he took up his position before a staff and began to say his prayers ; luckily we had an Albanian Moslem servant who was careless of religious duties, and he bundled out the man and his staff very quickly. On board the ships of war, as I am told, prayers are persistently made the excuse by malingerers for shirking all irksome duties.

The whole situation is dangerous, and the difficulties in the way of those who want to introduce strict discipline into Turkey are very great. At the present moment people are estimating them, and sadly declaring that the Committee of Union and Progress is trying the dangerous experiment of de-Mohammedanising the government of a Mohammedan country. Can it be successful? All these considerations make

people afraid that the Sultan may after all prove too strong. If he can retain in his allegiance the palace garrison, the city may be given up to anarchy in case the Army of Liberty should venture to assault the palace. The mob of Stamboul would be free to rob as they pleased while the soldiers were fighting; and there would be a massacre of Christians and a general looting of property. Such were the latest speculations when we went to sleep.

Thursday, April 22.—After the depression and gloom of last night, to-day has turned out far more cheerful. During the forenoon some vessels were observed out in the Sea of Marmora; and soon it became known that the fleet had abandoned its commanding position, and sailed out into the Sea of Marmora to practise nautical manœuvres. It is under the command of an Englishman, Admiral Gamble. This looks like a direct confutation of the absurd rumours that the English were supporting the Sultan, for it practically means that his cause is ruined. [It had, however, no effect in checking those rumours, which were persistently propagated in social circles, and fomented by the newspapers.]

Towards evening the report spread that the ships are going to San Stefano (beside the lines occupied by the Army of Liberty) in order to co-operate with the investing forces.

The party of Union and Progress has now on its side every one who is not prepared to be a Reactionary; and it is supported by all the vast mass of discontent with the horrors of the Sultan's régime, with

the espionage and the secret murders by which that régime was maintained. The most absurd rumours prevail connecting innocent Liberals with the outbreak; and even the British Embassy is declared to have regarded it with favour and to have fomented it. Nothing could be more ridiculous, but also nothing could be more dangerous and lamentable, than these rumours.

I did not go out in the morning as I had work in hand. My wife's account of a day in the streets is given.

"To-day, as nothing further had happened, we determined to go sight-seeing in Stamboul—my daughter, another young lady and I. My husband had more serious affairs to attend to. Such frivolous gadding about was, in the circumstances, not in accordance with the opinion or advice of our friends, but my daughter had hitherto seen little of Constantinople, and another opportunity might not occur during our present visit. Besides we had an intense curiosity to see things for ourselves, and the remote possibility of adventure appealed to, rather than deterred, us.

"The Bridge was thronged (as it always is) with representatives—seemingly—of all the various races that inhabit the city, and vehicles of divers sorts. A new feature to us was the numbers of boys selling newspapers which everybody seemed to be buying and reading. This has only been done since the Constitution came into being, which happened just after we left the country in July last year. Soldiers were conspicuously numerous, but they were idling,

not on duty. Scores of passengers were ceaselessly arriving or departing by the steamers that ply up and down the Bosphorus, and which have their landing-stages along the Bridge. Everything, in fact, appeared to be in its normal condition. Only when you scrutinised the faces as they passed you were impressed by the tense expression in many of them, and every eye that met yours seemed to ask a silent question.

"We walked to the end of the Bridge, where the toll-keepers in ghostly white garments exact a small payment from those who enter, not from those who depart, and, hiring a carriage from among a number that were waiting, drove off to the Bible House. The Bible House represents both the American and the British Bible Societies, and it is also the centre of administration of the American Board of Missions in Asia Minor. If authentic news of the missions, or of the districts in which they are, is wanted, the Bible House is the place to apply to. If there is news at all, it is known there. They have an arrangement that, when anything of importance happens at any of the stations—for example trouble between Turks and Christians, massacres or threatening of massacres—word is telegraphed at once to the Bible House in Constantinople. We have friends at many of the missions, and were anxious to know about them. The news from Adana was that 600 people had been killed there, including two American missionaries. This was evidently what my young friend in Galata had referred to yesterday: the accounts of different events had got mixed in his mind. One of these mission-

aries was the young son-in-law of our old friend Dr. Christie of Tarsus, the other was an older man and a widower. The Annual Congress of the Protestant Armenian Church was taking place at Adana, we were told, when the trouble began, and twenty-two native Armenian pastors had been massacred. This was only the beginning of the massacres there. Afterwards many thousands were killed and the whole district laid waste. From Marash the news was 'All well,' which meant that there had been trouble there, but it was over and the mission safe. No word from Kaisari meant that in that place nothing serious had occurred. There had been in Constantinople rumours of massacre at all three places.

"The official whom we saw at the Bible House advised us to be very careful in our exploration of Stamboul, and especially not to attempt to see any of the mosques, as there was possible danger from the fanaticism of the Turks.

"In the bazaars there seemed to be little doing. In many parts the shops that contained valuable wares had been emptied of almost all their contents, and the shopkeepers, when they were present—which was not always the case—as a rule permitted us to pass in silence. Usually the visitor is assailed with invitations at least to inspect the goods. In the places where gold and silver and precious stones are to be bought, some of the shops were closely shuttered; but far the most were open and absolutely empty. One or two had the door locked and the window unshuttered, allowing a few paltry articles to be seen, perhaps

as a sort of douceur to possible marauders. Besides ourselves there appeared to be not a single stranger visiting the place. Certainly we saw none during the several hours we spent wandering about. But the thoroughfares of the bazaars were as crowded with Stambouliotes as usual. Before leaving we lunched in a little kiosk on excellent Turkish fare. In the vicinity of the bazaars the shops appeared to be all open, and itinerant vendors were displaying their wares on trays and tables in the open streets according to their wont. This quarter of the city is, I think, purely Mohammedan, but not the faintest sign of antagonism or ill-will was shown towards the giaours. On the contrary, wherever we went we were received with 'nods and becks and wreathéd smiles'—notably in the little Turkish café in which we sat and drank coffee and ate 'lokma,' a kind of dough-nut, served with honey.

"There seemed to be a denser crowd than usual in front of the Yeni Valideh Mosque, which is not far from the Bridge, and the high broad flight of steps that leads to the door was covered with people. We had not as yet tried to enter any mosque, and the Yeni Valideh is one of the handsomest and most interesting. We looked at the crowd. It was a perfectly orderly and peaceful one. In fact it was probably there merely because it had nothing else to do. We were just at the foot of the steps, and as I glanced up I caught the eye of an amiable-looking Turk who was contemplating us as he lent lazily over the balustrade at the top. I wormed my way up to within speaking

distance and inquired, 'Is it forbidden to look in at the door?' Putting the tips of his fingers to his forehead with a polite gesture, he answered emphatically, 'It is not forbidden'. We intended only to look inside, for it was the afternoon hour of prayer; but as soon as we raised the heavy curtain that hung before the door, a youth came hurrying forward with slippers for us to put over our shoes, and bade us enter. The floor was covered with Turks praying, but they showed no sign of resenting our presence or of interfering with our inspection of the sacred building. The youth who had brought us in said there was no charge for admission, and gratefully accepted a very modest baksheesh. In recent years, before the advent of the Constitution, a regular charge was made for admission to the mosques—five piastres each person—and even then visitors were treated anything but graciously at some places.

"Encouraged by our success here, we determined to try our luck at St. Sophia. A tramway line goes there from the Bridge. On taking our places in the car we found already seated a Greek gentleman, one of the leading business men of the city; and, as one of us was acquainted with him, we immediately began to discuss the situation. He was, he said, quite sure that the whole affair was at an end. It had only been one of those incidents with which Constantinople was, unfortunately, too familiar. I told him that we had seen the Macedonian Army on its way to Constantinople, that they must be now outside the walls, and that we had been told by a Young Turk leader

that the Young Turks were resolved to put an end once for all to any possibility of a return to the former state of things. But he only repeated his statement: 'The incident was at an end. The Young Turks would do nothing. Everything would just go on as before.' I am not at all certain that he was not merely talking like this in order to reassure our timid female minds. If so, it was certainly kind of him. It seemed to me that the look in his eyes rather contradicted his confident prognostications.

"St. Sophia, like the other mosque, was open to us free, and the officials in charge were politeness itself. We congratulated ourselves on the day's work, feeling that we had made our hay while the sun shone, and turned our thoughts and steps towards Pera, where we were to finish the day with some necessary shopping. This brought us into personal contact with various people, and everywhere we found anxiety and the anticipation of evil. Some of the shops were opened and closed several times a day, according to the news that reached the owners from time to time. One man, a photographer, had died of fright."

Before we have been two days in Constantinople I have heard on all hands much talk about the *Ikdam* (with its French edition, the *Indépendant*), once the leading Liberal paper, now practically the only one, and about its two editors, or rather editor-proprietor and acting editor. It was the most influential and the most skilfully conducted paper in Constantinople (as I was told), and had a circulation of 30,000. The proprietor fled from the city some days ago. The

acting editor has stayed and conducted the paper; but it is said that his life is in danger, and that he cannot venture to remain any longer. This indicates that the situation in the city is very strange and complicated. The Liberals are said to be allied with the Sultan; the soldiers, who could do what they please in Constantinople (since there is no power that could stand for a moment against them), are entirely devoted to the Sultan; and yet the editors of the one newspaper which boldly champions the Liberal cause, the most influential and widely circulated in the city, dare not live there. This seems very perplexing. There must be more under the surface than appears openly.

I therefore gladly availed myself of the opportunity to lunch in company with the editor, hoping to learn something about his character (which is so much discussed) and his views regarding the present situation. From several well-informed authorities I have heard a very favourable account of him; his paper is said to have been very moderate in tone and very friendly to England; and this favourable expectation was confirmed by his personal appearance, which is frank and candid. He spoke with perfect calmness and detachment about his position, just as if it were another's and not his own. He declared that the whole matter was already arranged, *i.e.*, as I understood, between the Young Turk leaders on the one hand and the ostensible masters of Constantinople on the other. The Army of Liberty would march in on Saturday; and with a few changes in the official world all would go on as before. The obvious in-

nuendo was that the real war was not between the Sultan and the Young Turks, but between the Young Turks and the Liberals. The latter were already for the most part in retirement, but those who still stood prominently before the public, like the editors of the *Ikdam*, were to be driven into flight.

He said that he had been threatened several times with assassination, that he was dogged by men with revolvers, and that he had vainly appealed for protection to the Chief of Police, who replied that the police were powerless to protect him, and that his only safety lay in his own hands, *i.e.*, in retiring from the danger. He declared that the intention of his enemies was, not to murder him, but to drive him into voluntary exile. They were, however, ready to proceed to the other alternative if he did not retire of his own accord. The resolution was to get rid of him at all costs and destroy the *Ikdam*, the solitary Liberal and Anglophile newspaper, leaving the Germanophile Press in sole command of the public ear.

I do not, of course, guarantee the truth of his account of the situation; I simply report what he said, as expressing one point of view in this complicated situation. [As things turned out, his prophecy that the Army of Liberty would enter the city on Saturday was exactly fulfilled. It was about 4 A.M. on that day when we first heard the big guns, though parts of the city had been occupied hours before.]

He went on board the French steamer privately by the seaside, and an agent of the police watched him go on board, and then departed. So much is certain;

and this shows that part at least of his estimate of the facts was correct. It was his absence and not his death that was desired. The wish was not to bring him formally to trial, but rather to make him condemn himself by going into exile.

The interpretation of the facts which his account pointed towards was that the Liberals were not protected or regarded as friendly by the Sultan and the police; and that he by his independent attitude had become the object of universal hatred, except from the English (who had ceased to count as a factor in the game at Constantinople). He suggested this very skilfully and delicately, merely stating facts, and leaving us to draw the inference for ourselves.

The conversation turned on the Sultan, as every conversation in Turkey always does sooner or later. The editor remarked that Abd-ul-Hamid was the great unknown and unknowable personage; even those who had the best means of learning have never been able to gauge his character, or to feel any confidence in their own judgment about him or about the most elementary facts regarding him. "Is he a coward, or the bravest of men? Is he a hopeless invalid, or is he in good health? Is he crouching in abject terror within the palace at Yildiz, sheltered behind the guns with which all the approaches are defended, or is he working manfully and energetically to defend his power? No one can judge; and I do not know." So said the editor; and if such was the opinion of a man who has been closely observing the politics of his own country for many years, how is a

foreign tourist to judge? But it is usually the foreigners, who know least, that are the most cocksure of their knowledge about him.

[Here one may conveniently finish the story of his fate. After Yildiz was captured there were found, or said to be found, various secret reports (Djournals as they are called) sent in by him to the Sultan. Some had been sent in shortly before the insurrection of July, 1908; they gave information about the secret conspiracy in Macedonia, and revealed the names of some of the leaders. He was at that time an exile; but as the reward of a useful spy he was nominated to a consulship by the Sultan. Others were dated shortly before the Mutiny of 13th April, and were also directed against the Committee of Union and Progress, urging the Sultan to take action. He has declared that these reports are forgeries; and really it is difficult to believe that any sane man in his position could be such a fool as to write the later documents. Now he certainly was no fool. If some of the reports are forged, the fact casts suspicion on the others. He was tried in absence and condemned to perpetual exile. The real truth as to the Djournals is not known, for they have not been scrutinised by persons bent solely on discovering the real facts. Hereafter, more evidence may come to light, and prove or disprove his guilt. Whether the nomination to a consulship by the Sultan (which would be a damning fact) was true or not, I cannot say. If it was true, the revolution of July prevented it from coming into force; and what evidence there was for the statement (as made in the

Prison of Agents of Abd-ul-Hamid at Tchatalja: Soldier with fixed bayonet keeping guard.

See p. 49.

Constantinople newspapers) I am unable to say. The editor in chief and proprietor of the *Ikdam* was acquitted on his trial (also in absence), and permitted to return to Turkey.

This anticipatory statement of subsequent events makes the narrative in the diary more intelligible. If the principal editor was innocent, the *Ikdam* cannot have been very guilty; and any guilt must have been confined to the second editor, with whom we had the conversation above described. But the newspaper was, of course, ruined by his enforced flight; and there is certainly considerable *prima facie* probability in his statement that the suppression of the paper was the object of the whole proceeding.]

The real state of the case remains as obscure as ever. Assume that the editor's story is true so far, and that an arrangement has been come to.[1] One cannot suppose, as the editor seemed to suggest, that the Sultan is a party to this agreement. After what I saw and heard on the railway I cannot for a moment believe that the Young Turks would seriously make peace with him, though they might conceivably delude him by secret negotiations. But what seems highly probable is that many of the officials and ministers foresee the triumph of the Army of Liberty, supported by the Germans; and that they have already made their terms of peace, and will quietly acquiesce in the entrance of the Salonica troops. In that case the Sultan, who has so often cheated and deluded

[1] [Subsequent events strongly confirmed, and one may fairly say demonstrated, that this was so.]

others, will himself perish (as so many Oriental despots have fallen) through the same arts by which he maintained his tyranny. A fitting retribution!

It seems, however, quite certain that the Sultan is trying to make terms with the Committee of Union and Progress, and that he is selling his own associates and agents to buy safety for himself. The evening papers contain a list of persons proscribed as fomenters of the outbreak on 13th April; among them is the name of the acting editor of the *Ikdam*, so that he was only just in time to get away. It is stated that 543 are proscribed, but only the names of thirty-five or so are printed, some being Liberals, others being friends and associates of the Sultan; and it is stated that this list as published is furnished on the information of the Sultan himself, who had denounced them to the Committee.

The impression made upon some very judicious and well-informed observers is that the recent troubles were originally started by some of the Liberals, but that the agitation soon passed beyond their control, and went much farther than its originators wished or dreamed of. The Reactionaries, the priests in collusion probably with the Sultan, took advantage of the opportunity, and the mutiny of the soldiers was stirred up as a religious demonstration against all Reform. The moderate and sane members of the Liberal party, and especially Kiamil Pasha, had no hand in this and no knowledge of it; but all will have to pay for it. Kiamil, who personally is respected and who is very old, is not likely to be attacked; but lesser and younger

Liberals, innocent and guilty alike, will suffer. The party played with fire and is getting badly burned.

In the evening a rumour prevails that Parliament has met at San Stefano and decreed that the Sultan must abdicate. The saying goes about that he is mad; this is said to be the recognised preliminary to the legal and religious declaration that the throne is vacant, as no mad Sultan is permitted to reign.

Friday, April 23.—The report that Parliament had decreed the deposition of the Sultan is not confirmed by this morning's papers; but it is thought that the proceedings point to that as being informally determined. It is confidently said that his brother Reshad Effendi has been approached, and has agreed to accept the throne; and the rumour is that the new Sultan's title is to be Mohammed V.[1] It is said that the soldiers of the palace garrison are demoralised and are laying down their arms. If that is so, there will be no contest and a peaceful victory.

The report is spread that the Sultan offered to give up the whole of the Macedonian Provinces to Austria and Germany on condition that those Powers allowed him to retain his sovereignty; such a report, if believed among the populace, would alienate from him even the fanatical Mohammedans; and it is probably spread by his opponents to gain that end. That does not mean that it may not be true. That the Sultan would offer any terms whatever is universally taken as certain; and the report is doubtless based on that

[1] [This rumour and belief turned out to be correct.]

belief. But the offer, if ever made, would not be accepted, inasmuch as it is too plain that the Sultan has not the power to carry it into effect. Germany and Austria have supported the Young Turks against the Liberals, and they now support them against the Sultan; they have much more to gain in that way than from bolstering up the old régime. Germany upheld the Sultan as long as he was the strongest power; but it has nothing to gain by trying to restore him to power after he has fallen. Its advantage obviously lies in shaking itself free from the great burden of unpopularity which formerly it had to bear among the Turks owing to its upholding the Sultan. According to report, the money which now enables the Committee of Union and Progress to place their army before Constantinople has been supplied by Austria and Germany. The German policy, which governs the situation, is to be the ally of the strongest party; and as soon as the Revolution of July, 1908, proved that there was a power stronger than the Sultan, Germany devoted itself to re-establishing its influence in the new Turkey, and according to all appearance it will be even more influential in the newest Turkey of May, 1909, than it was under the old régime. It is of course well known that Germany never had any love for the Sultan for his own sake, and equally certain that the Sultan had a strong dislike for the Germans, whom he endured as a lesser evil.

The report to-day is that there are about 2,500 of the Sultan's troops who will be faithful to him to the last. I do not know whether that is a large enough

number to hold the extensive grounds and defences of Yildiz Kiosk. It would not be difficult to rouse a Mohammedan fanaticism among many of the common soldiers of the investing army, if circumstances kindled the flame. There are still many uncertain factors, although the Sultan's chances are to day apparently much poorer and his situation almost desperate. At the Selamlik—the progress of the Sultan from the palace to midday Friday prayer in the mosque—the presence of civilians was strictly forbidden,[1] and only soldiers were allowed. In Stamboul the streets have been almost empty of civilians, though there were many soldiers and sailors about. The civilians were probably in dread of what might happen at the Selamlik.

This deserted look was a great contrast to the appearance of the city yesterday, when the streets were crowded. Nothing was taking place to-day. The banks closed before noon, because no one came in and there was nothing to do. The busiest offices of business men remained for a few hours without a single visitor; and then they were shut, and the officials came away. There is widespread apprehension of rioting among the mass of low-class population in the city; but I am assured by some persons possessed of good information that the army of investment will not make any move against the Sultan, until it has occupied the city and guarded it sufficiently to prevent

[1] [Several of my friends were present, among others, as I afterwards learned, the Hulme Scholar.]

disorder and plundering.[1] The Committee of Union and Progress is fully aware that it must not allow its expected triumph to be accompanied by a great disaster to the capital of the Empire. Such a disaster would end in a foreign occupation of the city, and this the Committee dreads as a disgrace which must at all hazards be avoided. Later in the day, when the Selamlik was safely over, the streets of Stamboul became more frequented for a time.

The exodus of the wealthier population continues. Every outgoing steamer is crowded. Many refugees, persecuted by the party in power, have been saved by the Embassies and by influential foreigners; I hear especially that the German and the British Embassies have sheltered or sent out of the country a great number of Turks whose life was threatened.

We had a long conversation to-day with Sir William and Lady Whittall, who have a unique knowledge of Turkey, and from whom during many years of friendship we have learned much and received much kindness. A picture in the *Wiener Illustrirte Zeitung* of 18th April was the cause of much amusement. Without mentioning the lady's name, it describes how Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, the Commander of the First Army Corps (*i.e.*, the forces stationed in Constantinople), was saved in an English house from the mutineers on 13th April, and represents the lady (whose husband was away from home at the time)

[1] This confirms what Mehmet Bey said to my wife in the train, and is in agreement with the forecast quoted above from the *Neue Freie Presse.*

in a stage-heroine's attitude, with extended arm, ordering the mutineers out of the house, into which they are forcing an entrance. There was a basis of truth, and some incorrectness of detail, in the picture. Lady Whittall did in reality defend the house against the soldiers; and the General was inside; and nothing but her courage and adroit management, guided by knowledge of the right way to deal with and speak to Turks, saved the General's life; and Sir William was away on the Sea of Marmora in his yacht. So far the Vienna paper had the facts correctly; but the soldiers never actually tried to force their way into the house.

The General, whose wife is an Egyptian Princess, and who is one of the most influential men in Turkey, son of Ghazi ("Victorious") Mukhtar Pasha, lives in a house not far distant, and the gardens of the two houses are separated only by one intervening garden. When the General was attacked by the mutineers he got over the walls, and sought refuge in the English house.[1] The soldiers soon heard where he was, and demanded that he should be surrendered to them. When this was refused they surrounded the place, and declared they would have the General, if they had to blow down the house to get him. For the time they contented themselves with a strict blockade, permitting no one to go out or in, but renewing their threats from time to time. I need not chronicle all the events of a siege that lasted more than eight hours, during

[1] A lady in the intervening garden brought him a chair to aid him in climbing over the second wall.

which it often seemed as if the assault was about to be made, in which case there was no possibility of offering resistance, as there were neither arms nor people to use them in the house. Parleys frequently occurred, all of the same kind, demands and requests and cajolements from the soldiers, who declared that they would cut the Pasha in pieces, but wished to do no harm to any other person in the house—met by the unvarying reply that the lady could not allow them to enter her house, or to do any harm to any one in it. As the day wore on the soldiers became hungry, and began to eat the few vegetables which at that season were ready in the garden, whereupon Lady Whittall sent out food to them. One of her daughters-in-law was in the house, and after some hours it became urgently necessary that she should go home to her own young family; but the soldiers would not allow any one to pass out. At last Lady Whittall succeeded in persuading them, protesting against their conduct in impeding her daughter from going to her home, which would endanger the lives of her babies. She pointed to the young lady, and asked the soldiers if they were such fools as not to be able to see that this was not the Pasha. The pathetic touch about the children, and the appeal to their sense of humour (the Pasha is a large, stout man, while the young lady is very graceful and slender), saved the situation, and the young lady was allowed to go home. But the besiegers still declared that they would have the General, even though they had to blockade the house for days or to fetch guns and blow it down. Their Father (*i.e.*, the

Sultan) had so ordered, and they must and would obey.

In the evening Sir W. Whittall came in from the Marmora in great anxiety, and succeeded at last in procuring late at night a telegram direct from the Sultan ordering the soldiers to depart. He told me that he had never known a message couched in such urgent and peremptory tones—I wish I could repeat its quaint and impressive Moslem expression, but I heard only an incomplete and general account of the telegram, which probably was not preserved.

Even after this there was still anxiety. The soldiers might be waiting and watching at a distance; and it was only in the dead of night that the General was got safely down to the water disguised as a Greek sailor (the garden touches the Bosphorus and has its own pier for small boats), and put on board the yacht, and thence transferred by the launch of the German Embassy to a German steamer which was sailing next day. Mukhtar Pasha landed at the Piræus, and thence made his way to Salonica. To-day we hear that he has reached San Stefano, and is to command the Army of Liberty.[1]

It is well known to every person of every nationality in Constantinople that Sir W. and Lady Whittall's house has been a refuge through which

[1] [The last part of the news proved incorrect. The command was put in the hands of Mahmud Shefket Pasha, as became known in the city later. The apology was made to Mahmud Mukhtar that any action on his part would be liable to be interpreted as due to his personal desire for vengeance.]

many fugitives have escaped in Abd-ul-Hamid's time, and that hundreds of Armenians were thus saved from death; and, if any person who was under a cloud disappeared from public view for a day or two, speculation arose whether he had been arrested and killed, or had taken refuge under the Whittalls' protection. My wife, therefore, asked him if there were no bounds to his hospitality, and whether he would receive the Sultan, if he came to seek refuge. He said that it had always been his rule to give hospitality to every one who claimed it, asking no question and making no distinction of party, and if the Devil himself came to seek refuge and a means of escape from death, he would give it without a moment's hesitation. It became a joke among us from that time on until the Sultan had been deported to Salonica; every time we saw Sir William, and that was more than once a day, my wife asked him whether Abd-ul-Hamid had come to take refuge.

The telegram from the Sultan, which saved Mukhtar's life, certainly seems to exonerate him in some degree from complicity in the conduct of the soldiers, and to furnish some basis for the arguments of those who maintain that he was guiltless in this matter, and that he was faithfully acting according to the Constitution. [Several months later I heard news which throws a totally different light on the situation. The Sultan never knew of the telegram, which was sent on his own responsibility in the Sultan's name by a high military official, who was a personal friend of Sir W. Whittall's, and who took the rather serious risk

of sending this order. Naturally, there was much confusion everywhere, just as much in the palace as elsewhere, and thus the incident passed unnoticed or unpunished. But the fact that such a message could be sent forth without the Sultan's consent or knowledge is in itself deserving of attention; and events that are mentioned later in the diary have to be estimated in connection with it.

Also I was informed that the official who sent this telegram was the one who went out on this Friday, 23rd April (as we learned some days afterwards, and as is told later in the diary),[1] to warn the officers in command of the Army of Liberty that a massacre was arranged for the ensuing night and that only an immediate advance could prevent it. The incident of his visit to the army at San Stefano is told very picturesquely, but with an entire ignorance or suppression of the most important part, in the *Contemporary Review*, June, 1909, p. 751. The writer's statement, however, that the officer in question was "a Young Turk at heart" is quite correct, as also his description of the duty which he would have had to perform if the Ministers had defended the Sultan.]

At this point I give the impressions which my wife derived from a walk on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. It was considered by our friends not safe for her to go about in Stamboul.

"To-day we were persuaded to remain at Kadi-Keui, with the friends whom we were visiting, instead

[1] See p. 162.

of going, as our insatiable curiosity and love of sight-seeing prompted us, either to Stamboul or Pera. Friday being the day of 'Selamlik' when the Sultan goes to public prayer, and the streets are more crowded even than on other days, while thousands of soldiers are in attendance ready to do their master's bidding, an appeal might very easily be made to the fanaticism of the Turks, and it was generally believed that *something* was going to happen on this day. Rumours from more or less reliable sources were being persistently repeated that a massacre—some said of Armenians only, some of Christians in general—had been ordered by the Sultan to take place after the Selamlik.

"Kadi-Keui, the village of the Kadi, or Judge, is the prettiest suburb of Constantinople. It is just at the mouth of the Bosphorus on the Asiatic side, and about twenty minutes distant by steamer from the Bridge. It occupies the site of a very ancient city—Chalcedon—but is itself entirely modern. Whatever remained that was worth taking was removed by the Turks to build or embellish their mosques and palaces, and the rest is under the ground. The coast-line undulates picturesquely, forming a number of bays, and rises on the south to a lofty headland, Moda Burnu, from which there is a glorious view of the Bosphorus and the city to the north, and of the Sea of Marmora and the Princes Islands to the south. The headland is crowned by luxuriant gardens and trees, among which are a number of handsome dwellings, generally white and of elegant form, the

residences of many English families and other wealthy Europeans, and also of some Mohammedans and other Turkish subjects. The bulk of the people at Kadi-Keui, and there is a large population, are Christian—Armenians and Greeks; and the former especially must have been suffering agonies of fear and suspense—that is, those of them who remained in their homes, for a good many had fled. Lying in the Bosphorus, easily reached from the shore, were several large steamers which we knew had been chartered by rich Greeks and Armenians, and were ready to sail at a moment's notice. It was said that many women and children were already on board. In the house in which we were staying 'refugees' were being received or helped away almost daily. At first it was those who, like Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, were adherents of the Young Turk party; but after the Macedonian army had approached Constantinople it was the turn of the Liberals. For my part, I was constantly expecting that the next comer would be Abd-ul-Hamid himself; and I am sure he would have been sheltered and helped away like the rest. I could not believe that he was such a fool as to remain in the Palace of Yildiz, like a mouse in its hole, till he was caught; and I was convinced that when the Young Turks entered the palace they would find that he had escaped—perhaps by some underground passage leading to the Bosphorus—and was safely out of their reach. Of course my supposition was quite wrong. 'It was written:' the 'Red Sultan's' hour had come!

"In the forenoon my daughter and I walked with Lady Whittall along the edge of the cliffs, under the shade of wide-spreading trees, to a coffee-garden that overlooks the Bay of Moda, and sat in a green bower and drank Turkish coffee, and admired the view, and wondered vainly what might be happening in the city only a few miles away. We had the garden to ourselves. It is true the hour was early, but the number of people we met in the course of the morning seemed to us—perhaps wrongly—notably small, even allowing that the district was a residential, not a business, one. The countenance of the *café-ji*, a Greek, wore the strained look that was so general, and he poured the coffee from the pan into the tiny cups in dismal silence. And when Lady Whittall (who knew him) spoke to him of the condition of things, his answers matched his face and manner. God knew what was going to happen. We could only wait and see.

"Then we wandered on among the fields and waste places, and finally through the quiet streets, till we came to a Greek church. It was a handsome building, almost new. By good fortune the priest happened to arrive at the same time. He was tall, with a refined and intelligent face, dressed in the loose black gown and high black brimless hat that marked his profession, with a dark beard of ample dimensions, and his long hair turned up loosely under the edge of his hat in the usual way. He was well known to our companion, and he greeted us cheerfully and took us inside to see the decorations, which were rich and

brilliant. While showing us the icons, or holy pictures, he explained to us some of the minute differences that keep the Eastern Church and the Western Church so absolutely apart. He spoke of the political situation gravely, but with a certain optimistic cheeriness, as if he felt sure that everything would end well. He was the only person I heard speak in this way. 'When Jesus was on earth,' he said, 'He lived not so very far from this land. He would remember His people, and He could, and would, save them alive.' I wondered whom he included in the expression 'His people'. In Turkey, as a rule, the Greeks mean themselves only when they speak of 'the Christians'. They will tell you that in a town there are so many Christians, and so many Turks, Armenians and Jews. There isn't much love lost between them and the Armenians, and in the former massacre Armenians only had been the victims. It is within the bounds of possibility that he did not include the Armenians.

"People returning from the city in the afternoon brought word that all the banks and business offices had been closed by noon, as there was no business whatsoever being done; that the streets were almost deserted; and that every departing steamer was crowded with the wealthier inhabitants leaving the city. The intensest anxiety prevailed. One lady told me privately that her husband had heard again the report of an intended massacre, and that the Europeans were included in the order. Every now and then, during the remainder of the day, items of

news were brought in, one very often contradicting another."

We still remain ignorant of the real facts of the case. There is nothing but rumours; and the reports are often absolutely contradictory of one another. One has to choose what seems to be believed by the persons of best judgment and most experience. What view is taken at the British Embassy I have not heard since what I reported two days ago.

The greatest enigma of all is the Sultan. No one knows what he is doing or intending, whether he is going to resist, or to escape, or to sit still and wait on fate. Yesterday it seemed pretty clear that he was trying to make terms with the Young Turk leaders; to-day no one knows whether the attempt will be successful—no one is certain even that the attempt was really made. He has always been so elusive and so dexterous that people are afraid lest he may be able to wriggle out of the grip of the Young Turk army, and maintain himself by some dodge. The strongest emotion in the popular mind (so far as a foreigner can learn about it) seems to be the dread lest the Sultan may survive. As the day passes a feeling of apprehension of some calamity increases. In the morning it was believed that the muster of the troops for the Selamlik would be the occasion for beginning a massacre. When the Selamlik passed off quietly there was a general feeling of relief; but after an hour or two the terror of something unknown began again, and soon became much worse than before. The Kurdish porters are said to be in a very danger-

ous mood. They were introduced to replace the Armenian porters, who were massacred in great numbers about ten years ago ; in fact, there can be little doubt (few people here have any doubt) that that massacre was planned for the special purpose of eliminating the Christian porters and putting the whole occupation of porterage into Mohammedan hands. There have long been serious complaints among the merchants of Constantinople about the bad conduct and refractory temper of these Kurds ; they are said to be a permanent source of danger, a weapon which was always ready to be used by the palace gang under the old régime, and now some outbreak among them is dreaded.

An almost greater enigma than the Sultan is the proclamation issued by Shefket Pasha, who is now known to be the Commander in Chief of the Army of Liberty. He declares that the soldiers of Liberty have not taken up arms with the object of dethroning the Sultan, but in order to support the endangered Constitution ; if, however, through the misguided conduct of foolish persons, any other course of action towards the Sultan should be forced on those who are defending the State, the blame for such action must rest on those who have provoked it. Never did an announcement of policy leave more perfectly free the hands of those who have issued it. In another proclamation it is announced that all soldiers of the garrison in Constantinople who submit peaceably will be safe, but that a trial will be held of those who are accused of fomenting the Mutiny of 13th April, and all who are found guilty will be punished.

On the other hand, the report is that in the Parliament at San Stefano cries were raised of "Vive Mehmet V.".

There is quite extraordinary freedom of speech in the Press now. One evening paper was sold openly, containing in French a full account of the Selamlik, headed in gigantic letters, "Last Selamlik of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II.". The editor must feel very confident that success will rest with the Young Turks, and that the Sultan is already doomed; but the public generally does not share his confidence. He may have some special information. The story has been current that the Army of Liberty is to enter the city on Monday or on Tuesday; but much may happen before Monday. The prediction made on Wednesday by the editor of the *Ikdam* that the Salonica army would enter on Saturday seems to have been wrong.[1]

When one comes to think over the situation of the last week the most extraordinary feature has been the freedom from disorder and riot. After the Mutiny was over the soldiers returned to their ordinary course of duty or idleness. Here is a great city, absolutely at the mercy of 20,000 or 25,000 soldiers, without officers (except a certain number of Reactionary officers who took a more or less open part in the Mutiny). There has been no pillage, nothing beyond the ordinary amount of misconduct, perhaps even less. An important fact in producing this result has been that there is no drinking. The soldiers are Mohammedans,

[1] [It turned out to be right.]

and not Christians. I do not doubt that, if spirits had been served out to the army, or seized and drunk by the soldiers, Constantinople would have been a pandemonium during the last ten days; and a European occupation would have been the only way of restoring peace in a sacked and ruined city. It is a great blessing that an army should be a teetotal one. There has been as yet nothing to excite the soldiers; but there are other causes of excitement to which they are open, and vague fears weigh on every one lest a religious movement may occur. If it does, it is bound to end in massacre.

An English resident, who knows the city intimately, told us that he went to the Selamlik to-day, and that he never on any former occasion saw the troops more enthusiastic in their demonstrations of loyalty, or the Sultan more smiling and gracious. The demeanour of the Sultan seems to show that he has courage of a kind. He can bear himself well outwardly in a very critical situation. But the Selamlik was a necessity for him; to miss it would almost be equivalent to abdication; and he was surrounded all the time by thousands of troops demonstrating their loyalty. After all, his conduct does not prove so much as one at the first moment is apt to suppose.

I hear also from an excellent financial authority that, unless some money can be found to pay the troops in Stamboul to-morrow, there will be serious trouble from the discontent of the soldiers. This evening closes in much anxiety and profound uncertainty, even worse than on Wednesday.

The general uneasiness and apprehension grew more intense towards sunset; and yet nothing definite is known as to what is happening or about to happen, or what is the condition of affairs and plans. The Sultan's forces are strong in Constantinople; and it would be easy to rouse in a short time a wide and fervid religious revival in Asiatic Turkey, which must be on his side. The city is still at the mercy of the powerful army which is stationed in the city. The situation is, undoubtedly, very serious. Our Young Turk fellow-traveller told us last Sunday that every precaution would be taken to guard the life and property of Europeans; and it is absolutely necessary for the reformers to avoid the disgrace of having their advent stained by serious loss to the Europeans; but their soldiers are distant, and the Sultan's forces are on the spot. The native Christians especially are in a most dangerous position; and the Powers, who allowed the Armenians to be butchered and clubbed by thousands in the streets formerly, are not likely to protect them now, if a new massacre should break out. If in the present crisis a massacre should begin, no one can tell where it would end. A European occupation might give a new lease of power to the Sultan. Ambassadors and the Powers whom they represent like established authority; and it is the tacit or open support of the European States which has bolstered up an effete dynasty in Turkey long after the natural self-righting power of the East would have swept it away and replaced it by a new and strong man. Even the present Sultan, able and

acute as he has shown himself in diplomacy, is after all really a degenerate; the cunning and the cowardice which characterise him (in spite of the professed inability of the *Ikdam's* editor to understand him) are the marks of a worn-out and ignoble stock. By the way the more I think about the conversation of that editor last Wednesday, the less I like it, and the more I distrust him. The Turk who remains so doubtful about the character of Abd-ul-Hamid has some private reason for concealing his opinions, and the reason can hardly be creditable.

An American friend, who lives in Stamboul, told us that he went out towards 6 P.M. to take his usual evening walk after the day's work. The streets were absolutely deserted. Every door was shut. The silence was so strange and so oppressive that after a little he abandoned his walk and returned home. This may seem to others to be an insignificant incident; but I cannot think it so, for I know the man and I know the American character. A certain absolutely imperturbable courage is the birthright of all Americans; and they carry out their allotted duty with the same quiet, even, easy spirit, whatever be the situation and however threatening the danger. It must be a very remarkable situation which produced in this man, a missionary, an old resident, familiar with every feature and turn in Turkish life, such apprehension as to alter his settled order and habit of useful life.

At dinner, between eight and nine o'clock, over on the Asiatic side where we are, some of those who

were at table heard cannon firing at a distance; and, if so, there must have been something happening on the European side either in Stamboul or on the outskirts. I could hear nothing; but I was fully occupied in listening to the conversation and to our host's excellent stories of Turkish life and character.

The situation here is to me personally very health-giving and productive of sleep. At home I am tormented by sleeplessness. Here I write great part of every day; and the uncertainty of the situation produces an agreeable and soothingly gentle excitement, which sends me to sleep the moment I lay my head on the pillow. In Scotland, or in camp on the high plateau of Anatolia, sleeplessness is my nightly lot; but in Constantinople I have acquired the power of sleeping early and long. To-night at dinner the conversation was more serious than on any previous night, and a feeling of anxiety affected the whole company.

Saturday, April 24.—On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, where we are staying, we were aroused by firing, which began to be heard at 5.20 A.M., and continued until about 7. The beginning was actually towards 4 A.M., but the earlier stages were not audible where we are. I heard nothing until we were wakened by a Greek servant at 6.45 with a message that we must rise, as firing was going on and there was fear of danger.

"Immediately after breakfast" (I quote from my wife) "we went outside the gardens and joined a crowd of other residents who had collected on the

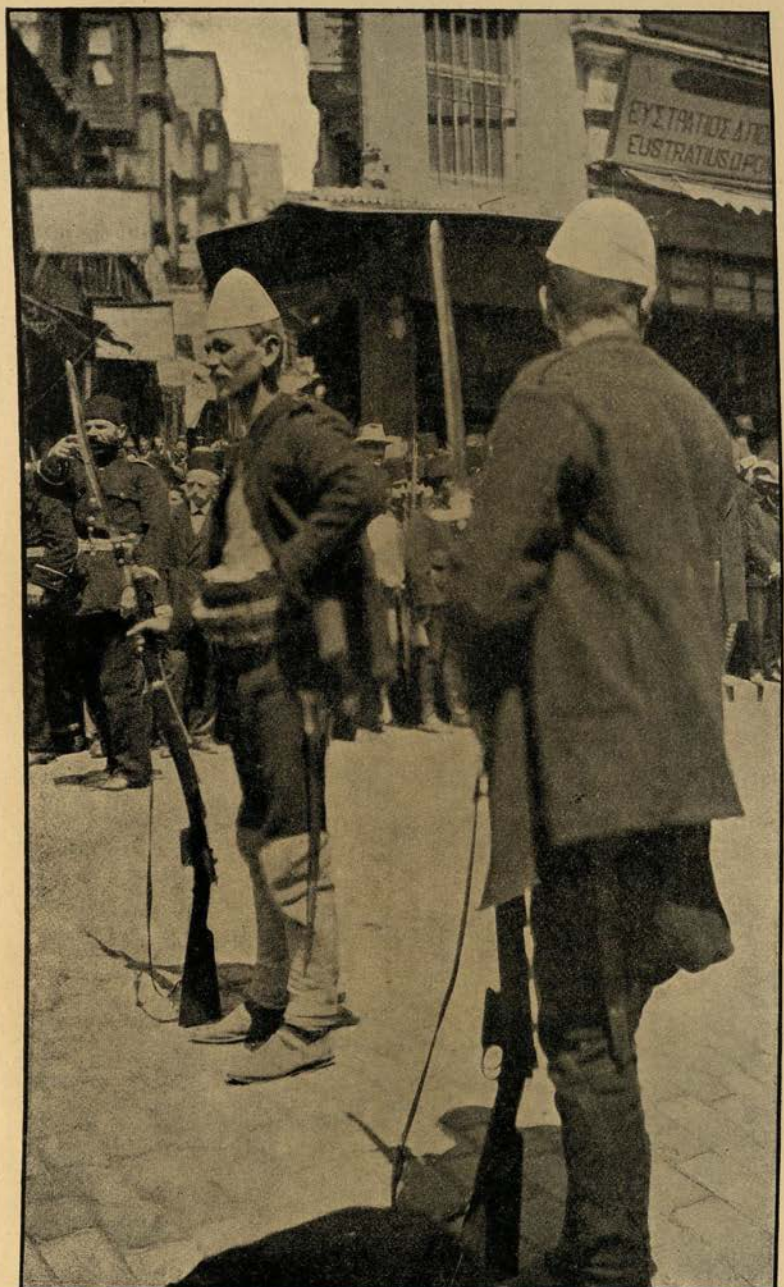
edge of the headland of Moda (a narrow spit of land jutting out from the Asiatic coast between the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora) at the point from which they could best see the city. It was a glorious morning and the view was entrancing. Towers and domes and minarets, rising one behind the other on the high shores of the Golden Horn, shone through a thin veil of golden mist, which gradually cleared away as the morning advanced, but from the midst of which at first clouds of black smoke rolled up into the sky—the smoke of cannon whose sound every now and then came booming across the water. It was difficult to tell by the sound where the firing was taking place, but the smoke was rising both from Stamboul and from Pera, and the distance was too great for the movement of people to be seen with the naked eye. We in Moda and Kadi-Keui were practically isolated for the moment, for no steamers were running between the European and the Asiatic sides of the Bosphorus. Those at Moda who possessed launches had gone, or sent, to the Bridge in search of information; but had returned with little more to tell. Among the crowd on the headland there was no outward sign of fear. People talked quietly, both ladies and gentlemen, and the children played among them. Few of us at the moment realised how much this early arrival of the besieging army meant. Had they postponed the attack one day, they would have been too late to prevent one of the greatest massacres in history, the crowning atrocity of Abd-ul-Hamid's reign."

News shortly arrived at our house that the first morning steamer, crossing from our scala at Kadi-Keui to Stamboul, found that the bridge which connects Galata with Pera, and which forms the landing-place of all the Bosphorus steamers, was occupied by troops of the Army of Liberty, who refused to allow any passengers to land. So far as we can see, Stamboul is quiet, and we hear that it is strongly guarded everywhere by the Salonica troops. At first we thought that the firing was due to the attack on Yildiz, but it soon became known that it arose from an attack on the Tash-Kishla and other barracks in succession between Pera and Yildiz.

The soldiers of Liberty profess that it is not their intention to dethrone the Sultan. People say that he will be allowed to remain for a few weeks, and then will die of appendicitis or some other illness, duly certified by a dozen physicians, if we assume that the attack is successful. But there is a good deal evidently to do before that result is attained.

The order, sureness and forethought which mark the operations of the Army of Liberty are, however, a good omen. It turns out that when the cavalry went back from the Selamlik yesterday they found their barracks (the farthest out from the city) occupied by soldiers from Salonica; some fighting took place, but the Sultan's cavalry retired with a loss of thirty men, and camped for the night at the Artillery Barracks in the city. This operation indicated careful secret planning and sudden dashing execution.

Between 8 and 9 A.M. we heard that four soldiers



Volunteers in the Army of Liberty keeping guard in the streets of Constantinople.

escaping from Tash-Kishla had come over to Kadi-Keui and reported that all the soldiers in the barracks had surrendered after some fighting, and that Yildiz was being invested. At rare intervals we hear a cannon-shot. It is now said that there was a good deal of fighting at some of the barracks, and that three correspondents of English newspapers have been wounded (one an American citizen),[1] that at Tash-Kishla the defenders fired after the white flag had been raised (which well might occur by mistake and ignorance in that huge building), and that then the assaulting troops brought up cannon and smashed the place. Yildiz Kiosk is now said to be under attack since midday, and it was only about 6 P.M. that we heard definitely that it was surrendered, though as early as 3 a report was current to that effect. There was some apprehension that the soldiers of the Selimiya Barracks, between Kadi-Keui and Scutari, might cause trouble and riot on this side; but troops from San Stefano were landed and occupied the barracks without meeting any resistance.[2]

The occupation and guarding of Stamboul, Galata and Pera were carried out with admirable thoroughness and skill. Over on the Asiatic side we hear little and see nothing, and it is impossible for us to get across. A few people who own steam-launches have gone across to see Pera, but have not been allowed to enter

[1] [Later in the day the number was reduced to two, one slightly, one dangerously.]

[2] [These reports about Yildiz and the Selimiya Barracks turned out next day to be premature and incorrect.]

Stamboul. An operation of very serious difficulty, the seizure of a great city, containing a considerable half-hostile element, together with a large number of disorderly and dangerous characters (especially the Kurdish scoundrels and cut-throats, who are regarded as a standing menace to the peace of the city), has been accomplished with perfect order; everything seems to have been foreseen and provided for; and large numbers of volunteers, especially students in the schools, were enrolled and utilised for the guarding of the streets and the preservation of peace. The Committee of Progress deserves the highest credit. We hear as yet, about sunset, of only a few casualties to non-combatants (all to persons who from curiosity were taking risks) and not a single case of disorder. Houses in the line of fire suffered. If the night passes with the same quiet the occupation of Constantinople by the assailants will deserve to rank very high among the triumphs of civilisation and organisation.

At 7 P.M. Mukhtar Pasha returned to his own house, where he incurred such danger from his own soldiers twelve days ago, bringing word that all was over, and that the Sultan was to be tried before a special tribunal.[1] He said that he took no part in the final operations lest these should be thought to be caused by desire for personal revenge on his part. The news was brought late in the evening by the French governess of the Pasha's little daughter, who was charged with a message from the Princess—his

[1] [A premature announcement, which I allow to remain as showing how difficult it was to learn what was occurring.]

wife—to our hostess, announcing that the Pasha was safe. The governess said she had been sitting with her pupil early in the evening at a window overlooking the water, when they observed a boat approaching, and the child recognised her father seated in it. The Pasha, she added, looked worn and very grave, but was in excellent spirits. He had brought word that the troops had surrounded the palace of Yildiz, but that the Sultan had given in before any attack was made, and for the present would be allowed to retain his position.

The pupils in the Military School and the High Schools have done admirable service. They all volunteered, and were posted as guards to keep order in the streets, to protect the Embassies and the banks and other important offices. They performed all their duties splendidly, and have made themselves extraordinarily popular in consequence.

Sunday, April 25.—The steamers are not plying on the Bosphorus, but rowing boats are allowed to pass. The streets of Pera are crowded. Every one is out to see the effects of the battle. Soon it became known that in spite of the assurance sent to us last night by Mukhtar Pasha himself, the trouble was not ended yesterday, and that matters are still in an uneasy condition. Yildiz and some barracks are still holding out; the palace defences are still filled with troops—4,000 in number, as the morning papers stated—not to mention the innumerable women and attendants of the harem.

It was said that the guns of the palace would fire

on Pera and destroy the European quarter if any attack were made on it. Also, it was reported that the Selimiya Barracks on the Asiatic side, between Kadi-Keui and Scutari, were still held by the Sultan's troops, who declared that they would fire on Pera if Yildiz were attacked. As we had heard on excellent authority that these barracks had been occupied by the Salonica soldiers yesterday, this was a great puzzle. Several of our friends had seen these soldiers landing and entering the barracks unopposed; and one friend had sheltered in his house all night two of the old garrison, who declared that great numbers of their comrades were fleeing, as they themselves were. The fugitives were offering their Mauser rifles freely for sale at a dollar or two dollars each, and thus providing a little ready money for the journey inland, if they found a purchaser. Yet there has still been throughout the day great anxiety as to what the remainder of the troops might do; and things were said to be very dubious about midday.

No one seems to know what is the actual condition of things. Some of our friends, driving in the street that leads from Pera to Yildiz, found themselves all of a sudden in the centre of a fusillade. Rifle-bullets were whistling past them, and they saw an officer of the Salonica army fall wounded in the breast, with blood pouring from his mouth; a number of passengers in the street hastily fled. Scenes of this kind seem occasionally to happen. Yet another friend walked right up to the gates of Yildiz, and saw not a trace of troops or trouble, and was challenged by

nobody. At noon all communication was stopped across the Bosphorus, and visitors to Pera were refused permission to return to the Asiatic side, until the affair of the Selimiya Barracks was settled. My wife and daughter, who had gone over to Pera in the morning, had considerable difficulty in getting back. I give their account of their experiences. I was too busy to go over, and sat writing or walked out at intervals to hear the news.

"As a friend, Mrs. Whitehouse, who was paying a visit to her parents on the Asiatic side, was determined to go and see for herself how her husband was faring and whether any damage had been done to her house, which was in the part of Pera where the fighting had taken place, Margaret and I seized the opportunity to accompany her. We went in a caique, as the steamers were still not running. The city had been placed under martial law: but all decent and well-disposed persons (like ourselves) could go about as they pleased during the day, and the authorities were particularly anxious that everybody should so far as possible carry on their business and other affairs as usual.

"Small boats do not land passengers on the Bridge, but at the quays at either end. To-day nobody was permitted to land at the Stamboul side, but that did not interfere with us, as we were going to Pera. The quay and the streets were crowded, but the Bridge, which is generally the most crowded part of the whole city, was empty, except for a small band of soldiers who guarded the entrance to it and allowed

no one to pass. Otherwise there was little sign of an unusual condition of things. Among the people who thronged the streets were many soldiers; but they had not the appearance of being on duty, but strolled about or drove at their ease in open carriages.

"We took one of the carriages which, as usual, were standing for hire near the end of the Bridge, and drove up to the chapel of the British Embassy where we found Mr. Whitehouse. All the public buildings we passed on the way were guarded by soldiers. Mr. Whitehouse was uncertain if people would come to service. The fighting in Pera was over for the time being at least, all the barracks there having surrendered; but trouble was expected at the Selimiya Barracks at Scutari, to which place three steamer loads of troops had just been despatched. The Whitehouses' house was all right, for, although it was close to where the fighting had occurred, it was out of the line of fire. We heard further details from a lady on whom we called. It was said that between two and three hundred soldiers had been killed altogether—about twenty of the attacking troops, and the rest inside the barracks. There were also many wounded, and the hospitals were full. The tramway-cars had been utilised as ambulances.

"On returning to the chapel, we found that people had come as usual, and service was going on. A cavass from the British Consulate, a Turk, was standing at the gate, and we spoke to him for a little. He told us about the soldiers at the Taxim Barracks showing the white flag and then firing on the ad-

vancing troops, which he believed to be an act of treachery, not a mistake, as many people are inclined to think; and he considered that it was quite right that those who were guilty of such treachery should be shot; as they were last night. He also declared that there would be no real peace as long as the Sultan was alive; an opinion that seems to be held by Mohammedans and Christians alike.

"Leaving Margaret at chapel, I went to the Khedivial Hotel in the Grande Rue. The street was thronged with people in their Sunday attire, just as it is on ordinary Sundays; and yet there was a difference —the subtle, indescribable, impalpable *something* of which one was conscious all the time during those days of uncertainty. As I was returning, a band of soldiers marched down the street towards Galata, the crowd applauding them with hand-clapping as they passed. I could not tell by their appearance that they had taken part in the recent fighting. They looked fresh and jolly. They wore 'tcharik,' a kind of moccasin, not hard soled like an ordinary boot, and marched with a particularly light and springy and almost silent step.

"By the time service in chapel was over, it was too late to drive out to see the captured barracks, which were said to be much battered by shot. The Salonica troops, who are said to be first-rate marksmen, had aimed at the windows with deadly effect. It was as well we did not make the attempt, for had we been a little later we might have been unable to return to Kadi-Keui that day. We had to take a roundabout

way in order to avoid a long string of gun-carriages and carts of ammunition, winding its way slowly up the steep narrow street, bound (we supposed) for Yildiz; and when we reached the quay and some of us were already seated in the boat, a soldier came running along calling out 'Yassak,' 'It is forbidden,' and declaring that we were too late; no one could now be allowed to leave by boat. It appeared that the attack on the Selimiya Barracks was just about to begin, and it was not safe for any boat to go near Scutari. A sympathetic and interested crowd soon collected on the quay, and a man suggested that Mr. Whitehouse should appeal to the officer at a Karakol (guardhouse) close by, which he at once did. He returned in a few moments with the officer, a very pleasant-looking little fellow, to whom he had explained our circumstances, and who, with the good sense and politeness that characterise the Young Turks, at once gave us leave to depart.

"As we crossed we noticed that a gunboat which earlier in the day had been lying near the mouth of the Bosphorus, had changed its position and was lying off the Scutari shore with a torpedo boat beside it. When almost opposite the barracks we heard the sound of firing—rifles not cannon. It lasted only a few moments. It turned out afterwards that there had been no resistance at the Selimiya. When the Salonica troops arrived, half of the garrison had already fled, and those who remained surrendered at once, giving up their arms. They were made prisoner and had been conducted to the *scala* where

they were to embark for Stamboul, when, either accidentally or intentionally, some one fired a shot. There was a sudden panic among the large crowd assembled to see the departure of the soldiers. The Salonica troops imagined they were caught in an ambush, and fired a volley. But the officers in charge kept their heads and succeeded in restoring order immediately. One or two people, however, were killed and several wounded."

In the later afternoon we got the assurance from a friend who has most intimate knowledge of Constantinople that all was really finished, that all the barracks had been occupied, that the Sultan was in the hands of the Salonica army, and that it was not yet determined what should be done with him. The Parliament is returning from San Stefano to Stamboul. Yet, in spite of this assurance, the last reports at night on the Asiatic side are that the Sultan's troops are still resisting, and that Yildiz is being defended by a faithful body of 2,000 soldiers. Such are the uncertainties and the conflict of news.

Throughout the day one could cross the Bosphorus only in rowing boats or steam-launches. The steamers had all gone to the islands, and the captains refused to risk their lives in the Bosphorus. It appears that on the morning of the 24th a steamer attempted to put in to the Galata Bridge, but was warned by the guard there not to come alongside. The captain, however, with the stolid impassiveness of the Turk, kept on his course in the usual fashion, and was shot down by the guard. Hence the flight of all the steamers, which

are now said to be lying at one of the Princes Islands. The passengers by the Egyptian steamer *Osmanieh* were allowed to land; and the funeral of an English lady, a visitor from Newnham College, Cambridge, who died here in hospital of an old-standing illness which suddenly developed to a fatal stage, was permitted to take place, crossing from Pera to the English Cemetery beside Scutari.

In the evening we received a note from Miss Alice Gardner of Newnham College, hastily written in the boat in which she was crossing for the burial of her deceased friend. She mentioned that she was at the Khedivial Palace Hotel, and asked us to go to see her to-morrow, if possible, as she was returning forthwith to Cambridge. On the boat she had met one of our friends, and written the note for him to deliver. We of course resolved to go over in the morning to see her. I hoped also to meet, or to hear some news of the Hulme Scholar, from whom a verbal message has come that he is at the same hotel, though there has been no chance of seeing him since he arrived here three days after us.

A little uncertainty and anxiety prevails towards night, but on the Asiatic side the Army of Liberty is now in occupation. We are under martial law, and no one is permitted to be out in the streets after one o'clock Turkish, *i.e.* 8 P.M. These Salonica soldiers stand no nonsense. If any person, except a European, shows signs of reluctance to obey they shoot forthwith. There are among them some few volunteers from the Anatolian Provinces, but the strength of the army is

Macedonian, especially Albanian. Towards evening a friend of ours asked one of the soldiers on guard here at Kadi-Keui (who by his speech betrayed himself at once as Anatolian) whether he needed anything, intending to offer him food. The soldier said he had eaten nothing the whole day. At that moment an On-bashi, or corporal, whom one could see to be an Albanian by his walk and air, approached with a file of soldiers. Our friend put the same question. The Albanian at once replied: "We have everything we want; our Government provides for us," and then the wretched Anatolian was obliged to say the same. I hear that everywhere the troops of Freedom decline help and provisions, saying that their Government looks after them; only cigarettes and water are accepted; and those who are guarding the Embassies and Consulates take some mild refreshment, such as tea. There can be no doubt that the army of occupation has behaved with the most marvellous orderliness, and has not touched any one who was evidently peaceable. Also, the soldiers have shown the most splendid courage in attack. The British sailors connected with the Embassy were watching the fighting close at hand, and, as I am told, declared that the bravery and dash of the troops were beyond praise; nothing could have been finer, and a lot of Albanians ought to be got for the British navy!

Monday, April 26.—There was still much uncertainty this morning as to the exact position of affairs, but the steamers on the Bosphorus began to run, though rather irregularly, and the streets were

crowded with busy and idle people, chiefly the latter. Guards were still posted everywhere, but all the world was gay and bright. I never saw Constantinople look so happy; but I understand that, since the reign of terror and spies ended last July, the city lost its mournful and anxious appearance and has been quite gay until the last fortnight. To-day every one was joyous; and people were still going to see the places where most fighting had taken place. The loss of life seems to have been small. Instead of thousands, the slain are estimated by good authorities as about 250; and there can be no doubt that the small loss is due to the conspicuous gallantry of the soldiers of Liberty, who never hesitated, or lost a moment or a chance. At present these soldiers are perfectly orderly, and do their work admirably. They never interfere with peaceful people; but, if a person seems suspicious or dangerous, they arrest him on the moment, or, in case of risk, shoot; and they seem to make no mistakes. The disorderly characters who abound in Constantinople, and especially the Kurd porters and assassins, who were ready to sack the whole place if the Sultan had triumphed, are downcast in demeanour and evidently full of hatred. So are a good many military officers of the old type and the ultra-religious Mohammedans. But many of them are being eliminated; the Kurds deported to their native haunts; and the former soldiers sent away from the capital to Salonica, where they will be kept under strict discipline.

It turns out that the firing in Tash-Kishla Barracks after the white flag had been raised was not wholly

accidental. It was done by the Chasseurs of Salonica, who had given way to the persuasions of fanatics (and perhaps the bribes of agents coming from or pretending to come from the Sultan), and joined in the Mutiny of the 13th April. Now, being afraid that there was no pardon for them, they resisted to the end.

It is difficult to gather any trustworthy idea of the numbers of the attacking force. I have heard them estimated at 40,000 regulars and 20,000 volunteers; and one friend who takes this view bases it on the statements of the railway authorities (with whom he is closely connected in business) as to the number of trains. The two authorities whom I trust most take a more moderate view—both are old residents in the city, knowing intimately many Turks in high positions. One said that 12,000 was the probable number of the army which besieged and captured Constantinople (aided of course at the last by many volunteers in the city, especially the pupils in the military schools). The other committed himself to no numerical estimate, but said that the leaders of the army had "bluffed" the defenders, and were probably not so numerous as their prisoners; and one of the generals to whom he was talking admitted that this was not far from the truth.

These statements agree with the estimate of the possibilities of the attack, quoted in my diary last week from the *Neue Freie Presse*. The actual issue of events has strongly confirmed that article, and proved that it emanated from a thoroughly well-informed source.

There is a general tendency to overestimate the

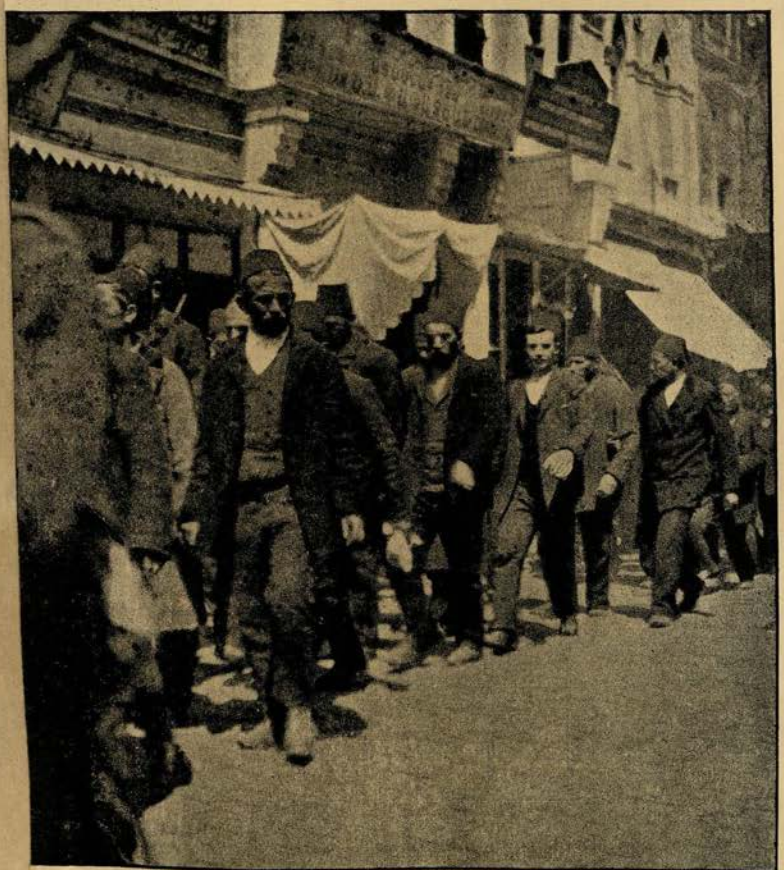
numbers of the attacking force, and the leaders encourage the tendency, because it is part of their game to instil into every mind the belief that they command an overwhelming force. A good example of the unconscious tendency to overestimate came to my knowledge to-day. One of the few passengers who arrived in Constantinople by the same train in which we were travelling on 20th April, a business man of high standing in the city, states that he saw on that day twenty-two trains coming up to Tchatalja, each containing about fifty waggons filled with troops. As each waggon carries forty-eight men or eight horses, this gives a big number for one day. The writer in the *Neue Freie Presse* estimated the utmost transport capacity of the Salonica railway at ten trains per day. We saw only two military trains going towards Constantinople during the whole day, and in one, which I counted, there were not more than thirty waggons.

The difference between the two estimates, though startling, is easily explicable. We saw the trains at station after station as we were permitted to dodge along the line. The military trains did not get along any faster than the regular passenger train. A careless observer might look out of his carriage window at each station and count the same train over and over again. We got out and talked with the soldiers, cheered them and waved salutes to them, and were on quite friendly terms with some of them before the final parting; in this way we learned the real facts, *viz.*, that there were only two, and not twenty-two trains.

The truth is that the Macedonian army is in a dangerously weak condition. The Young Turks know this well, and are bent on doing their best to improve and strengthen it, but it does not serve their purpose to publish the fact on the house-tops in Constantinople. The men are full of enthusiasm and as brave as any in the world, but the equipment is very poor and terribly defective. When the Bulgarian trouble was beginning last autumn, Kiamil Pasha ordered a careful estimate of the fighting power of the Macedonian army to be made. He found that the armament was deficient in the last degree, and his whole policy had to be guided and limited by this decisive fact. [Two months later I met an old acquaintance, who knows the affairs of Bulgaria and of the Balkan Peninsula generally as few men do. I mentioned to him this fact, and the indubitable authority which I had for it. He said that the Bulgarians were quite aware of it, and reckoned that they could march to San Stefano without serious opposition. The two statements give some idea of the difficulties which the Government of Turkey had to contend with during last winter, and which it has been energetically striving to overcome in the present year.]

During the day, while it was not easy to learn the exact facts in Yildiz, there was no doubt that the defending troops had almost all surrendered, and the barracks in the grounds were empty. A certain number of soldiers, perhaps about 1,000, were left with the Sultan, but these were considered to be safe. It was being deliberated what should be done with him.

Probably this means that pressure is being put on him to abdicate. He is practically alone; the women and many servants of the palace have been removed. When he has become a private individual, it will be easier to deal with him. If he persists in his refusal to abdicate there is always a possibility of reducing him to a private station by dethronement. This is a rather complicated procedure. Though primarily a religious act, it cannot originate from the head of the religion. the Sheikh-ul-Islam, but only from the Fetva-Eminé, who is a very old man, much respected. If he should grant the Fetva that the Sultan is unfit to reign, this must be countersigned first by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, next by the Grand Vizier and the Minister of War; then it becomes effective. I am assured by a good authority that this is the full course of procedure; but most accounts omit the Fetva-Eminé or assign a quite subordinate share to him, whereas the truth is that he is the fountain-head of the whole process. The question is submitted to him in the form of a general question of law: if a Commander of the Faithful is guilty of such and such acts, is it lawful to depose him? Should the Fetva go forth "it is lawful," the Sultan is thereby deposed, and the next heir according to Ottoman custom (*i.e.*, the eldest male of the family) succeeds him. The stage which to Western minds seems most important, *viz.*, the proof that this present Sultan has been guilty of the acts which are worthy of deposition, is entirely omitted. To the Eastern mind that stage seems quite unnecessary; the question could not be put, except by persons



Servants from the Palace led through the streets of Pera to prison.
See p. 124.

who had power to enforce deposition and who desire legalisation for their act. The essential fact to the Eastern mind is whether the Fetva-Eminé has resolution enough to resist, if he disagrees. Proof of guilt is an unimportant trifle. We of the West want evidence and hunt for witnesses. The Oriental wants facts, and has no belief in witnesses, who can always be procured to say anything (just as expert evidence can be got in Britain on both sides of any question). Truly the Eastern mind can never sympathise with the Western. Here it adopts a process of Roman law, the appeal to a *juris consultus*, but puts a totally new spirit into the old form.

We went to the Khedivial Palace Hotel to meet Miss Gardner, and heard her experiences in the trying situation in which she had been placed. As a historian, she naturally had found the political situation very interesting; and, as her field of research has been so closely associated with Constantinople, she had specially good reason to appreciate the local surroundings; but the care of her dying friend was a serious charge, and the hotel had been in a strange condition. The proprietors and principals fled, leaving it in charge of the waiters and the humbler officials, who were tied by poverty to their work. We also saw the Hulme Scholar for the first time since we parted at Berlin. He had been acting as if he were a War Correspondent, getting close to the line of fire between the two armies, and seemed to have enjoyed the experience of being shot at by both sides. The question had to remain open when we should be able to get

away into Asiatic lands; but I hope that on Monday next we may start. Some sort of Government should be patched up by that time. For the present the old ministry remains in nominal authority; but really the Army and its General are supreme. The situation is very similar to that in the Roman Empire, when the soldiers had put down one Emperor and had not yet chosen another. Only at present the old Sultan is still permitted to live.

Tuesday, April 27.—The more one sees of the character of the situation, the more one must admire the skill with which it has been handled. Not a mistake is as yet apparent; everything has been foreseen and provided for. It now remains to be shown what use will be made of this striking success. Will it be turned into a means of doing away with the rival party, the Liberal Union? The chiefs of the Liberals have all fled or been arrested. Prince Sabah-ed-Din, the head of the party, was arrested last night. Kiamil, its other head, is living in seclusion. His son, Said, is deeply compromised in the mutiny and riot of the 13th. Said has done his father much harm for many years by his foolish and unprincipled conduct. His accessibility to bribery has long been a scandal. It is said also that, while his father was Grand Vizier last winter, he was guilty of practical jokes of the worst character. The story is that on one occasion he sent printed invitations to leading personages, Embassy officials, etc., inviting them to the circumcision of the son of Hilmi Pasha (who had no son), and that some of those invited, who did not know the situation, sent

the customary presents to the father. This story I heard only in popular gossip, and do not vouch for it as more than scandal, but stories illustrate the reputation of the person about whom they are invented.

Said Bey succeeded in making his escape several days ago by sea. The steamer (French, I think) touched at Smyrna, and all the time it lay in the harbour, as the story ran, fifteen or sixteen men with rifles waited around the steamer prepared to shoot him if he showed face. This was not due to official action, but to the general public hatred felt for him.

One of the most serious dangers in the situation now, one which weighs heavily on the minds of those who wish well to Turkey and the Young Turks, is that the bitter personal feeling against the defeated and discredited Liberals may lead the victors into vindictive retaliation. This could do no good, and much harm. The Liberals have disappeared from the stage as completely as if they had all died. They are, in fact, even more powerless, if those who have not taken to flight are allowed to live on in Turkey, than if they are persecuted and exiled or executed. Every one now knows that the sole choice open to Turkey was between the victory of the Young Turks and the restoration of the power of Abd-ul-Hamid. The Liberals had effaced themselves, and could only retire or join the Reaction. Outside of their number I should be surprised to hear that any one in Constantinople except a few foreigners who consistently sympathised with them to the end, and were thereby betrayed into sympathising with the Sultan against the Young Turks,

entertained the smallest doubt on this point. The events of the last week have convinced every one. If the Liberals are simply ignored and allowed to live on in retirement and obscurity their powerlessness continues. If they are vindictively treated, sympathy will be awakened, and that may give them strength among the people.

The preceding lines were written in the morning at an uncomfortable hour while I was crossing the Bosphorus to carry the first news of the arrest of Prince Sabah-ed-Din to some persons, to whom he desired that the information and a message from himself should be conveyed as soon as possible. He was arrested on his estate in the country on the Asiatic side, and he sent this news through the governess in his family, an English lady. As it happened, I was the only person available to pass on the message; and hence I had to make an early and hurried journey and to visit persons whom I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing and should not otherwise have seen. The event looks like the beginning of a harsh policy, and must rouse grave misgivings.

I also called at the Embassy. We are eager to get off up the country; but it is impossible to start without official letters from the Government, and there is as yet no Government. Such is the anxiety and uncertainty among officials in the interior of Anatolia, that we should not be permitted to travel if we were there. Still I wished to keep our case before the English officials, so that they may take the first opportunity of procuring orders for us, which they very

courteously promised to do, though they stated that they could not advise us to go, and that no one should travel in Anatolia at present, unless he possessed intimate knowledge of the country.

I have been trying to get introductions to some of the leaders of the victorious party for the purpose of obtaining travelling orders, but have not as yet succeeded. Every one is still too busy with the pressing needs of the moment. There is nothing but military power and military law. Generals have no time to spend on savants.

I saw the Ambassador himself for two minutes, as he wished to hear the news about Prince Sabah-ed-Din. He said that the authorities would not do anything to him. [This forecast was verified by the events of the following day.]

Sir W. Whittall tells me, as a good omen of the future, that General von der Goltz, writing in the *Neue Freie Presse*, which he often uses as an organ for expressing his views on Turkey, both in his own name and it is said anonymously (as in the case already described), strongly recommends the victorious Committee of Union and Progress to refrain from vindictive action against the Liberals. If this public utterance accurately represents the settled policy and counsel of Germany (as people believe is the case), things are likely to go well, for Germany will for a time be more influential in Turkey under the Young Turks than she ever was under Abd-ul-Hamid.

To-day we had a remarkable proof, if one were needed, that the Young Turks know how to keep

their plans secret, and to act quickly and strongly. At 11.30 A.M. I was talking in Pera with some persons who know most of what goes on. They had no idea that a great event was in progress at the moment, for they were speculating about what might happen to the Sultan and when. Then I hurried over to Stamboul, where I had an appointment to meet my wife and daughter at the Museum at noon, but found the place absolutely empty except for two German tourists and the Turkish attendants. I asked the attendants one by one separately about two European ladies who were to have been here this morning, but all maintained that no one answering to the description had entered the Museum that day. I then sat in the Porch, shaded from the sun, which was very hot, and proceeded to work at an article which I had in hand. A missionary whom I recognised, accompanied, by a clergyman, evidently a stranger to Constantinople, came up to the Museum, but entered without observing the figure in an attendant's chair in the Porch, and left after fifteen or twenty minutes, having evidently some pressing engagement. No other visitor appeared, and about 12.40 I left, and had the rare and unhoped-for good luck to find an empty cab driving past the outer gate. I took my seat in it, and drove down to the Galata Bridge, intending to go to the Club in Pera. In a few minutes I was stopped by a dense crowd where a cross-road leads up from a landing-stage outside the Golden Horn towards the Ministry of War and other important places in the heart of Stamboul. Nobody in the crowd

could tell what was the reason, but a line of soldiers on each side of the cross-street were keeping guard and forbidding passage. Several carriages of tourists were held up beside me, but soon they all turned back, as the dragomans concluded that they must try to pass some other way, or alter the order of the sight-seeing. Had they known that a unique event was expected soon to happen they would all have waited patiently. I took out my MS. and proceeded to write my article on First Timothy. A friend, one of the many Whittalls who constitute a European army of occupation all over the country, noticed me as he passed, and told in the evening at Moda on the Asiatic side that he had seen me sitting in a cab, wedged amid a dense crowd of natives, and evidently unaware of aught that was going on around, while my driver smoked a cirgarette on the box.

After about half an hour the guards opened a way for one minute to allow some great functionary to cross to our side; my driver seized the opportunity to push forward, and the soldiers, with some hesitation and after seeming to be on the point of arresting or striking him, allowed him to pass, when he explained that he was conveying a European on an affair of pressing urgency. The orders to the soldiers evidently are to avoid carefully anything that could cause complications with Europeans, and probably I was taken for some Embassy official in a hurry. Had they refused permission I should have had the opportunity to see the new Sultan's procession pass up from the *Scala* to the Ministry of War. What

seemed at the moment a piece of great luck turned out to be a misfortune, as is often the way in life. The scene which I missed was the most striking and dramatic event I had had the opportunity of witnessing since February, 1878, when I chanced to be in Rome during the week when Victor Emmanuel and Pio Nono both died, and saw the entry on office of the new King and the new Pope. The old reign in Constantinople had ended, and the new reign was beginning with the ceremony for which the guards were preparing. The whole proceeding had taken place without any one in Constantinople realising till the last moment what was about to happen.

The crowds near and on the Bridge were great, and on the way towards Pera, I passed at intervals bodies of palace servants and soldiers of the Yildiz guard, who were being conducted to Stamboul under charge of the soldiers of Liberty; also cavalry and guns and all the preparations for a scene of pomp and display. Yildiz had been starved out and had surrendered unconditionally. The Fetva of deposition had been issued.[1] The Chamber had accepted the act, and had appointed the new Sultan, who was now actually in power. It was impossible for a carriage to make its way towards the Bridge, and I had great difficulty in finding my way across on foot. My wife and daughter were watching the scene here; they

[1] It is said that the question put to the Fetva-Eminé (after the fashion described in the diary yesterday) is identical in form with that which was used in the deposition of Abd-ul-Aziz. This illustrates the formal character of the procedure.

had occasion to go up into Pera before coming to the Museum; and I quote from the former a description of what occurred.

"Near the Bridge the streets are always more or less crowded, and we noticed nothing unusual until we reached the top of the short street that leads directly up towards Pera, from which you turn off to the right if you wish to take the tramway. Here a good big crowd was collected and was momentarily increasing. A number of soldiers, among whom the white caps of the Macedonian volunteers were conspicuous, were keeping the street that led towards the tramway clear of traffic, and a 'chaush,' or sergeant, politely but firmly informed us that there was no passage that way, and if we wanted to go to Pera we must either go straight up a steep street opposite us, which is a short-cut, but unpleasant on a hot day, or keep to the left. Evidently something was happening. Our getting to Pera was a very secondary consideration, if there was anything interesting to prevent us. We took our stand at the corner, on the edge of the side-walk. Luckily we were on the shady side of the street, for it was a blazing hot day. Soon the crowd was a solid mass, for people kept coming and coming and nobody seemed to go. The steep street opposite, that to the left, and both sides of the street that was being kept clear, were all closely packed. Carriages and carts coming up from the quays were all turned back. Only a few that had come early had stopped and were wedged into the crowd. Now and then a little band of mounted soldiers would tear past at a

gallop in one direction or another. Once there was a sudden noise like the rattle of musketry that made people jump; but it was only the iron shutters of a big Austrian warehouse at the opposite corner being hauled down for fear the pressure of the crowd should break the windows. The crowd, as is the manner of Turkish crowds, was perfectly quiet, orderly and patient. When the soldiers galloped past there was a good deal of hand-clapping. I asked the sergeant, who was close to us all the time, what was going to happen, and he whispered back behind his hand, 'They are bringing them down from Yildiz,' which filled us with wild excitement. But when a Turk who had heard my question but had not caught the answer made the same inquiry the old fellow merely replied with a shrug, 'Bakaloum'—'Let us see'.

"It was true. They were bringing 'them' from Yildiz! The palace had capitulated! Abd-ul-Hamid had fallen! And at the palace not a shot had been fired! And so well had the Young Turks kept their counsel that even at the Embassies very few knew what was taking place till it was an accomplished fact. We knew afterwards that for three days the supply of water and gas had been cut off from the palace, and that the inhabitants were practically starving; for so certain had the Sultan been of success, or so incapable of making plans for the future, that absolutely no provision had been made for a siege. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera!

"Suddenly a thrill seemed to run through the crowd. A carriage appeared coming rapidly along the street—

then another and another and another. They were the little open carriages that ply in the streets. There were fifteen of them and they were bringing the Sultan's eunuchs from the palace to the prison at the Ministry of War—or such of them as had remained in the palace. Many of them and many of the other servants had, it was said, already fled. In each carriage were three eunuchs, guarded by two soldiers, one inside and one on the box, each holding his rifle with fixed bayonet between his knees. There was not the faintest demonstration, either of disapproval or pleasure, as the little procession rolled rapidly past. The dark faces all looked downcast and depressed, and some of them were pathetically young. They appeared to be as neatly attired as usual, and their stiff white collars were conspicuous and many of them wore gloves. I have often observed the palace eunuchs. Except for the fez they always dressed in the extreme of European fashion, with the very latest thing in collars and ties. As we watched the last carriage disappear a Turk standing by my side said to me in a tone of satisfaction, 'Well! That's the last of *their* game!' Then I remembered my camera—but only in time for a hasty snap, all out of focus.

"There was a long interval before anything else appeared. We chatted with the soldiers and the people near us, who were all very friendly and (seeing we were strangers) ready to give us all the information they could. The sun became hotter and hotter, and the people on the sunny side of the street must have found it almost unbearable. Some kind-hearted shop-

keepers sent out seats for the soldiers, and it was rather comic to see them keeping guard seated on wooden stools with green velvet cushions. Our sergeant seated himself on the edge of the pavement at my feet, where he was joined by another. The latter held his rifle against his shoulder in such a position that, whenever I glanced down, I looked right into the barrel. Presumably it was loaded, and if by some chance it had gone off, it would certainly have been unpleasant for me. The crowd behind kept me from moving back, especially a very ponderous Greek who, apparently overcome by heat and fatigue, supported himself by leaning against me. I was much relieved when at duty's call the man with the gun at length rose and went away. Sometimes a horseman would pass up or down, sometimes a little band of soldiers with their knapsacks and water-bottles—evidently bound for some post of duty. That did not, however, prevent them from stopping now and then to interchange greetings with friends in the street, and after an affectionate hug they would run after their comrades. Occasionally a water-seller would appear, clinking his glasses, and give a drink to one of the soldiers, or to some one in the crowd; and just behind us was a lemonade shop which did a roaring trade, those nearest politely handing the glasses to the others and passing back the money—ten 'para' (one halfpenny) per glass.

"At last our patience was rewarded. Another procession hove in sight. This time it was the palace servants—the cooks and scullions, the bakers and

sweepers, the 'café-jis' and 'chibouk-jis,' the nondescript hangers-on and all the rag-tag and bobtail of an Oriental royal household. There were some three hundred of them—old and young and middle-aged—all clad in European dress and more or less dirty, shabby and unkempt. They were a pitiful sight as they shuffled along between the two lines of soldiers that guarded them, dejected, frightened, hang-dog-looking creatures. Whether any of the Sultan's special employees—the ruffians whose duty it was to drown or strangle his victims—were among them I do not know. As I have already mentioned, many members of the royal household had before this taken flight. No demonstration of any kind was made by the crowd as they passed. The friendly 'chaush' and the other soldiers near us willingly allowed me to step into the street and take a couple of snapshots with my camera.

"There was another period of waiting, and then appeared the last procession of prisoners—the soldiers who had been made to lay down their arms without firing a shot or striking a blow. They still wore their dark blue uniform, but neither belts nor arms; but they looked to me quite jolly and cheerful, and they marched gaily along between their escorts with anything but the air of having been beaten.

"We hoped that Abd-ul-Hamid himself might come next, and so did a good many other people. Nobody knew for a while whether he would be brought by this way or not. Our expectation rose high when some half-dozen of the royal carriages dashed down the

street; but they were all empty, and after a little they returned as they had gone. There was a thunderous clapping of hands as a company of young soldiers from the Military College now appeared, preceded by a brass band, and followed by their officers on horseback. One of the first carried a huge banner of red satin embroidered in white. Gun on shoulder, with their neat brown uniform, and their smooth boyish faces surmounted by the scarlet fez, they presented a most captivating appearance. But they might one and all have been deaf for any sign they made of hearing the rapturous greeting with which they were received. Not one moved a muscle. Constantinople is proud, and justly proud, of these lads, whose duty it was during that period of danger and fear to preserve order in the city, guard the foreign Embassies, and maintain communication between the troops quartered in the different districts of the town—a duty they admirably fulfilled. Next came a carriage with a solitary occupant in uniform. It was Galib Bey, the commandant of the gendarmerie.

"More troops followed (some led by bands of music) and were greeted in the same way. But the enthusiasm reached its highest pitch when a small band of mounted officers, escorting 'the Hero,' Enver Bey, cantered past. The evacuation of the palace now seemed to be complete. We had heard a day or two before that most of the women had been sent away from Yildiz to different palaces and houses belonging to the Sultan or members of his family. But in any case they would not have been made to pass through

Pupils of the Military College serving in the Army of Liberty.

the streets. No Mohammedan puts a public indignity upon women.

"Troops now began to pass up in the opposite direction, along with gun-carriages, some drawn by horses, some by oxen. Then the soldiers who were keeping the street clear were withdrawn, and the crowd began to disperse. We had been standing at the street corner for four hours. With many others of the dissolving crowd we made our way to the tramway, and after some delay found seats. The car was open at the sides, and the passengers—about fifteen in number—included seven volunteers, probably just relieved from duty. They were in high spirits and soon began to sing the new 'National Song of Liberty,' which attracted the attention of people in the street, who showed their sympathy and approval in the usual way—by loudly clapping their hands. This encouraged the gay youths to further demonstrations of jubilation, and they began firing their guns into the air, first on one side then on the other, to the great alarm of some of their fellow-passengers and the still greater alarm of the passers-by, who were really in danger from the falling bullets. Luckily after one shot each they did not seem to think of reloading, and no damage was done.

"By this time the streets were gay with flags. From almost every window, high or low, one seemed to flutter. The foreign Consulates and post-offices displayed their national colours—except the British, which were, so far, conspicuously bare. While still at our post of observation we had heard the boom of a single

big gun from the direction of Stamboul, but we did not know till later that this announced the nomination of the new Sultan. The news had spread through the city, however; hence these signs of joy. The Grande Rue of Pera is always lively, brilliant and crowded in the afternoons of early summer. Except for the display of flags, the casual observer would hardly have seen anything unusual in its aspect, or guessed that one of the most momentous events in the history of the city had just taken place. Leaving the car we made our way on foot to Mulatier's, and there refreshed ourselves with a cup of the delicious chocolate for which that well-known establishment is renowned."

Wednesday, April 28.—We learn this morning that the Ministry, announced in some of yesterday evening's papers, was not appointed. No step was decided on, and Tewfik and the other Ministers still continue to hold office. Such are the surprises and changes that go on from hour to hour here.

To-day was an idle time, so far as politics are concerned. Nothing took place. But idleness in politics is highly advantageous to one's private work.

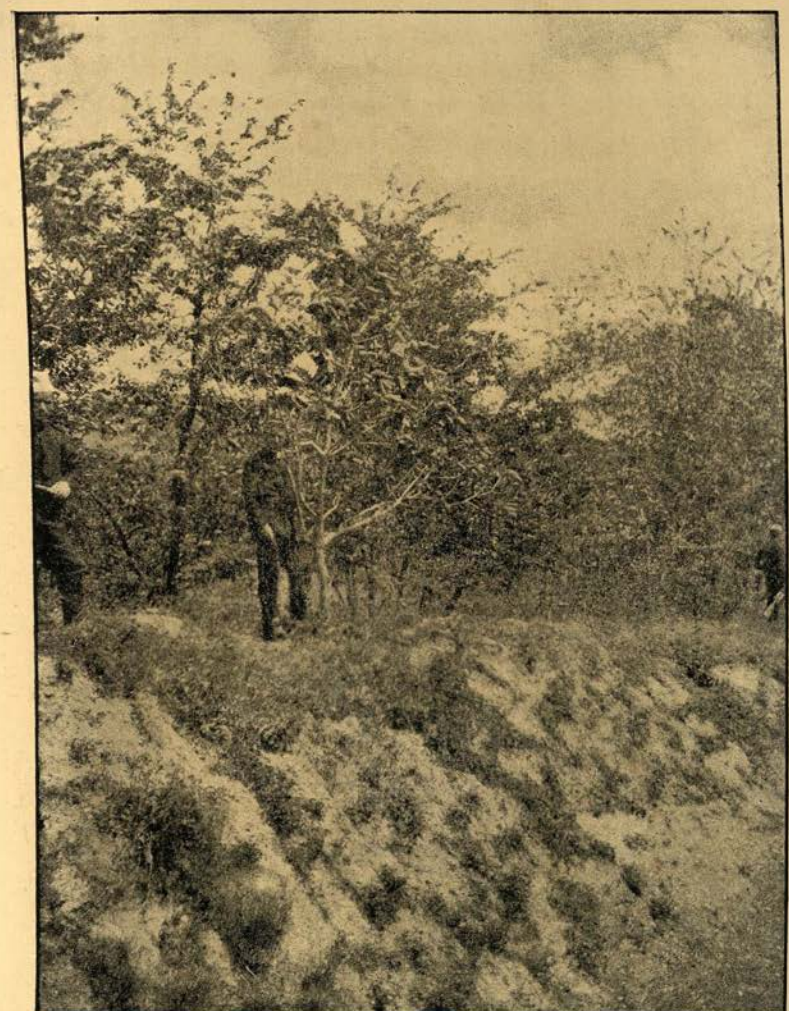
Some people say that the troubles are now ended. According to others, it would be nearer the truth to say that the troubles are now beginning. Those who hold this opinion point out that the victors have been trampling on religious feeling in a dangerous way. Prayer must give way to military regulations. The soldiers must be ready to fire on priests, if ordered to do so. It is at least unwise to publish that the party contemplates the possibility of firing on the priests and

that it regards the priests as its enemies. They ask if such a policy can safely be carried out in a Mohammedan country, and argue that the Mutiny of 13th April proves the danger to be real and serious, when even the faithful Chasseurs of Salonica joined in the revolt. At any moment a similar explosion of religious feeling might occur. They ask especially what will be the attitude of Anatolia, which has always been strongly susceptible to religious enthusiasm, and which contains material for a great army. Those authorities whose opinions I am quoting believe that the disruption of Turkey with a civil war between religious Anatolia and irreligious European Turkey is a possibility of the near future.

If these views are right it would be most unwise for us to go off to travel in Anatolia at the present time. I shall therefore set down my reasons for disagreeing, and for believing that there is no reason why one who is an experienced traveller should not go about in Anatolia at the present time, provided he takes proper care. The people who speak like this reason without taking into account one fundamental fact, *viz.*, the immobility of the Anatolians, their fatalism and their habit of accepting the existing situation, whatever it is, as the will of God. They could easily have been induced to fight for the old Sultan. One of the most extraordinary features of the situation is that steps were not taken immediately after the Mutiny to rouse the Anatolian Turks, and bring a new army of them to Constantinople. One cannot understand how it came about that the fomenters of the Mutiny paid no

attention to Anatolia, where their power and their best chance of success lay. That was not an unknown or doubtful matter; it was one of the fundamental facts of the situation; it was the thing that occurred at once to the mind of every one in Constantinople. In Salonica the Committee of Union and Progress was fully alive to the danger, and took such steps as were in their power to prevent it by sending agents into the Asiatic Provinces (as was stated publicly in the newspapers). But agents of the Reaction, who were much closer to Asia, could have been easily first on the ground; and, if the feeling in Anatolia was so overwhelmingly in favour of Religion and the Reaction, they could have had no difficulty in bringing the whole population over to their side.

Moreover, it is said on all hands now that the terrible massacres in Adana were fomented by agents sent out from the palace by the Reactionaries, with or without the knowledge of the Sultan. If the Reactionaries already before the Mutiny were thinking of Adana, they must also have had their minds directed to the nearer parts of Anatolia; and it cannot have been so easy to rouse Anatolian feeling to support them actively, even when the Sultan was still reigning, and was believed to be favourable to the Reaction. There are here difficulties which cannot readily be explained; and, as we hope to start in a day or two on a journey in Asiatic Turkey, it is as well to have the questions clearly formulated before one starts. Was any attempt made to rouse the Asiatic Turks to support the Sultan and the Reaction? If the attempt was made,



Young Turk Sentinels on the Anatolian Railway.

why was it unsuccessful? Now that the Sultan is dethroned, is there any prospect of a split between Anatolia and European Turkey on the religious question; and, if such a split should take place, would it assume the form of an attempt to restore the old Sultan?

We had a long conversation to-day with Kiamil Pasha, who went into retirement when the Young Turks entered Constantinople. It was a mistake, unsuitable to his character and position to do this; and he himself was strongly opposed to it. He rightly wished to remain in his own house, and face the situation; but his family persuaded him to retire. The last time I had seen him was in 1901 in Smyrna, when he gave me a most useful letter of introduction to a high Turkish official. He has greatly aged in the interval. He told us many interesting things about the situation, which I do not feel justified in quoting, but which were very instructive. He has been thrice Grand Vizier, and has governed important Provinces of the Empire from Aleppo to Smyrna. He has seen as many men and as many cities as Ulysses, and observed them with a wise, kindly, yet resolute mind; and it is no small thing to have the opportunity of hearing him tell what he has seen and known. He had also some curious stories about astrologers, who to his own personal knowledge had predicted that Abd-ul-Hamid would reign just thirty-three years. One told him last January that the Sultan's end would come in April. He returned to his house in town to-day after our interview.

In Pera I called on Mr. Pears[1] to ask about books for my daughter, who has been working up the topography of Constantinople and the Bosphorus. He lent one unprocurable description of the Bosphorus coasts; and I have been able to buy his History of the Fall of Constantinople: his other book on the Latin Conquest of the city cannot be got. He kindly offered to act as our guide along the walls; and Friday after the Selamlik was fixed for the excursion. I have twice visited the walls; but Margaret has not yet seen them.

Thursday, April 29.—Over in Pera to-day the report was widely spread that a man had been hanged by order of the Government at dawn, and that his body was still suspended at the Stamboul end of Galata Bridge. I was calling at the office in Galata of one of the best-known English residents, when the matter was reported as a fact about 10 A.M.; and I mentioned that I had landed on the Bridge a short time before and had seen no gallows and no man hanging; but I had been only at the Galata end, and might conceivably have failed to observe what was really the case. A clerk was sent off at once to learn the truth. He returned in a few minutes to say that the toll-collectors had not seen or heard anything of an execution on the Bridge or elsewhere. Yet the story flew from mouth to mouth, and was widely accepted for some hours.

[The report was a good instance of coming events

[1] Since that time, Sir Edwin Pears.

casting their shadow before them. Within a few days it came true, and at intervals for several months similar executions took place.]

The appointment of the new Ministry is necessarily postponed for a few days, and the existing Ministry under Tewfik continues till the formal proceedings of the new reign are begun in proper order. It is anticipated that the new Ministry will consist entirely of Young Turkish partisans; but Ahmed Riza is not thought likely to be Vizier. He has no official experience; he is a poor man; and through quick temper he was led into some acts, as President of the Chamber of Deputies, which even his friends did not approve. I hear from people who know him intimately that in private life he bears and deserves a very high character, that he is thoroughly honest and patriotic, and that tales of his being an unprincipled person are mere lies.

Two important events of the best augury are made known to-day. In the first place the Sultan was sent off by special train to Salonica at 2 A.M., with a retinue of about twenty-five to thirty (including ladies and attendants). It is expected that pressure will be put on him to give up the money which he is believed to have deposited in foreign banks (especially London and New York are mentioned). The story is that three million pounds are hoped for from him, but his signature is needed to recover the money. How far the expectation is based on real facts of money deposited abroad is, of course, uncertain.[1]

[1] [In the beginning of July we were told at Constantinople that £1,600,000 had been recovered in this way from foreign Banks,

The most striking detail among the many concomitants of fallen greatness was that, when the Deputies went to inform the Sultan of his deposition, he asked first of all for life—nothing but life—and that his women should not be made to go publicly through the streets. Then he begged for the assurance of a personal guarantee; and one of the delegates, a Jewish merchant of Salonica, replied: "I will guarantee your life". It would be, if true, a striking example of the new conditions ruling here, that a Jew should answer for the life of the Ottoman Sultan.[1] Other signs of the new era are that the ceremonial on admission to the presence of the new Sultan has been fixed by the Chamber as shaking hands; there is to be no more kissing of the hem of the garment and other marks of abject submission. Also he is to limit his harem to four wives; this will cut off one of the greatest expenses and the worst evils in the whole Imperial system.

The demeanour of the fallen Sultan is said to have been thoroughly selfish and cowardly, and has roused only contempt. He showed no trace of greatness or nobility in misfortune.

The second of the happy announcements came this afternoon. Prince Sabah-ed-Din has been released, an apology made to him, and an explanation given

and that this was believed to be the whole; but at a later time stories were still current about further deposits, which were still not recovered.]

[1] [This was an incorrect account, though widely circulated, and published in many newspapers in the city. The exact facts are described later in the day.]

that his arrest was due to mistake. The explanation is official, and means that the policy of mercy has triumphed over the policy of revenge. The event justifies entirely the anticipation of the Ambassador when he heard of the arrest (as mentioned on Tuesday).

It is said that the comments made in Paris on the arrest were the cause of the release. It was said there to be like a satire on the new system, that one of the first acts under the new order should be to arrest and try the man who stood out before Europe, and especially before Paris, as one of the chief sufferers from the old system and as a leading spirit in the preparation of the Revolution. The Turks are very sensitive to opinion abroad, and anxious to stand well with it.

Whatever be the cause, the release is a very fortunate event, which promises well for the future. After all, the Turks are the people in this country whom one respects most and loves best; and one wishes well to them with all one's heart; but they have often been their own worst enemies, and it is not easy to take anything but an anxious view of their future.

In very well-informed quarters it is reported that orders were issued and all preparations made for a general massacre in Constantinople on the night of last Friday. The anxiety felt in a vague way by the orderly population of the city was fully justified. Everything was ready, but news of this was carried to the investing army, and their attack was hurried on to prevent the catastrophe. It is no wonder that the Kurd porters were gnashing their teeth in disappointed

fury all Saturday and the following days under the watchful restraint of armed sentinels posted at every corner and at frequent intervals along the streets.[1]

It is also reported that the terrible massacres, quite unusual in scale even for Abd-ul-Hamid's reign, at Adana and the neighbouring towns broke out after the arrival of a soldier of the Sultan's bodyguard; a very high officer stated that this fact was certain and would be fully proved at a public investigation. Of course, there will be naturally a tendency to throw on the fallen Sultan the blame for all the calamities of the last fortnight, and to produce the impression that his object was to show to the world that interference with the established authority was producing anarchy and massacre everywhere.[2] But the reports which I have quoted come from good sources and are entirely in agreement with the policy of Abd-ul-Hamid in the past; and it would be quite probable that he should make up his mind to a universal massacre of Christians, when the Army of Freedom was marching against him, with the vague idea that something for his advantage would come out of the ruin (as has always been the result in the past). He had 20,000 troops in Constantinople on Friday, whom he believed to be devoted to him, and who would be all the more faithful after

[1] [Subsequent information established beyond question the fact that this massacre was intended: it is one of the things that everybody knows, but which cannot in the nature of things be proved by documentary evidence.]

[2] At later points in the diary much more evidence as to the Adana massacre is given.

they had been pledged to him in this sacrament of blood. [On the Sultan's knowledge, see p. 163.]

Late in the evening I heard a full and correct report of the interview between the old Sultan and the two Deputies who were sent by the Chamber to announce to him that he was deposed. The two messengers were chosen by lot from among the Deputies; one was a Turk, the other a Jew of Salonica. The account which I give in correction of the story published in the newspapers comes from one of the two messengers. At one point the Sultan burst out in a frenzied cry, "May God damn everlastingly all who have caused these troubles!" The Jew replied: "May God damn them, your Majesty". The Sultan asked for a guarantee of his life. The Turkish Deputy replied that only the Nation could give such a guarantee. The Sultan turned to the Jew and asked his opinion; he answered: "I think your Majesty's life will be safe". The Sultan answered: "So every one says, but will no one give me a guarantee?" Then the Jew said: "Your Majesty, as my colleague says, only the Nation can give such a guarantee".

We hear also that the new Sultan offered the usual purses of money (£50 Turkish in each) to the Deputies who brought the news of his accession, but these were declined; and a Young Turk said frankly that a new era had begun in Turkey, and that such presents were no longer suitable. I called to-day on Admiral C., retired from the American Navy. He has been about the Aleppo district in the early spring, and was told then by an English Consul (I don't

know which) that there was no chance of an Armenian massacre occurring now in these regions, as every man was armed with a revolver. I said that it was one thing to possess a revolver and another thing to use it. In illustration of this an English resident told some remarkable facts that occurred during the massacre of the Armenians in Constantinople, and others are related below,[1] illustrating the submissiveness of the ordinary Armenians in the face of threatening death. What defence would revolvers be in the hands of such men?

In Zeitun and Hadjin, among the mountains, the Armenians have fought well in the past and will fight; and even in Cilicia there has been resistance on their part in some places. But, in general, a few Kurds or Turks would terrify a whole Armenian village into trembling submission to every outrage and death itself. People of the North can't understand or believe such things; but they are true all the same.

I had a long conversation to-day in Pera with a man of education and rank, whom I will not further describe than by saying that he was not a Turk, and that the conversation was not conducted in English. I did most of the listening, and merely said enough to elicit his opinions as fully as I could. It was unfortunate, he said, for English reputation and standing in Constantinople that she had so identified herself with the Liberal party; and, on my protest, he modified his expression to the form that she was understood

[1] See p. 208.

by everybody to have made herself the champion and ally of the Liberals; that was the inference which people drew in accordance with the King's telegram to the Sultan about Kiamil and the line taken by the Embassy; but he added that, so far as prestige is concerned, what is universally believed is as effective as if it were true. While he courteously made the modification, it was quite clear that his first expression indicated his fixed opinion; and, as it was clear that he would speak more freely if I refrained from dissent or correction, I resolved to be a sympathetic listener, and let my own opinions lie dormant for a time.

He referred with evident regret to the complete eclipse of English influence, and hoped that it might prove only temporary. He blamed the general conduct of recent English policy in South-Eastern Europe. I remarked that a friend whose judgment was usually sound had regarded the appointment of our Ambassador as an ideally good one, and that on the only occasion when I had seen him he had, on hearing of a rather startling event, expressed forthwith an anticipation of the issue, which was completely justified within forty-eight hours. He replied by describing at some length the contrast between the strength of English influence in Turkey last July with its utter insignificance now; but added that there was one way and only one in which he could see a real unity and crafty purpose in England's recent policy in the Balkan and Turkish question, and that was that she wished to bring about war with Germany. I asked him whether he agreed with a Dutch friend of mine, who

always maintains that English foreign policy is more consistent, long-sighted, continuous, successful and selfish than that of any other country in Europe; and mentioned that, on the contrary, English newspapers were never tired of inveighing against the ignorance, the carelessness and the short-sightedness of our Foreign Office and Diplomatic Service. He said that of old he had entirely agreed with my Dutch friend, but that, since he had in recent years begun to be more desirous of England's success, he was not so sure that the judgment was right. I stated the theory that Britain lived and grew strong, because on the whole her policy had been nearer the true line of development in the history of the world generally than that of any other nation, inasmuch as she had in a rough and only half-conscious fashion been always a promoter of free intercourse throughout the world; hence always in the long run opportunities fell to her lot, because in every crisis it turned out to be better for the world as a whole that the system which she represented should survive and spread. He answered that some years ago he would have laughed at such a theory of history, on the ground that English policy had invariably been so unscrupulous and brutal, but that recently he was more disposed to think that there was something in that view; in the last resort people always seemed to come round to the opinion that the triumph of the English system was less objectionable than that of the opposing system. The one case in which European opinion was practically unanimous against England from beginning to end of

a conflict was the Boer War; but the remarkable issue of that struggle in the peaceful concord of South Africa had produced a very deep impression on the mind of Europe.

He believed, however, that he was almost the only man on the continent of Europe, except a few honest and simple Turks, who was not firmly convinced that in her diplomacy and foreign policy England spoke always with intent to deceive. He mentioned (what every person who goes abroad knows) that English proposals for limitation of armaments were regarded in Germany only as crafty devices to keep the enemy weak, while England secretly strengthened herself; and that all such proposals were dangerous to peace, because they roused such deep suspicion and distrust. He knew as a fact that Germany would welcome and reciprocate any serious proposals for avoiding or minimising disagreements and for providing means to ward off danger of war; and that her suspicions of English honesty were strengthened, because we never made any suggestion of this rational kind, but only suggested terms which could not possibly be entertained. And at present, he continued, what will England do for the Turkish Liberals? Will she raise a finger to help those whom she encouraged while they were in power? "You," said he, "who are an old traveller in Turkey, know whether about 1880 and the following years she made even the smallest effort to help Midhat and the Reformers, all staunch Anglophiles, encouraged by England so long as they had any influence, but left to the Sultan's will as soon

as he had made himself secure in absolute power." As I had talked with some of those Reformers about 1883, exiled in remote parts of Asia Minor, and heard what they said, I could not answer a word on this subject; but pointed out that after the Revolution of July, 1908, the Turks looked for much more from England than it was possible for her to give, and therefore there was bound to be a disillusionment, without any real fault on our side. "Our people are not interested in Turkish affairs, and will never take any serious part in the Eastern situation, but will content themselves with giving good advice. We Britons are always happy in the contemplation of our own virtues, and delighted to offer them for others to imitate; but we will not interfere practically in Turkey, though we think that our diplomatists should preach the doctrine of British perfection to all the world, and especially to Turkey." "Then why struggle against Germany for influence in Turkey?" said he. "It was your policy in 1889 to encourage German enterprise in Turkey, because you wished to throw a German barrier across the path of Russian advance westwards along the Asiatic side of the Black Sea. Your Ambassador then threw an English railway into the lap of Germany; but when the railway began to advance farther than 200 miles, you began to regard it jealously as a rival, and have been striving in a half-hearted, ineffective way to undo what you did. You give Turkey advice, often utterly impracticable, and always certain to be disregarded. Germany gives railways and great irrigation schemes, and makes money out of them; but

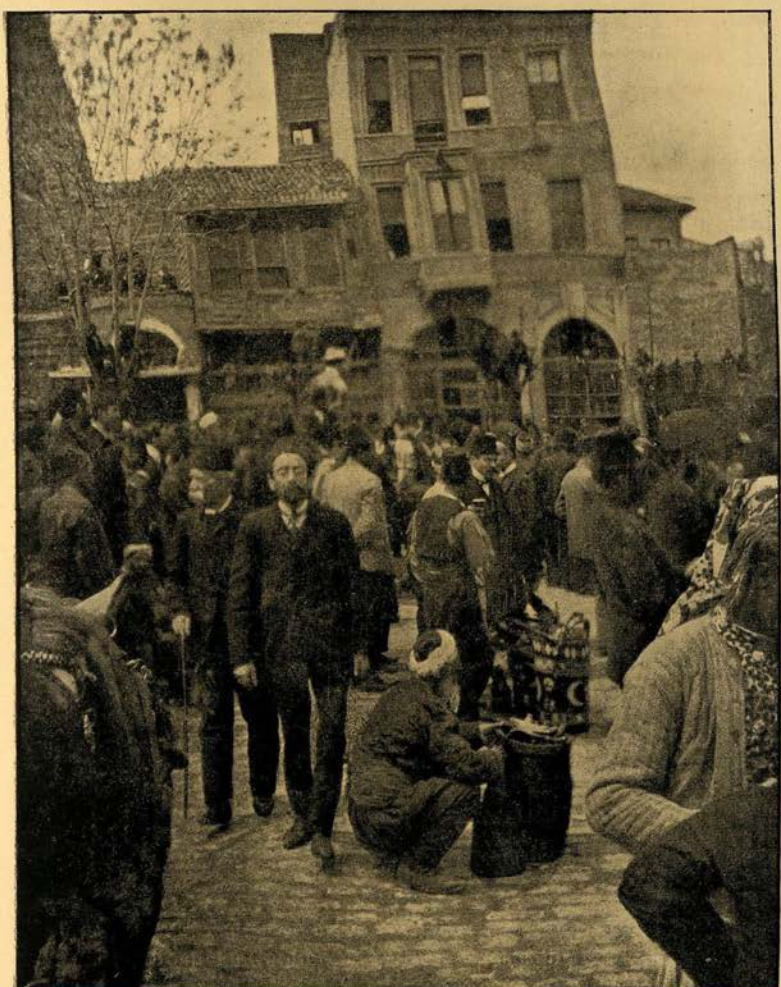
Turkey also profits greatly, and few Germans settle along the railway, so that the country remains in Turkish hands. Why not co-operate with Germany in her Turkish enterprises? You will gain by them in the long run, and Germany will have her hands full for a great many years, if she tackles the Turkish problem. Many of your newspapers continue to preach day after day and month after month that Germany is Satan; but, if that is so, the best way is to keep Satan busy. In the fairy-tale the man always wins dominion over the Devil by giving him work to do. To run Turkey as a going concern is no light matter, and will occupy German attention for many years. Fifty years hence you will find that England has gained at least as much as Germany out of the regeneration of Turkey, if it is regenerated. Through your own action, and with your co-operation at the beginning, Turkey has become a German sphere of influence, and the only honest and wise course is to recognise the fact." As I have long felt that we made a mistake when we refused to co-operate in the Bagdad Railway I could only agree with this opinion; and, in order to give a lighter tone to the conversation, I remarked that he evidently held the same opinion of the English, which a shopkeeper in Krakau had expressed to an Oxford friend of mine. This man had sent to my friend at his hotel an article of interest and of some value, which the latter forgot to pay in the hurry of departure. Months later he returned to Krakau, called at the shop, paid for the article, expressed his regret at the delay, and hoped that the

man had not felt disturbed when payment was not made at the time of delivery. "Not at all," said the tradesman; "the English never cheat in small things."

The story pleased the gentleman with whom I was talking; he said that it well expressed a widely prevalent opinion regarding the English nation, and that it quite explained why many people in Europe who were on the most friendly relations with English people in private life hated the nation as a whole.

In this morning's papers there appears an official statement issued by Kiamil Pasha's family denying that he had fled from Constantinople, and saying that he has merely been spending a few days in the country on his own estate (Tchiftlik). Yesterday the *Courrier d'Orient* contained an article headed "La Fuite de Kiamil Pasha," describing how he had left his residence last Sunday and gone to the house of one of his sons, where he had entered a boat which was waiting, and had been conveyed with several of his sons to a steam launch, which forthwith departed to "une destination inconnue". The previous evening a man in a small rowing boat came to Sir W. Whittall's yacht, and asked the sailors what refugee they had been sheltering on board. There has evidently been much gossip as to the Pasha's retirement; but all the printed statements and conjectures were false, and he never set foot on board Sir William's yacht.

We went to-day to Robert College at Roumeli Hissar (the European castle, built by Mohammed



Scene in the Square beside Aya Sofia, morning of the First Selamlik of Mehmet V.

See p. 147.

II.), to call on Professor and Mrs. Van Millingen. It was understood that we should come to lunch, if possible. We reached the Bridge just in time to miss the steamer, having been detained on the way by a crowd. Expecting another very soon, we waited on; but for some reason there was a long interval, and then a slow boat which touched at many points conveyed us to the Scala of Bebek. No conveyance could be procured; and it was a very slow process to climb the path which zig-zags up the steep hill to the College. After a long morning of continuous work in town, I felt as if I should never reach the top. The hearty welcome which we received compensated spiritually for the fatigue, and lunch was very welcome; but physically such a long fast and work, ending up with a tiring walk, is the most trying ordeal for one who has suffered much from fever. We did nothing except sit and talk for hours about Constantinople, on which our host is the leading authority.

Robert College is one of the most remarkable creations of pure unselfish beneficence, guided by admirable common sense, that the history of the world has known. It has been for more than fifty years making an educated middle class among the Christians of south-eastern Europe[1] and of Asia Minor; and many people, who know this country well, believe that it has done more to render possible a peaceful solution of the Eastern Question than all the European Powers and Ambassadors. The truth is that Am-

[1] The kingdom of Greece, which supports its own educational system, has of course lain outside its sphere of activity.

bassadors are not sent to Turkey in order to solve the Eastern Question, but to carry out a certain policy ; and there is no country except Britain whose interest clearly lies in having a strong and educated Turkey. Every other European country has more to gain, or believes it has more to gain, if Turkey is weak. There are some countries whose aim has always been to keep Turkey in a condition of disorder. Turkey represents the intrusion of Asiatic conditions into Europe. Not so very long ago Turkey was the terror and the tyrant of south-eastern and even of central Europe. No one can wonder that small love was felt, or benevolence shown, towards a power which long threatened to destroy western civilisation, which twice besieged Vienna, and which trampled under foot every district from Vienna to the Morea and the Crimea. Such were the plain facts; and the Ambassadors of those European Powers had other ends than to educate and to revivify Turkey; but the sole aim of the Missions and of Robert College has been to create self-respect and life in the peoples of the country.

From Robert College we went to Scutari in the evening to pay a visit for a few days to our friends at the American College for Women. Our personal luggage had been sent in the morning direct from Kadi-Keui by cart. The College at Scutari, which is soon going to migrate to new quarters on the European side of the Bosphorus, aims at doing for the women of the various races in Turkey what Robert College has been doing for the men. A

High School from 1871, it was chartered in 1890 as a College by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and it has also an Imperial Turkish Irade. The language is English, and the life is English or American, which are in this case equivalent; but the native languages of the students are also taught, and (if desired) the languages which are to them classical, Ancient Greek, Latin, Persian and Arabic.

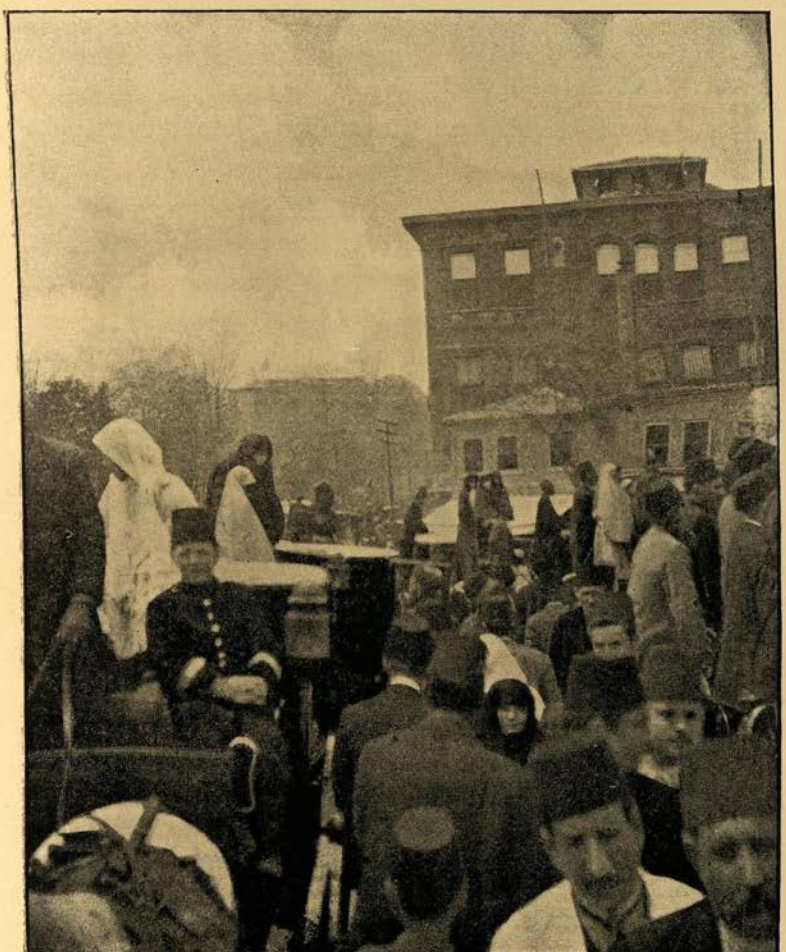
"Hitherto Turkish girls could only be educated at the College in defiance of the will and commands of the Sultan, and therefore the number of such pupils has been small. Only two Mohammedan girls have graduated. But the different races in Turkey live side by side, and what is taking place in one community is not hidden from the other—especially such important facts as the sending away to school or college of the daughters of any family, and the inevitable, although gradual, changes in the ideas and life of the people that result from education, for a considerable number of years, by western teachers, in practically western environment. Many instances could be cited of the imitation by Turks of new habits thus introduced among their Armenian neighbours by the daughters returned from the College, or educated at the American missionary schools and colleges in the country." So my wife tells me.

Friday, April 30.—After the victory the rejoicing. To-day was the first Selamlik of the new Sultan, Mehmet V., and he went through the streets in the most open way to the Mosque of St. Sophia to noonday prayer. The crowd seemed to me great, but I

am told it was not nearly so great as at the proclamation of the Constitution last July. It was certainly most orderly and good-tempered and courteous. There was not the smallest difficulty in keeping things quiet. The soldiers occasionally ordered the carriages which were being pushed too far forward to be drawn back a little. Except in that respect I saw no police interference and no need for any. Where there was a crowd of Turkish women gathered together, few made any pretence of veiling their faces; almost all drew back their black veils to cover only their hair and show the face entirely. Those who wished to be in the centre of interest went into the enclosure that surrounded the Mosque, where they had to stand amid a dense crowd; but I preferred to sit quietly in a carriage in the great square, opposite one of the entrances, taking the chance that the Sultan might come that way. There I studied the crowd without seeing the central figure, as the Sultan entered from the other side.

My daughter, who had come with me to see the show, was more energetic than I, and went away with two other ladies, whom we met by chance in the square, to try and get a nearer view, in which they were quite successful, so I give her notes of the ceremony.

"We went into the enclosed court of the Mosque by the north gate (which enters from the great square). We asked a man there if it was permitted, and he said we might go anywhere we liked: 'Yassak yok' (there is no prohibition). Then we learned that the



First Selamlik of Mehmet V.: Scene in the Square beside Aya Sofia.

Sultan was to enter by the south door, so we went round to that side. A Turkish gentleman, recognising Miss Whittall, one of our number, invited us all into the carriage in which he was sitting alone, and we had an excellent view. The Turk knew everybody, and pointed out the celebrities to us.

"The Sultan came from his palace on the Bosphorus to the Treasury, and thence entered the Mosque. The road was lined with many soldiers, mounted and on foot, but the huge crowd of spectators was most good-humoured and orderly. Indeed the orderliness of the crowds everywhere is most remarkable. Shefket Pasha rode out from the Treasury gate first, in the blue uniform of a general, to arrange the position of the soldiers. He is quite young, dark, slight, with dark moustache and rather aquiline nose; tall, I should think. Then two Muezzins in the Minarets proclaimed the hour of prayer; and at once the band (which was ready drawn up between the outer gate and the door of the Mosque) struck up, and there appeared first a Kavass in full dress, royal blue with gold embroidery all over it, and a magnificent sash; he was fully armed, with pistols in holsters, riding a beautiful white horse whose trappings were gold-studded. After him came the royal carriage, all gold decorations on the lamps, etc., drawn by beautiful white horses with glittering, decorated harness, driven by a coachman in scarlet, also stiff with gold embroidery. Facing the Sultan sat Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, a stout elderly man with square grey beard (and spectacles, I think) in a

blue uniform, looking very cheerful, all gold lace and medals. The Sultan is a large heavy man with a large heavy face, pasty, pale complexion and pendulous cheeks. He wore a khaki uniform coat, and was not (to my mind) either prepossessing or very dignified, though our Turk remarked that he was a fine-looking man, to which we of course assented. I daresay that it is difficult to have a dignified look after being imprisoned and watched by spies constantly for the last thirty-three years. Alongside his carriage walked another gorgeous Kavass in red and gold, who opened its door, and two other gorgeous officials, each bearing a little covered silver chalice containing (said our Turk) rose-water. They stood one on each side of the doorway, where also the various generals, etc., were ranged, all bowing and salaaming as the Sultan entered. The royal carriage then went off on a tour through the streets, accompanied by various other carriages. We waited. After a time a number of close-shut broughams containing ladies came round from the direction of the Hippodrome and went in at the Treasury gate, the horses fine, mostly bays with gold on their harness. Several carriages of important people also drove up, one containing Enver Bey, Niazi Bey,[1] and another, all in blue uniforms, saluting occasionally as they went. The Salonica troops wear blue or khaki, the Albanian and Roumeliote volunteers their shabby purple uniform with white cap. The police have grey jackets with red epaulettes and red on collar and cuffs.

[1] The two popular heroes, who made the first steps in revolt.

"The Chief of Police was present on foot, arranging the scene before the Sultan appeared. He is a tall thin man with big moustache, hooked nose, and huge gold epaulettes. The Turk said he was for a time an exile, and that all the evil-doers are in wholesome terror of him.

"The prayers lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour; Miss Whittall says they usually last only twenty or twenty-five minutes. By that time the royal carriage and attendants had returned, and the Sultan came out and took his seat, rose-water men and Kavasses as before. Two of his sons were there also, and went away in a carriage after him. They also are heavy-looking and pasty-faced, with dark moustaches, and they saluted the people as they passed. There was a good deal of hand-clapping for the Sultan, and a little shouting for him, but the crowd was far quieter than a European one."

While this was going on I waited outside. My wife, who had come by another route, came up and joined me. Our carriage was moved back several times by the police; but the driver, like others, always encroached again on the forbidden space, and at last the police abandoned the attempt to keep them back. Then a Turkish woman dressed in the style which I described above took advantage of the opportunity offered by our carriage to get a better view by standing on the back part. My wife and an English lady who was with us spoke to her, and made her position easy, but I did not outrage Moslem feeling by taking any notice of her. She was quite pleasant in appear-

ance, and seemed as truly a lady as the Turk usually is a gentleman in manner and bearing. My wife took two photographs of her as she stood in this lofty and exposed position. One of them is here given. I had to keep an engagement in Pera, and left before the crowd had begun to disperse, but there was no difficulty in making my way through the densest part of it. Every person was most courteous in letting me pass, even at some inconvenience, inferring that I was obliged to get away from the square.

I add my wife's account of her view of this interesting ceremony.

"Most of the party from the College went by steamer, but Miss Dodd and I preferred to go by caique, and rejoin the others in Stamboul. The caique is a light, narrow, graceful boat, pointed at either end, the boatmen are expert rowers, the passenger reclines at leisure on the comfortably cushioned seat, and is borne swiftly and smoothly over the softly rippling water. Of course one doesn't go in a caique if the weather is bad. On this occasion it was perfect. Spring was just giving place to summer, the sun shone from a cloudless sky, while a delicious breeze tempered the warmth of the air.

"Our caique was rowed by two men, each with a pair of oars, so that we went very fast, but not so fast as to prevent the chief of the two from talking in a lively and interesting manner all the time. When we had gone a hundred yards or so they stopped to put some butter on their oars. They never put the butter on before starting. I have often

First Selamlik of Mehmet V.: Scene in the Square beside St. Sophia.

wondered why, but have never been able to learn the reason. This necessary rite performed, they set to with a will, and soon the perspiration was flowing down their faces.

"They were both intelligent, decent-looking men, and the one who talked was well known to Miss Dodd, and eager to pour his views of the present condition of things into her sympathetic ear. Like everybody else he had not a good word to say of Abd-ul-Hamid. 'He ate everything,' said the caique-ji—which is the Turkish way of describing one who takes all. The poor as well as the rich had to give their all, so that they could hardly live. But after all, the poorest, 'we caique-jis, for example,' were the best off, for they had nothing to lose. 'And even then,' he added, 'if he knew that we had five para (equal to one farthing), he would have taken it.' The boatmen, he said, had been having very hard times, for the winter had been so bad that almost nobody used the boats; and now that the Revolution had taken place there were no tourists, although the weather was so beautiful; hence they were not able to make a living at their trade, and most of them were in debt. However, under the new Government everything would be different, 'inshallah,' and honest men would be able to live in peace. He wondered what the new Government would do with the late Sultan's money and property—for example with all the great estates that he had seized for his own use in different parts of the country, and of which all the revenues went into his own pocket,

while the people who worked on them remained in poverty. Then he spoke of the new Sultan. He knew (as we ourselves did) that the Tchelebi Effendi, the head of the Mevlevi Dervishes, would come from Konia to gird upon the new monarch the 'Sword of Power'. But he told us also (what we did not know) that on the day when that is done the new Sultan performs a curious ceremony which consists in ploughing a certain measure of land, guiding with his royal hand the plough, which is drawn by oxen, and carrying a goad, and afterwards sowing the land he has prepared with seed. 'Which,' said our informant, 'means a great deal more than is apparent.' As a matter of fact no such ceremony takes place. The statement of the caique-ji was apparently a reminiscence of the legend which describes the marking out of the boundary of the city by the Emperor Constantine. Some of these caique-jis have a wonderful store of folk-lore, and to people who understand their language their talk is both interesting and instructive. They thoroughly appreciate a good listener.

"The ceremony of investiture, which corresponds to the coronation of a Western monarch, takes place at the Mosque of Eyoub, a spot specially sacred as the burying-place of the standard-bearer of the prophet, Eyoub Ansari. Eyoub is one of the suburbs of Constantinople, a beautiful spot at the head of the Golden Horn. The mosque is surrounded by cemeteries, in which are the graves of many distinguished people, shaded by innumerable cypress-trees. None

but the Faithful are permitted to enter the holy precincts. Even the Kaiser, it is said, asked in vain to be allowed to do so. Abd-ul-Hamid probably felt he must draw the line somewhere.

"We landed at the Stamboul end of the Bridge. All the steamers lying in the harbour, both above and below the Bridge, as well as the streets of the city, were gay with flags. The streets were simply packed with people and carriages. With our friends from the College we made too large a party. Miss Dodd and I once more separated from the others. We found a disengaged carriage and were driven up the rather steep street to the Mosque of St. Sophia, which was surrounded by a dense crowd. The Selamlik was to take place at twelve o'clock and it was almost that hour. We didn't know from which side His Majesty would arrive, and nobody to whom we spoke seemed to be better informed. Not that there was any mystery about his route—as used to be the case with his predecessor. It was publicly known (only we had not heard it) that he would come by boat from the Dolma-Baghtche Palace to Seraglio-Point, and thence by carriage to the mosque.

"We did not discover this in time, and when, as a last chance of getting a glimpse of him, we attempted to enter the mosque by the west door, the official on guard politely but firmly declined to allow us. Prayer was going on; as soon as it was over we might enter freely; meantime it was impossible. We learned afterwards that we should not have seen the Sultan anyhow, as he prayed in a part of the mosque that

was shut off from public view by a screen. From the glimpse we had of the interior there seemed to be a considerable number of worshippers present. I suppose the mosque was open to the Faithful as usual. The Sultan entered and left by the south door, the one used by the Emperor when St. Sophia was a Christian church. I heard afterwards that five sheep were sacrificed at the door before he entered.

"Frustrated in our design, we devoted ourselves to watching the people and taking a few photographs. Every face was smiling, and everybody went about freely, without the least interference from the police. The wide courtyard outside the mosque was comparatively empty, so that one could walk about comfortably, and vendors of sweetmeats and cooling drinks were offering refreshment to the hungry or thirsty. Even more substantial fare was to be had occasionally.

"The large numbers of Turkish women in the crowds were very noticeable. On scores of carriages they were standing up behind or on the driver's seat so as to get a better view, and many mingled with the throng on foot, attracting no special attention from their fellow-countrymen. We were amusing ourselves by watching the infinitely varied and varying mass of human beings when suddenly, through a momentary gap, I caught sight in the distance of my husband's face. We made for the spot. It is never very difficult to worm your way through a Turkish crowd, for every one seems as anxious that you should get through as you are yourself. We found him along with an English lady seated in an open carriage,

in the thickest part of the crowd, calmly writing an article on the First Epistle to Timothy, while he awaited whatever Fate might bring. They were on the farther side of a pathway that was being kept clear by soldiers for the passage of officials, but no objection was made to our going across, when we explained that we desired to join friends on the other side. A sweet, demure little Turkish woman, clothed in the black ferrijee, the common outdoor dress of Mohammedan women, which disguises their individuality like a domino, came and climbed up behind the carriage so as to see over the heads of people in front. The sun was hot, and when I suggested that my husband should shade himself with an umbrella she offered to hold it, but, of course, we would not allow that. Her head and forehead were covered by her ferrijee, but her face was not veiled, and when I asked permission to photograph her standing on the carriage beside my husband, she readily granted it. I would not have photographed her in that position without her leave, but she seemed quite to enjoy the fun of it. A newspaper boy, observing my intention, hastily got into position and also appears in one picture.

"My husband had a business engagement in Pera and was obliged to leave us. Our attention was taken up for a few minutes—only a few—with his departure, but when we turned to find the little Turkish woman she had disappeared. We waited to see the officers pass, who had been in attendance on the Sultan and who were greeted with a great

clapping of hands, and then the crowd dispersed. What a different look there was in the faces of the people on this occasion from that which had been so noticeable only a few days ago! No longer the expression of strained and often terrified expectation! It had given place to smiles and joyful cheerfulness. The very air felt lighter, as if the spirit of heaviness had been blown away by the sense of security and happiness. As for me, had I been a native of the country and a subject of the Sultan, I don't think I could have felt more jubilant and elated; and Miss Dodd, whose life's interest is in the country, felt very much the same I am sure. Early in the day she had bought one of the little red Turkish flags that were being sold in the streets, and had carried it fluttering over her shoulder all the time. It would have been like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack to try and find our companions from the College in the crowded streets, so, resigning ourselves to circumstances, we betook ourselves to a certain modest restaurant in a convenient but unfashionable part of Stamboul."

After lunch we all went round the walls, taking a caique from the inner bridge to the northern end, where the land wall comes down to the Golden Horn. The walls of Rome are not so fine or so imposing as those of Constantinople. The simple grave of that old ruffian, Ali Pasha of Janina, outside the Silivri Gate, has a strange interest to those who remember his story. I was too tired to enjoy the excursion properly, in spite of the fascination which Mr. Pears

lends to a walk through or near Constantinople. When we got back to Scutari, I felt that the last days had been too much for me.

Saturday, May 1.—A bad cold, which developed as the result of over-fatigue on Thursday and Friday, has become so overpowering that I could not go out to-day; but reclined in an easy chair, meditated over the events of the past ten days, and made poor progress with my work. This cold is really malaria fever, and incapacitates one for any exertion, physical or mental.[1] The other two went across to Stamboul to see the Hippodrome and other remains of ancient Constantinople. Margaret was specially eager to see the Serpent-Column, which was dedicated by the Greeks at Delphi to commemorate the defeat of Xerxes with his Persian armies at Salamis and Plataea in B.C. 480-479.

There is not the slightest prospect of getting away on Monday as we had hoped. Nothing is yet arranged in regard to the Government.

Speculation continues as to the new Ministry; and it is still doubtful how far the Young Turks and the Committee will take office. On the one hand the argument is urged that they ought to assume openly the responsibility and not be a veiled, secret power behind the Ministry. They were blamed severely by critics for acting in this concealed way during last winter. On the other hand, the feeling prevails in the

[1] [It hung about me for four weeks, and was quite a serious trial. I have never had as bad a cold even in Britain. Yet the weather was exquisite.]

minds of many Young Turks that they ought not by taking office to give occasion for the charge that they made the Revolution for the sake of personal aggrandisement. Undoubtedly, there is one really strong and able administrator in Turkey; there may be more, as my acquaintance with the official class is limited; but there is one, and from some talk I had with a Young Turk I think there is great probability of his coming soon to a position of high responsibility. I had the opportunity of telling some things that I knew about his administrative capacity. He was too closely associated with the old régime to be a Minister in the transition period between July and April. But in May he begins to be a possibility.

Looking back over the events of the last ten days, one recognises how accurately (up to a certain point) the situation was gauged in its early stages by some of the informants whose words have been reported, and yet how completely their estimates erred in some most important points. The principals could formulate plans and make agreements with one another, and do their best to carry the agreements into effect, but they could not reckon on the conduct of human beings. The anticipation expressed by the exiled Turkish editor on Wednesday 21st, that the Army of Liberty would march in on Saturday 24th, was verified; but the verification was due to the sudden change of plan on Friday 23rd, after the entry of the army had been fixed for an early day in the following week. He told us that nothing would occur, and that things would go on much as before. In that prediction the issue proved

him to be wrong; but the opinion is now prevalent that an arrangement had been concluded between the Army of Liberty and the Ministers and other high officials in Stamboul, and that it was of a kind similar to what he indicated to us: the Sultan was not to be dethroned by the army, which was to content itself with establishing the Constitution firmly, and getting rid of dangerous or objectionable individuals. In accordance with the arrangement, Shefket Pasha issued his enigmatic proclamation that the army had come, not to depose the Sultan, but to save the Constitution; if, however, the action of ill-disposed persons should result in more serious steps than were intended, the blame would rest upon those persons.

The execution of the arrangement within the city was interfered with by two causes, which lay outside the power of those who had entered into it and tried to execute it. In the first place the soldiers would not surrender as was intended. Many ran away; and this was probably contemplated in the arrangement, for no attempt was made to prevent their evasion, but those who remained fought until they were compelled to surrender. The resistance, however, was without plan or order, and proceeded from the fears or loyalty of isolated groups of soldiers in the separate barracks.

In the second place, the public now knows that as a last means of saving the Sultan a massacre was arranged for Friday night, in order to force the European Powers to occupy the city. The plans of the Committee were based on the principle of avoiding

any possible chance of or pretext for such intervention. But just because it was dreaded by the Young Turks, it was welcome either to the Sultan or to some of his advisers in the palace. That a massacre was planned cannot be proved; but every one now knows it as certainly as every one knows that the question addressed to the Fetva-Eminé and his answer were directed against the Sultan, though he was never mentioned. The only possible proof that such a massacre was planned would be that it should break out; it was not arranged in a formal treaty signed and sealed—it was the last refuge of despair. The apprehension of it weighed on the city all Friday, first that it was to begin at the Selamlik, afterwards that it was to take place during the night. No reason could be given; no proof that the danger was real was assignable; but, so far as I can find out, none of those who were endangered by it doubt that it was intended.

The story is that word was sent out to Shefket Pasha about the intended massacre, and that the attack was thereby hastened two or three days;[1] also that massacres of Christians were planned in many parts of Asia Minor,[2] and would have taken place, if the news that Constantinople was in the hands of the

[1] [Two months later I was informed by a person, whose means of learning the facts are excellent and whose authority is to me conclusive, that this was so. He named the officer who had carried the news to the Army of Liberty, a personal friend of his own.] See also p. 83.

[2] [This was entirely confirmed by the information which we hear from numerous witnesses on our subsequent journeys in Anatolia. The fact is certain.]

Salonica soldiers had not been telegraphed throughout the country.

Such diabolical schemes may appear incredible, but they are in perfect accordance with the previous record of the Sultan's reign. The sole doubt that remains is whether the Sultan was aware of them and sanctioned them. He was for a time trying to make terms with the Young Turks; he was ready to denounce his own supporters and agents in order to earn grace; and there seems to be no doubt that the long list of proscribed persons, part of which was published in the papers on Wednesday 21st, was prepared through his connivance and partly on his information. But he did not succeed in getting thereby what he wanted, *viz.*, some definite pledge or guarantee. All that he offered was accepted; but nothing was given in return by the Army of Liberty, which ostentatiously referred the whole question to the constitutional authority, the Nation speaking through the Chamber of Deputies. Did he, in despair at receiving only an evasive reply without any definite promise, have recourse to his old methods? Or did his agents and servants, knowing that they would be sacrificed to save the Sultan, and that their only chance of safety lay in saving his autocratic authority, resolve to provoke European intervention by demonstrating that the Army of Liberty was incapable of preserving order and that it was a permanent danger?

Very few people show any disposition to accept this view. They ask if it is possible that the Sultan, whom we have always been picturing to ourselves as the

most absolute autocrat in the world, holding in his hands all the threads of government, directing every action and process in the State, could be ignorant that such a vast organisation of massacre was being arranged? Are we to change our whole conception of the man, and regard him as having been hoodwinked into passively permitting the massacres of the past as well as those which were planned in the last few days of his reign? It is, however, possible, as some few maintain, to distinguish between the spirit of the Sultan in former years and his course of action at the present time. There are, as these persons urge, other considerations which must be taken into account.

It is quite true that during the last year or two the Sultan has not been the man that he was formerly. Well-informed persons have at several different times told me that he was no longer able to hold all the threads together so well as he once could, and that, as they slipped from his hands, another (whom they named) was gradually gathering them together for himself. It is true also that the telegram which relieved an English house from siege by the Reactionary soldiers, and thus brought about the escape of Ahmed Mukhtar Pasha on 13th April (as has been related above), was sent without the Sultan's knowledge or permission.

But it is going much further to say that such a widespread organisation of massacre over the Empire, as is said to have been planned, could be concocted without his knowing of it or sanctioning it. He had not become a *roi fainéant*. No one seriously thinks that.

Only apologists advance this explanation on his behalf. The same explanation was advanced by apologists for other massacres as long ago as the year 1901. My wife was then talking with some Turkish ladies, the family of a very high official in the Government, who assured her that the Sultan had nothing to do with originating the Armenian massacres. She mentioned that orders signed by him had been seen by trustworthy witnesses. They replied that such orders, whose existence was acknowledged, had been obtained without his realising the real nature of the documents which he was signing, as he was misinformed about their character.

The gradual weakening of the Sultan's intellectual grasp is a fact that has a real bearing on the history of events and the course of intrigue for power in Constantinople during the last year or two. The first hint I heard of it was in 1905, at the time when the dispute about the Turco-Egyptian frontier line took place. An English gentleman of high standing in Constantinople was talking with an old Turkish friend, a high official in the palace, and said: "Now tell me, what is the real state of affairs?" He replied that the truth was that the Sultan was becoming slightly affected in intellect; that the form which his mental malady took was an overweening belief in his own power and importance; and that Mollahs from Arabia and other rascals took advantage of this weakness to flatter and cajole him for their own ends; these men told him that the English would never dare to resist him, and that he had simply to send his army into

Egypt and eject them. After some further talk about the situation, the Englishman said: "But you know better; and when the Sultan consults you, you of course tell him the real facts of the situation". "God forbid," replied the official very emphatically. "Shall I tell the Sultan anything that he does not like? It would be as much as my life is worth! When he asks my opinion, I say to him that the master of a million of soldiers has but to issue his commands, and they are executed. And it is not for nothing. I have perhaps a paper ready which I want him to sign, and, if he is pleased with me, he signs it, and it is worth to me 10,000 piastres."

Such was the environment in which the affairs of the Empire were transacted. The nominal Ministers at the Porte had little influence on the great matters of statesmanship and foreign affairs. The palace was the centre of power, and the Sublime Porte was a merely secondary authority. But when the situation became serious, and it was at last necessary to stop the Sultan from fighting, the Grand Vizier, Ferid Pasha, had to intervene. We happened to be in Constantinople during the week when peace and war over the frontier question were hanging in the balance, when anxiety was great, and hope of peace alternated with fear of war. To many friends of ours all over the country war would have meant serious loss and inconvenience, and would have endangered their business and in some cases even their lives. The anxiety grew more intense as the days passed and the negotiations continued. The opinion that pre-

vailed in Constantinople universally was that the slightest weakening in the demands made by England would have precipitated war, as the Sultan would have been thereby encouraged in the belief, sedulously instilled into him by the palace gang, that England would never dare to resist effectively, if he acted resolutely, and that all Moslems in Egypt would rally to his support. It was universally believed also that Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the Ambassador (who was already weakened by the fatal disease of which he died in 1908), was counselling concession and urging that something should be done to meet the Sultan half-way, whereas Sir E. Grey was said to be disinclined to make any concession. The sole question was whether Sir Nicholas would prevail, and war ensue as the inevitable result. The firmer counsel prevailed, and war was averted. Had it broken out, the utter inability of Turkey to make war at such a distant point would have been made manifest even to the Sultan. As to the action of Germany (which is always the other factor discussed in Constantinople), opinion was that she stood aloof and gave the Sultan no encouragement to break the peace; and that was the account given me even by persons who stated their conviction (based as they said on positive knowledge) that she had been actively encouraging the discontented element in Egypt not long before. Such were the opinions stated, not by one or two persons, but (except as regards the last point) by every one with whom I came into relations, men of all shades of opinion politically.

After making all allowance, can we suppose that the Sultan did not at least connive at the plan of massacre (assuming, as is now the universal opinion, that there was such a scheme)? One can hardly do so. The only alternatives seem to be on the one hand that there was no plan of massacre, on the other hand that the Sultan permitted it to be carried into effect, either actively aiding it, or passively allowing the steps to be taken by others while he kept himself free from open connection with it. The truth is not likely ever to be known about his share in the scheme, if it existed.[1] If it did not exist, time will soon show. There cannot be any widespread plan without traces easily discoverable. Opinion will have to be decided by future events, but it is most improbable that the Sultan would leave any traces of complicity in the plan.

The future in Turkey is an anxious one. We all hope that the Young Turks will succeed in their hard task. So far as one can gather from the best sources, it seems pretty certain that in this last Revolution a small but educated and active minority won. The majority of the Turks are now rather lukewarm in

[1] [It became known later that the Committee of Investigation had reported that no evidence was discovered implicating the Sultan in the Adana massacre. This massacre was earlier than the general plan of which I speak in the text. It broke out on the day following the Mutiny of 13th April. The Vali of Adana was certainly deeply concerned in it, secretly encouraged it in many ways, and refused to allow soldiers to be employed to check it; and he defended himself by pleading that he was acting under orders from Constantinople.]

their support of the Committee, but they are apathetic and lazy, and do not feel inclined to make any move. The old Sultan's former unpopularity among the mass of the Turks seems to have disappeared in considerable degree during the last winter, when the other side, being in power, found great difficulty in producing any real improvement in the conditions of government and life. The one important gain was in the abolition of espionage, but this great benefit is soon forgotten. The popular memory is short; and men look more to possible benefits in the future, and forget the benefits of the past. Moreover, the poorer classes had suffered least from this cause, while they had some chances of gaining money in one way or other from the old Sultan.

It is said that during last winter he curtailed or cut off entirely various charitable distributions which he used to make to Moslems of the city, especially those in the district called Beshik-Tash, adjoining Yildiz Kiosk. A deputation from the Beshik-Tash people came to beg that he would continue his winter donation, but was refused an audience, and, when they were retiring, the Sultan looked from a window at them and called out in Turkish "Vive la Constitution". According to these accounts, he aimed consistently at driving home to the minds of the Moslem masses how much they had lost by the introduction of the Parliamentary system.

I heard a quaint account of one of the Sultan's spies to-day. These men were of all nationalities and of every rank in life from the lowest to the highest. There were some Englishmen among them, and one

of these had been an officer in our army of very good family; relatives of his have served their own country with distinction and unstained honour. He had drifted finally into a dubious and idle life in Constantinople. An English resident, whose fearless assertion of his right to report the truth freely outside regarding the state of things in Constantinople was well known, and gained him universal respect and influence, was once invited by this person to dine with him to meet two Turkish officials. Having only the most distant acquaintance with the officer, and regarding the invitation as rather an unjustified freedom, he declined. The dinner took place without him; and the two Turks, who were already a little suspected of entertaining liberal opinions, revealed very freely their sentiments in conversation with an Englishman. It may be remarked that the Turks habitually speak their mind with great freedom, and found the spy surveillance to which under the Sultan's régime they were subjected a most aggravating annoyance; even with that danger always threatening them, when they could rarely be sure that they were not within a spy's hearing, it was astonishing how openly they spoke. Next day a report was sent in to the palace of all that they had said. Fortunately the Secretary, whose business it was to receive these documents and pass them on to the Sultan, was a friend of theirs. He sent for them, told them what had come into his hands, and said that it was impossible for him to stop the course of the report; but there was one thing he could do for them, and that was to advise them to draw up

and send in after the usual fashion a report of what their host had said at the dinner. This was done forthwith. The Secretary received the accusation, and bade them be somewhere not far distant. He then sent for the English spy, told him that his denunciation would go forward to the Sultan in due course, but that as a friend he would like to show him another report which had come in at the same time of the same event, and then he read him the denunciation of himself. "But," said the spy, "that is all false." "So they say of yours," replied the Secretary, "and they are two against one. Both reports must go to the Sultan, and he will decide which to believe." Finally, after some serious talk, the Secretary suggested that he would try whether he could induce the two Turks to consent to a simultaneous withdrawal of both denunciations, and so it was soon arranged. The two Turks are now prominent members of the Young Turk party. The story about the spy became known, and an intimation was conveyed to him that, if he ever again entered the Club de Constantinople (of which he was a member), he would be carried out and deposited in the dirtiest part of the street.

Sunday, May 2.—The morning service in the College was to me the most affecting service at which I have ever been present. I have occasionally heard a sermon which affected me deeply, notably one by my old friend Dr. Forsyth when I was a student in Aberdeen; he was only three years senior to me, and it was his first sermon. He is now Principal of the Congre-

gational College in London; but I doubt if he has ever preached a sermon since in which one heart spoke so direct to another as in that case. Doubtless it was juvenile; but we were both very juvenile then.

At the Women's College to-day it was the whole situation that was so impressive. The College is right in the centre of the Armenian quarter, which is defenceless against the Mohammedan rabble of Scutari, and which would have been the scene of indescribable horrors if the Army of Liberty had not won. The girls are, with very rare exceptions, Armenian, Bulgarian or Greek; and would therefore have been, according to the theory and practice of the old régime, exposed to massacre without any rights. Would the American flag have been a sufficient protection against a mob of the city rabble, "lewd fellows of the baser sort," intoxicated by plunder and greed, and urged on by religious fanatics? I doubt it. So far as I can judge, the situation of European institutions in a quarter like Scutari would have been more dangerous than in towns of the inner parts of Asiatic Turkey, where the respect for Europeans is greater; among those people "Amellika" ranks as a part of Europe, and they rarely know whether Londra is in Amellika or Amellika is a district of Londra. The probability is great that the College would have been attacked and sacked along with the Armenian houses around. There was little chance of successful resistance, though the American ladies and the Croat servants, two or three in number, had provided themselves with arms and would have

defended the College to the utmost. The Croats would have done well, and they would have known that successful resistance was their only chance of escape, while absolute courage seems to be the inalienable birthright of all Americans. There was a fighting chance; but some of the girls were in a state of helpless panic even when the danger was only a vague terror of the future, and many might have proved an encumbrance and a weakness if the peril had become real.

An American lady to whom I was speaking in the afternoon, a resident for many years in Constantinople, expressed the strongest indignation at the conduct of the American Embassy to the College. The Embassy had 100 extra guards protecting it through the comparatively peaceful time of the occupation; and the Embassy is in the heart of the European quarter at Pera; it is a building far more capable of defence; it is surrounded by European houses, which would have had to be all captured before it could be attacked; it was peopled by men used to arms. Yet, as this American lady declared, the Embassy could not spare one man with the American uniform to give some official protection to the College with its 100 women, utterly indefensible in its open garden, surrounded by Armenian houses, which would all have been destroyed in the first stage of the projected massacre. The ladies of the College had not mentioned the subject to me, but I asked one of them about the conduct of the Embassy, and inquired whether they had not thought it advisable to inform the

Ambassador of their dangerous situation and their anxiety and responsibility. She said that they had sent a message to the Embassy a day or two before, and the reply had been returned that they need not be anxious, as there was nothing to fear.

In the service no allusion even in the most distant way was made to the recent crisis. Everything went on as if the recent College life had been perfectly normal in its course. What one specially admires is the way in which all the ladies in charge of the College proceeded with their ordinary duties throughout this time; yet I do not doubt they would have resisted to the end rather than allow any Turkish soldiers to enter.

The trial of those charged with complicity in the riots and murders of the 13th has been going on during the last few days.

Monday, May 3.—This morning, on crossing the Galata Bridge on my way to do some work in Stamboul, I found a crowd densely wedged together at the Stamboul end. Most of them were standing gazing at three corpses of mutineers at the entrance to the Bridge. These men had been hanged at daybreak, and the dead bodies were still suspended inside tall wooden tripods. They were dressed in long white tunics, and the pale faces and the heads twisted sideways looked ghastly. It was a horrible sight, which a single glance photographed on my memory. It took about five minutes to force a way through the gaping crowd, keeping as far away as possible from the three, and from the soldiers who guarded them.

When I returned to Pera, three hours later, there was still a considerable crowd, causing some detention once more. Thirteen soldiers in all were hanged this morning at three different places in the city. One was an old man with white beard, a Major (Bin-Bashi, "Head of a Thousand"), who was condemned by the court-martial as having taken a very active part in inciting the Mutiny.

Late in the afternoon I learned that Ferid Pasha, having been appointed Minister of the Interior, had returned yesterday from Smyrna (where he had been Governor of the Province or Vilayet), and entered to-day on his duties. With him at the head, Anatolia will be kept in order; and I feel now much more confident as to the prospect of travelling. He knows how to make business move and how to get things done in the rough-and-ready fashion that suits the East. He is a great administrator for Turkey.

I returned to Scutari in high spirits, and we set about preparing to start by the morning train on Wednesday. It will not be necessary now to wait until the Embassy procures travelling orders in the regular official course, as I know that Ferid Pasha will fix up our business for us without delay.

My wife's account of a visit to a Young Turk lady is added.

"Miss Dodd, one of the Professors at the College, and another American lady, the greater part of whose life has been spent in Turkey, were kind enough to take my daughter and me to call upon a Turkish lady who has, along with some other women, taken a

not unimportant part in the national movement. Before leaving the College Miss Dodd put into my hand a small pamphlet, which contained, among other articles, one which I quote in order to give some idea of the influence of Mohammedan women on this movement. The writer, Halideh Salih, is a graduate of the American College for Girls and a writer of distinction. She has frequently been described as 'the leading woman in Turkey in popularity and influence'. Her first published work was a translation into Turkish of an English book, *The Mother in the Home*, for which she was decorated by the Sultan. (It always strikes me as remarkable that a Mohammedan Sultan, and that Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II., should be the first monarch to bestow such a distinction upon a woman.) The article appeared shortly after the granting of the Constitution in 1908. I quote only part of it, but in her own words :—

"'Before the Constitution women were of no importance; they were a neglected quantity, and, like other neglected elements, were supposed to have no right to stand up for themselves. Besides, it was generally supposed that there were few or no women who were able to speak for themselves, but to-day the contrary is proved.

"'Among the influences that were working during the last thirty years for liberty, the rôle of the Turkish women was considerable, although indirect. The influence which brought about our revolution was a revolt against the misdoings of the Government, and some of these specially appealed to women. Barbar-

ous and secret cruelties crushed the life and spilt the best blood of Turkey's children. Constantinople was the most stricken city in the Empire. Eighty thousand were sent away from its gates into exile, misery, chains and torture; some to death or even worse. These victims were mostly students, youths, anybody who had an independent spirit or talents, or who was known even to read a page of a foreign newspaper, or was supposed to have done so. There were also many, mostly from the middle class, the sturdy, the honest, the patient middle-class Turks. Now the mental attitude of the mothers and wives of these victims is easy to see. The majority of Turkish women in Constantinople, even among those who hardly understand the meaning of liberty, are for the Constitution, which assures the lives of their children and husbands, which lifts the horrible uncertainty and fear of having an unknown fate hanging over the heads of their beloved. . . . The generation of women who have already been the means of propagating large and liberal ideas are an educated minority. They are the fortunate few who were not morally maimed by some of the foolish and unworthy creatures who call themselves governesses. They are the women who had by chance fallen into good hands, or had been taught by their fathers or husbands. Naturally this minority understood that the salvation of a nation lies in the proper education of high-minded and patriotic women. They understood that the reason why Anglo-Saxons occupy so lofty a moral position in the world's civilisation is their sacred ideas of

womanhood and home. These women have worked silently, but knowingly, bringing up liberal-minded sons and patriotic daughters, building honest hearths where real comradeship dwells, where a man is encouraged to go on serving his country, although that service meant sometimes worse than death. . . . All that they ask for is a liberal education and a right to accompany their husbands and to become fit educators of the future generation. What they can do in future will be decided by the kind of instruction they will get. I am very glad to be able to address English-speaking women on behalf of all Turkish women. We are doing our best to place English influence and the English language foremost in our future schools for girls.

"'The actual cry of the Turkish woman to more civilised womanhood, especially to England and America, is this: You go and teach the savage, you descend into slums. Come to this land where the most terrible want, the want of knowledge, exists. Come and help us to disperse the dark clouds of ignorance. We are working ever so hard to get away from the slavery of ignorance. The opening of schools by the English everywhere in Turkey would be welcomed by Turkish mothers. Simple, healthy, human teaching, such as Anglo-Saxons are able to give, is what we want. Give us living examples of your great serious women. But let the conditions be such that poorer classes may have it in their power to send their children to school. For we ask not luxury or grand institutions where comfort is found, but for

simple teaching. More than for bread and water, more than any other want, we cry for knowledge and healthy Anglo-Saxon influence.'

"I confess that it gave me intense pleasure to know that in their time of need the women of Turkey are looking for help to the women of England and America, and feel that the kind of liberty they desire is found among the Anglo-Saxons. The following address to the Armenians, which was published by the same lady after the terrible massacres which began at Adana on 14th April of this year, shows the passionate patriotism and love for human kind that animates her and other women of the Young Turk party :—

"'To my Armenian Brethren.

"'It was a bloody nightmare of thirty long years! A black and horrible nightmare, whose wings of death, stretched over the bosom of our motherland, ceased not from tearing the hearts of her children. Wherever its shadow fell it reflected tears of blood. Now that tragedy of sorrow and carnage passes, but behold the places it has passed: thousands of extinguished hearths, ruined homes deserted, burnt ashes of once flourishing lands, heaps of bones of mutilated humanity!

"'My poor Armenian brethren, you are the greatest victims of the Hamidian nightmare. The fiery joy of my soul for our re-established liberty turns to ice in the face of your darkened, desolate lands, the sad fate of your homeless, motherless little ones! Our

national joy falls in the dust with shame before this awful tragedy, reflected in the eyes of your bereaved women!

"'The ruins of Adana! O vast, bloody grave of my countrymen, you are a humiliation, not only to the Turks who caused it, but to the whole human race. My soul lies in the very dust for shame of kinship with the race that murdered you, while it moans and weeps in pain and sorrow for you all.

"'I come to you in the name of the murdered Young Turks, the heroes that are ever ready to die for the motherland, yet consider human life so sacred that they have shrunk from shedding the blood of their very enemies. I come from the graves of those martyred ones; I come humbly to pray for your forgiveness and your love! O believe me, my brethren, in me is the repentance and shame of the whole present and future Turkish race; I but re-echo the mourning of our beloved country for you all.

"'Now the word is yours, O great Ottoman nation! The new generation, inspired by such high and shining ideals as Niazi's and Enver's, such young and manly hearts that have died for justice and right with magnificent courage, it is they who uphold the honour of the Ottoman race at the edge of their swords. The same iron resolve that has swept away a bloody nightmare and upset a terrible throne, must wipe out the blood of our Armenian brethren, that reddens the hands of our people. March on, heroes! The Armenians are your first brothers-in-arms that have died for your cause and principles. The thirty thousand

dead, the ruined land, the living country turned into a silent tomb, a murdered people of defenceless men, helpless women, innocent children, demand vengeance! If the murderers are not punished for those atrocities they have committed in the name of religion, the blood of our Armenian brethren will remain for ever a red stain on the name of the Young Turks.

"'I see with great satisfaction that the Moslems of Egypt protest against the atrocities of Adana in the name of Islam. I am almost sure that my Egyptian brethren will equally help those that are left in misery and bereavement after the massacres that darken the sacred religion of Mohammed.

"'HALIDEH SALIH.'

"Our visit was not to Halideh Salih Hanoum, who at this time was absent from Constantinople along with her husband, but to another lady who is just as devoted to her people and to the cause of liberty, and who was also educated at the American College. I do not feel at liberty to give her name, which is not so well known to the public as that of the other lady, and so for convenience' sake will speak of her as the Lady Zobeyide—which is not her real name or anything like it. The house was one of a row, evidently new, of modest size. The room in which we were received was well supplied with windows, sunny and airy, and furnished in European fashion with chairs, sofa and a centre table. The Lady Zobeyide with her two little girls received us all most kindly, and was evidently delighted to see

her American friends. She is rather small in stature, with the elegance of shape and grace of movement that are characteristic of the Turkish ladies of Constantinople. Her gracefulness had no languor in it. On the contrary, she seemed strong and vigorous. Her beautiful eyes were radiant, and I think grey in colour, but it was difficult to tell, as they changed their hue constantly as she talked. Her thick dark hair, done in European fashion, was slightly streaked with grey, although she looked scarcely more than a girl in age. Her name, as well as her husband's, was on the 'Black List' among those of the persons whom Abd-ul-Hamid had marked for vengeance as leaders of the reform movement. We already knew that she had only just returned to her home after having had to flee for her life when the Revolution took place. She told us how she had had to leave her bed at a moment's notice with her baby only ten days old, and her other two little children, and seek refuge in the house of friends. Her husband would not have been safe even there, and he found shelter in the little cottage of a poor old Turkish widow. As a man of letters and the proprietor of the leading newspaper of the Young Turk party, he was an object of special detestation to Abd-ul-Hamid, and his office was the only building sacked on 13th April by the revolutionary soldiers, who smashed his printing press and everything in the place. As soon as the Army of Liberty entered Constantinople the fugitives were safe and able to return to their own home.

"Referring to the adverse criticisms passed on the

Committee of Union and Progress on the ground that it had retained control of the Government, after the Revolution of July, 1908, she gave the defence stated above on p. 8, l. 24 ff.

"We spoke also of the massacre that had been planned by Abd-ul-Hamid for the 23rd, and she said that the Committee of Union and Progress, of which both she and her husband are members, had received absolutely authentic information that it was ordered; that not only all Christians, of whatever nationality they might be, but all members of the Reform Party were included; and that the killing was to begin at the Turkish Boys' High Schools.

"Like Halideh Salih Hanoum, the Lady Zobeyide has frequently contributed to the literature of Reform and is passionately patriotic. I have already mentioned that she was educated at the American College for Girls at Scutari. She entered the preparatory school when she was about seven years of age, and learned to speak and read English very quickly. Miss Dodd told me that one day, when she had not been very long at school, the class was reading from an American lesson-book and came to the statement that 'the Turks were lazy and ignorant'. With flashing eyes the little Turkish girl sprang from her place, threw the lesson-book on the ground, and cried out three times: 'Stupid Americans! Stupid Americans! Stupid Americans!' Her love for, and faith in, her own people are stronger than ever, but she would no longer say 'stupid Americans'. Like Halideh Salih, she shows an almost passionate affection for her Alma

Mater and for the American women who have educated her, and to whom Turkey owes so much."

Tuesday, May 4.—I went first to Ferid Pasha's house, which is in the quarter called Nishan Tash, far away out towards Yildiz, but was too late. He had already gone to the Sublime Porte, at an hour quite unusually early in Turkish official life, to begin a long day of business. The man who is going to regulate the affairs of Anatolia must begin work early at present. The door-keeper, when I asked for the Pasha, replied simply, "Kapua gitdi," "He has gone to the Gate". The correct name of the Porte is Bab-i-ali; but the common people use the simple word "Gate". I had therefore to drive back through Pera and across the Galata Bridge to Stamboul.

On the way I stopped at the Embassy, and saw Mr. Fitzmaurice, who possesses an exceptional knowledge of Turkey and a remarkable power of getting on with Orientals. I always trust greatly to his advice, and have been much indebted to his help. He had already promised to do all in his power to facilitate our way. When I saw him he knew before I spoke what I had come to say, *viz.*, that it was unnecessary for him to take any further trouble in the matter of procuring travelling orders. As he bade me good-bye and wished us good fortune, he said, "If it were not that you have such knowledge of Turkey,[1] I would advise you not to go at present into the inner country".

[1] He put it even more strongly, but I do not venture to repeat exactly his complimentary words. Compliment on such

I then called on Mr. Pears[1] to say good-bye, and stayed to lunch, which his hospitality always proffers to us by a permanent standing invitation. Hearing that I was going to the Porte, he sent a special message of congratulation to Ferid Pasha. Mr. Pears has maintained his own position and opinions for more than thirty years under Abd-ul-Hamid II.; he has expressed his mind freely in speech and writing; he has resisted all efforts to cajole, to buy and to expel him; and he has lived to see his enemy driven from the sovereignty and made a state prisoner.

The Palace of Yildiz Kiosk and its grounds are to be made a public park and show-place after it has been thoroughly searched for valuables and papers. A commission is to be charged with the task of examining the palace; and it is said that Hamdy Bey, the director (and really the creator) of the Imperial Museum, is to be the president of the commission. Until this examination has been concluded the palace will not be open to the public. I daresay that we might succeed in getting permission to see the place privately; but we are eager to get away to our work in Asiatic Turkey, and it would take time to get arrangements made for a private inspection.

[I may add here what I learned afterwards about the commission, whose report was not published. They found the palace in confusion. Nothing seemed to have been done to conceal the old condition.

a matter from a man who knows the East so intimately as Mr. Fitzmaurice is a thing to be proud of.

[1] Now Sir Edwin Pears.

There had been apparently no attempt to destroy incriminating evidence. Everything remained as it was on the day before the final attack began on Constantinople: the palace gang had been in perplexity and despair: no one, from the Sultan downwards, thought of doing anything or taking any steps except with a view to saving each his own life. Money, jewels, papers, everything, lay about in disorder, though it may be supposed that the ladies of the harem took their jewels with them. The men-servants, perhaps, might be searched before being removed; and it is improbable that they took much away with them. They were as a rule in too great anxiety about their immediate fate to think about the remoter future. Most of them were too humble to have been guilty of much harm; but it has been the rule of the East in past time to make a clean sweep of the entire household of a dethroned despot, as there was a presumption that his whole entourage would be hostile to the new régime; the servants had profited by the old system, and had participated more or less in its rascality, therefore the safest way was to do away with the whole of them. Moreover, public feeling has always recognised a certain tie of mutual duty between master and servant; generally the tie was a real and strong bond of unity; servants and masters were true to one another; and the most faithful friends and trustworthy agents whom a master could find were his own personal slaves. It is therefore not strange that the whole household at Yildiz was in such deep anxiety, although in the issue none of them were killed except for proved crime.

As to money it was said that large sums were found in the palace, between £200,000 and £300,000 in coin. Packets of ancient gold coins, Roman and Byzantine, many of them unopened, were found. These had been sent to the palace in parcels by Governors of Provinces and other officials, as they were discovered. From a rough calculation made in accordance with the attached dockets, without examination of the coins themselves, the total number of ancient gold coins appeared to be about 48,000. These were all removed to the Imperial Museum, where they await examination, when some one can be found with leisure and knowledge for the task.

As to papers, an immense number were found. Two classes, especially, claim notice. There were numerous official reports on business and on the administration of the Provinces or Vilayets of the Empire. The seals on many of these were intact. Governors might report and ask instructions; but there was no time even to read their statements. There were also great numbers of reports by spies. These had all been opened, and from notes on many of them it was evident that they had been carefully considered. They were found in every corner of the palace.

The stories that used to circulate in Constantinople about the Sultan's precautions against sudden attack were confirmed by the numerous revolvers (I presume loaded, but that was a detail which my authority, a person not given to the use of revolvers, did not mention) in all the rooms which the Sultan frequented. There was a revolver on the right-hand side of his bath, and one on the left-hand side.

A full description of Yildiz Kiosk, omitting nothing, would be a highly interesting document. I state only what I have heard, most of it on excellent authority.

According to newspaper statements there were found Djournals, *i.e.*, reports by spies, of all periods down to the reactionary outbreak of 13th April, implicating various well-known persons in the plot. Details were given in the Constantinople papers from time to time, as the trials went on during the summer; but I was not interested in this side of the subject, and did not read the reports when I saw any newspapers. Moreover, in Asia we received little news from the outer world, seeing no English papers at all, and only at rare intervals some Constantinopolitan French journals. For the most part we were out of reach of the post, sending a special messenger a long journey about once a week to fetch bread[1] and letters.]

The old stories about the Sultan recur to one's memory as the state of things in the palace is discovered. No one doubted the essential truth in them, except a few apologists and champions of the Sultan, especially some English people (among whom, all the world over, you always find the most vehement champions of the most diametrically opposite causes and persons, champions often perfectly unselfish); and yet the very nature of the tales made it impossible ever to get any regular proof of them. They were

[1] [The unleavened bread of the villages, which looks like sheets of brown paper, has always been most repugnant to me. I can starve, but I cannot assimilate it. Many of my friends and companions in travel like it, and find that it suits them well.]

like the great massacres planned for 23rd April: demonstrative proof cannot possibly be supplied, yet no one doubts that they were planned except a few who rally with a certain chivalry to a lost cause, simply because it is lost. Any one who now says a word in favour of the Sultan may be confidently praised as absolutely unselfish, for there is nothing to gain by taking his part and much to lose; reputation for sane common sense can hardly be retained here by one who is so Quixotic and altruistic as to search among the ashes for some way of defending the fallen tyrant, or palliating his guilt.

So also those old stories which passed from mouth to mouth in Constantinople, and were printed abroad, were known to be fundamentally true, because they were whispered by the best-informed authorities, and they tallied with the character of the Sultan's whole career and with one another. It was said, for example, that no one ever knew in what room he would sleep: there were many rooms ready, and only when he had actually gone to rest did any even of his most confidential attendants know the place. A revolver was always ready to his hand; and once, when his favourite daughter, a little girl, came and suddenly wakened him by a caress as he was resting on a divan, he shot her before he recognised who she was. He was thrown into a panic at every slight noise or sudden movement or unexpected sight even in his own well-protected gardens at Yildiz. He shot a gardener who moved the hand to salaam as the sovereign passed along where the wretched man was

at work. These tales and others we heard from excellent authorities.

Abd-ul-Hamid has a fair claim to rank among the greatest destroyers of humankind that have ever stained the pages of history. It is believed by sane and careful observers that his orders have been responsible for the death of half a million of men. Add to this the much greater numbers who have suffered permanently from destitution, torture, mutilation, death of parents and other relatives. Take into the account the loss of property, the loss of honour, the despair, the long-drawn-out death. Some of the great Mongols, like Tamerlane, were guilty of the death of larger numbers of men; but, in the total sum of suffering produced, Abd-ul-Hamid can probably vie with any of them. Like Tamerlane he reigned thirty-three years. In one thing he is probably unique among the great assassins of history. Not one spark of any grand or great quality illumined his life, or ennobled his fall.

It had been arranged that I should go at 3 P.M. to the Museum to meet my wife and daughter, together with Miss Dodd, a lecturer at the College, who were to come over to the scala (pier) below the Museum by caique. There we met also the Hulme Scholar, who had made acquaintance with one of the chief officials, Makridi Bey. Both Hamdy Bey and his brother Halil Bey were absent, but Makridi Bey showed us most courteously about the place, and displayed several interesting things which had recently come in, including two Lydian inscriptions still in

their packing-cases. We spent a long time at the Museum; the heat, especially in the unventilated rooms upstairs, was overpowering; and I was so tired that I could hardly stand upright when we left. That is the sort of thing which brings on fever; and I am not likely to recover fully from the effects of this visit to the Museum for many days. I was sorry for the others, except the Hulme Scholar, who is too strong to feel fatigue.

I then drove to the Sublime Porte, arranging that we should all meet after a short time in front of the building. In the entrance hall I asked for the Minister of the Interior, and the official to whom I spoke called another man who conducted me upstairs and along sundry corridors to a small room, in which a Turk was sitting at a table. To him I explained my errand, and gave my card. He took it into an inner room, and returned in a few seconds, motioning me to enter. Quite in the Turkish fashion, he did not utter a word either when I gave him my card, or when he returned after giving it to the Pasha. I found myself in a larger (but not very large) room, at the opposite side of which Ferid was sitting at a desk dictating to a secretary. He hardly interrupted his work, except to say in French, very hurriedly, before I could reach the divan to which he motioned me, "Monsieur Ramsay, you shall have every facility; and if you have any difficulty, you have only to telegraph to me. You are looking much better than you were last year. You remember that dinner at Sir Nicholas O'Connor's," alluding to an evening at

the Embassy, about which I had told him, when I was ill and unable to touch any food except a glass of hot water. "My compliments to Madame." The interview was at an end, and everything was settled for us; we had only to go and do what we pleased in Anatolia; every official there would help us in everything. Ferid Pasha is aware that it is perfectly safe to give us *carte blanche*, because he has known us for eight years and gauged our non-political character and intentions.

Before retiring, I remembered Mr. Pears's message, and offered his and my own felicitations on the Pasha's return to Stamboul. He said: "Mr. Pears is a good man; he knows that I am here in the service of no political party, but in the interests of the Ottoman Empire. Adieu, Monsieur Ramsay," and held out his hand. I shook hands and left him to his work. Within five minutes from the time I had entered the Porte I was walking to my carriage with everything we wanted placed freely at our disposal. Ferid understands men—hence he knows how and when to give and to refuse. He knows how much and how little we want, and gives it without wasting his time or ours in useless routine.

One of my friends, who gave me a letter of introduction to the Governor (Vali) of Konia, takes a much more gloomy view of matters in Anatolia than I do; he declares that Anatolia is already disjoined in feeling from European Turkey, and may soon be in revolt against the new order. I feel more inclined to agree with the missionaries in the country, who say

that the Anatolian Turks will accept the accomplished fact as the Will of God.

My business at the Porte was over so quickly that I had to wait some little time for the others, and we then went to the Suleimanieh Mosque, intending to ascend the lofty minaret and get a view of Constantinople. My daughter has been studying the topography of the city and of the Bosphorus; and a wide view like this is necessary to co-ordinate the features of the city into a mental picture. Often as I have been in Constantinople, I have always been too busy and have never found time to go up to any point commanding such a view of the city, so the opportunity on this last afternoon of our stay was welcome.

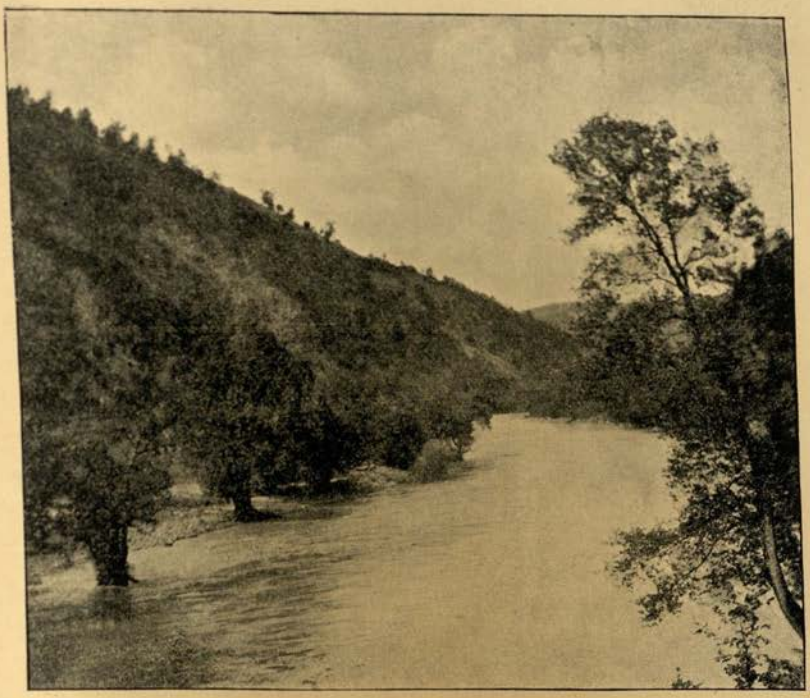
We found the hodjas in the Mosque in a very bad temper; they evidently are discontented with the new régime, and, although they could not forbid us to see the Mosque (which internally is one of the most delicately and exquisitely beautiful buildings I have ever seen), yet they barred us from the minaret, inventing the excuse that the keys were not there and were so far away that they could not be brought. One youth, who was very willing to admit us, was overruled by the older men, who scowled at us as we surveyed the Mosque under the youth's guidance, but carefully made him show what backsheesh we gave him.

Disappointed here, we went to the Ministry of War (Seraskerat), saw a lot of soldiers drilling in the great open space in which it stands, and toiled up the long steep stairs of the lofty Serasker Tower, which affords one of the most extensive views over Constantinople.

Then back to Scutari after sunset by the last steamer. The day was far too fatiguing for me, especially on account of the stifling heat in the Museum.

The Hulme Scholar cannot get away with us to-morrow, having engagements with the wounded Correspondents and others; but will follow a day or two later.

It is announced that the Sheikh-ul-Islam is going to institute an examination for the softas (divinity students), in order to eliminate the worst class among them; they are a centre of disaffection and discontent; but the prospect of an examination is expected to frighten away the worst and most ignorant of them. A sound knowledge of the Koran has an educative influence; and few who know the book well can continue to be thoroughly unprincipled and false.



Scene on the Sangarios: photograph from railway train in motion.

XIV.

Chained Prisoners under guard going to Adana.

See p. 253.

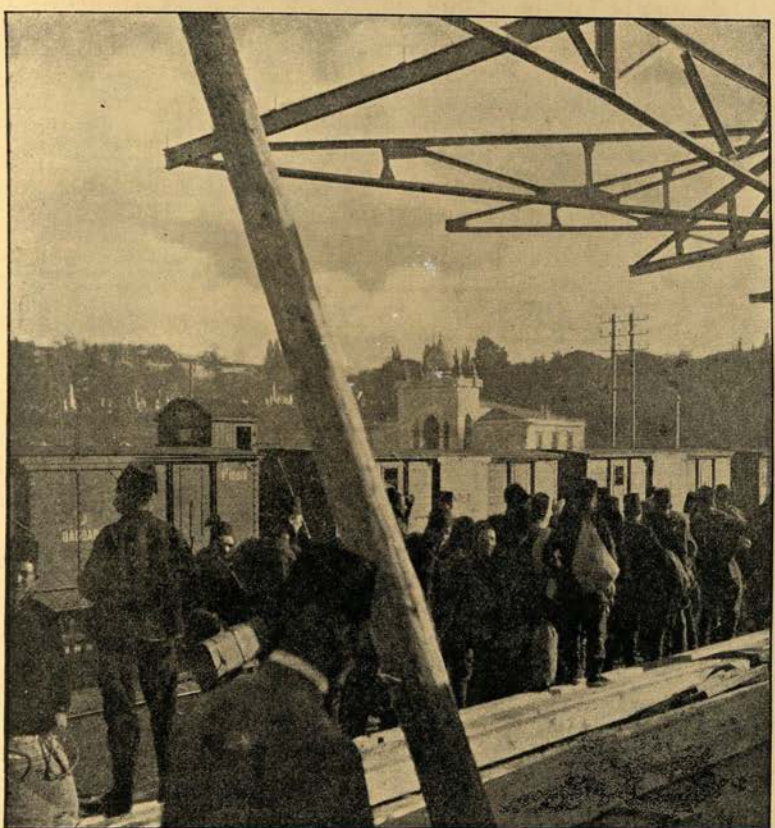
III. ASIA MINOR AFTER THE REVOLUTION

Wednesday, May 5.—We took the train which leaves Haidar Pasha at 6.50 A.M. The line skirts the Sea of Marmora and the long picturesque Gulf of Ismid for about five hours, then ascends a few hundred feet to the lake of Sabandja, and thereafter enters the valley of the Sangarios. After some hours it turns up the narrow gorge of the Black Water (Kara Su), reaches the summit of the mountain rim which bounds the central plateau of Anatolia, and descends to the ancient city of Dorylaion (Eski Sheher). The journey offers a continuous series of beautiful views, of the most varied kind, sea, lake, river and mountains; but the last hour is spent in darkness, and fourteen hours of it, preceded by the troublesome business of starting, make a fatiguing day. The train stops long at many stations, and twenty minutes at Ismid about noon, where a fair lunch is provided at a Greek restaurant.

In the train there were 200 disbanded soldiers going back to their homes: some wore uniforms of a sort, some plain peasants' dress; none carried arms, but all carried bundles, big or little. We did not learn whether they were disbanded in regular course at the end of their term of service, or

dismissed as a measure of precaution by the new régime; but the latter appeared more probable. All seemed quietly happy at the prospect of returning home. There was nothing resembling the gay and high spirits that we had observed in the soldiers of Liberty on the way to Constantinople; but the Anatolian Turks are a staid and grave people, who take their pleasure without exhilaration. There was equally little sign of discontent among them. At almost every station a few left the train; often their friends were there to welcome and embrace them. The Turkish embrace seems like a process of kissing on the two cheeks; but, if you observe closely, you see that no kiss is actually interchanged; the embracing pair throw their arms around each other, and each looks over first the one shoulder, then the other shoulder, of his partner, without bringing the heads into contact.

Several military officers travelled with us, also two hodjas, who looked distinctly sour and ill-tempered. Everybody else at all the stations and in the train seemed to be in excellent spirits. There was less police surveillance than usual when we arrived at Eski Sheher, where the train stops for the night, but names were taken down and travelling orders examined. I presented my old Irade of 1908; and as this was unusual and long, the officer said he would send it to my hotel. I said that we were leaving for Konia by the morning train, and he promised to return it as soon as the incoming passengers had gone away.



Disbanded Soldiers sent back from Constantinople to their villages in Asia Minor.

Thursday, May 6.—After spending the night in our usual rooms at the Hotel Tadia (where we always prefer the humble but quiet garden house), we started at 5.20 A.M. by train for Konia. The fifteen hours' journey is rather tiring. It is not nearly so picturesque as that of yesterday, but is in many ways even more full of interest, as the train first winds about through the Phrygian hills, and then enters on the long plain of Phrygia Paroreios. At Afion Kara Hissar (Opium Black Castle), with its bold volcanic rocks, a singularly uninviting lunch can be had in a Greek restaurant. Thereafter for two hours we steamed slowly along the valley, with the snow-clad Sultan Mountain on the right hand and the humbler Emir Mountain on the left, past several lakes, until after sunset we had to surmount with great difficulty the bald and bleak ridge of Boz Dagh,[1] and at 8.50, half an hour late, we reached the station of Iconium (Konia), and gladly found rest in the Railway Hotel, with decently clean rooms, a good bath, and very poor food.

From Kara Hissar two officers of the Salonica army came along with us to Konia, where they are to arrange things to suit the new régime and keep a watchful eye and a tight hand on the provincial government. They had been looking after affairs in Kara Hissar for some days. The Young Turks showed much forethought in their plans for Asia

[1] The German engineers missed, or intentionally neglected, what is by far the easiest pass across the mountain, though it makes the distance a little longer.

Minor, even before they captured Constantinople. They sent several officers with troops to Smyrna by steamer, and thence to Kara Hissar and Eski Sheher by rail, to prevent the assembling of troops in Anatolia to aid the Sultan. In Konia a Greek tells me that telegrams came asking for volunteers for the Army of Liberty, and that he offered to serve, but that the request for volunteers was countermanded, as no more were needed. I regard this statement as not entirely trustworthy.

The two hodjas came with us all the way to Konia. They and others got out at Meidan, the second station before Konia, high on Boz Dagh, about sunset, to pray. This is a regular experience in train travelling in Anatolia, but I have not seen it in European Turkey. There was not at Meidan sufficient time to pray, and the conductor had to interrupt them with the warning cry "Haidé, Yoljiler,"[1] "Look sharp, travellers," when they bundled up their strips of carpet and their other apparatus, and made undignified haste to get into the train as it was starting. It is a quaint sight to see a lot of them making their prostrations along the station platform. From want of time and of convenience, they sometimes have to omit the ablutions at such a moment, but often the station well is surrounded by persons hastily washing.

I take from my daughter's diary a description of the prostration, which is five times repeated; the motions are as follows:—

[1] Yol, a road; Yolji, man of the road, voyager; Yoljiler, the plural.

Peace on the Lycaonian Plain: Turkish Workmen at Evening Prayer.

(*a*) The hands are placed open on each side of the head.

(*b*) The hands are crossed on the breast.

(*c*) The hands are placed on the knees, standing.

(*d*) The worshipper kneels down, hands in position (*c*).

(*e*) He bends forward, touches the ground with his forehead, resting his hands on the ground on each side.

(*f*) He returns to position (*d*).

(*g*) He returns to position (*c*).

(*h*) He returns to position (*d*).

(*i*) He returns to position (*b*).

Then the worshipper repeats the whole series of motions, until, in the fifth prostration at position (*h*), before rising to position (*b*), he turns the palms upwards, with arms bent at the elbows, and then rubs them down his face as if he had caught the rain from heaven and was washing his face with the water. Words are repeated in position (*b*).

The whole process forms an admirable gymnastic exercise, and, when preceded by the washing (which is a real, not a sham, ceremony), is an excellent health-giving custom.

We had very few passengers in the train to Konia, whereas the return train from Konia to Eski Sheher (which crossed ours, as usual, at Tchai) was crowded. In the station at Konia we were welcomed by the station-master, a tall Armenian, whose first words were: "What do you mean by coming in the midst of all these troubles?" He reported, however, that in

the Konia district things were now tranquil. French is the official language on the German Anatolian Railway, and employees have to pass a stiff test in French before they can be advanced to the rank of station-master.

The corridor carriages introduced on the German line in 1908 make travelling far less uncomfortable than it was formerly, but the afternoon was very hot. The country is parched, and rain is sorely needed for the crops. Continuance of the drought that has prevailed for a time on the central plateau of Anatolia would be a serious misfortune for the country, all the more so as 1907 and 1908 have been years of scarcity, approximating to famine. Poverty is on the increase, and dearth is close at hand. A ruined harvest would add greatly to the difficulties with which the Young Turks have to contend.

Friday, May 7.—We set about preparations for an expedition, as we now leave the railway and take to horses and waggons. I called on the Minister of Public Instruction, who is an old friend, rather pious in his ways and reactionary in his sentiments, but far too timid ever to cause trouble to his superiors. As this is Friday no officials go to the Government offices; but, if one is acquainted with them, one may call at their houses. The Minister volunteered his company when I go to call on the Governor of the Province, which I must do to-morrow. This is on the whole advantageous, since the Minister entertains a profound respect for one whom he believes to be a friend of the Minister of the Interior. People are

much reassured by the advent of Ferid to power, as he governed Konia for several years before he became Grand Vizier in 1903, and his administration was able, and left a deep impression on the memory of the population.

In the evening we learned that the Salonica officers had addressed a great crowd in front of the Government house (Konak), urging them to live as brothers with all their fellow-subjects of all religions. I wish we had known in time to see the scene. The Railway Hotel is far from the city, and it is difficult to learn what is going on until too late.

It appears that after the Mutiny of the 13th April, when the Reactionary party was in power at Constantinople, three hodjas arrived at Konia, and preached in the mosques, urging the people to make a holy war and to kill the Christians. Panic prevailed during several days. The Governor shut himself up in his house for six days, pleading illness as an excuse for not coming to business, and allowed things to drift. Hundreds of Armenian refugees gathered in the house and grounds of the British Consulate. The Consul resides at Mersina in the winter and spring, and comes to Konia only for the summer; but the Dragoman, a young Armenian, was instructed by telegraph to receive every refugee. A number of people tell the same story, people of all classes and religions. They differ only as to the reason why the agitation failed. Some (especially Armenians and Greeks) declare that the population of Konia would not rise, and actually arrested one of the hodjas, when

he was preaching massacre at the door of a mosque; and they maintain that no one could have saved them, if the people had been willing to listen to the exhortations of the emissaries. Others say that one of the officers, an Albanian named Murad Bey, a poet and soldier, who had been an exile of Abd-ul-Hamid's time, calmed the excitement and averted a catastrophe, and that he was actively aided by the Tchelebi Effendi, the head of the Turning Dervishes, one of the most highly respected personages in Turkey, whose family has always been noted for liberality of mind and broad views. The old custom was that every Ottoman Sultan was invested with authority by the Tchelebi Effendi, who girt on them the sword of Osman:[1] this ceremony, which had fallen into disuse, is to be revived for the new Sultan, and the Tchelebi has gone to Constantinople for the purpose.

Probably the truth is that all these causes combined to produce the result. It is quite true that friendly feeling has reigned always in Konia between Turks and Christians. But it is also true that Murad and the Tchelebi were active in using their eloquence and influence.

We hear similar accounts from other places. In Kaisari the attempt to start riot and massacre was frustrated by the decided and energetic action of the Mutessarif (Governor of a division of a Province). In various other towns on this side of the Taurus mountains order was maintained with more or less difficulty. But that an organised scheme of massacre

[1] See p. 154.

had been planned at some centre and systematically preached by agents, who either had or pretended to have a religious character as hodjas and dressed accordingly, is beyond dispute or question. My few friends in Constantinople who disbelieved the reports that arrived there about this organised attempt at a general massacre would be convinced that those reports were true, if they came up here and heard the evidence. Every one we meet, Turk, Greek or Armenian, knows and tells how critical the situation was. The simultaneousness of the preaching, and the similarity of the circumstances, demonstrate that a single plan was carried out in many places; and it cannot either be doubted or proved that the centre whence the plan originated was the Palace of Yildiz. Where else could it be planned, and who would be so foolish as to leave evidence of the plan? Whether it was with or without the cognisance of the old Sultan no proof can be discovered. This point was discussed in the diary some days ago.

The intention of this diabolical plan is evident. The Young Turks rely on the support of the Christians; they preach fraternity, and denounce massacre; their ideal is to bring about unity of all races and religions in a well-governed Ottoman Empire. Whether this noble ideal can be realised is not here the question; that the object of the Young Turks is to try to realise it, is admitted by every one. The plan which originated from Yildiz was designed to make this ideal impossible by provoking ill-feeling between the religions, and interposing a river of blood-

shed between the races of the Empire. Had the plan been carried out successfully, it would have demonstrated that the Young Turk ideal was an empty dream, that the party of Progress was not strong enough to establish its authority over the Empire, and that the old despotism was at present the only form of government that could preserve peace. But, since the plan has failed so completely on this side of the Taurus, surely the opposite inference becomes more probable: it is the system of despotism and massacre that has failed; in Anatolia the people or the authorities or both, who passively acquiesced in it, have now refused to maintain it, and it has come to an end. The Young Turks will get a trial. It remains for them to demonstrate that they can use their opportunity.

There is no such unbridgeable opposition between Anatolia and European Turkey as some of our friends in Constantinople imagined. The question about which we were in search of information has answered itself within twenty-four hours after we reached Konia, which is in some ways the heart of Anatolia. There are no Young Turks except strangers here. That is quite true. But there is no inevitable hostility to the Young Turks. Konia simply waits and expects. A few Young Turks from Europe rule it at present. The officials obey them unhesitatingly and without reluctance; they would obey Abd-ul-Hamid with the same perfect submission. They are made to be led, not to lead.

Beyond the Taurus to the south-east in Cilicia,[1] at Adana and at Tarsus, things have turned out very differently. When you pass the Cilician Gates you get more really into the East; you cross Taurus and enter Asia proper. Here in Konia we are in the debatable land, which always is a prize to be fought for between Europe and Asia. We are in Asia Minor, not in Asia proper.

At Adana there has been a terrible massacre. It began earlier than the plan of massacre here, and was independent of the effort made by the Reactionaries in Anatolia. The latter proceeded from the gang who were feebly endeavouring to struggle against the Army of Liberty as it gathered in front of Constantinople. The Adana massacre broke out along with the military Mutiny, and, in so far as it may have been suggested from Constantinople, the orders must have been sent before the Mutiny began. It was stated by a Turk in very high position, while we were in Constantinople, that evidence was in the possession of the Young Turks proving that a soldier from the Sultan's personal guard had gone on a special mission to Adana and arrived there just before the massacre began. If he went by train, the shortest possible time for the journey to Adana, with great fatigue and exertion, would be five days; and by steamer there are only rare opportunities of reaching Adana a little more quickly. Now the Adana troubles flared up on 14th April simultaneously throughout many villages as well as in the capital of the province, so that any

[1] The country of Cilicia is part of Caramania, not of Anatolia.

instigation from Constantinople must be dated near the beginning of April.

The Governor (Vali) of Adana, Djevad Bey, passed through Konia on his way to Constantinople two days ago. He was Vali of Konia in 1907 and 1908. An Armenian official to whom we were speaking to-day had gone to see him as he passed, and told us that he was in a state of such terror as to be unable to answer when spoken to. It is said that the Vali will have to stand his trial; and it is fervently hoped by many that he will be hanged. His defence is said to be that he simply carried out the orders which he received from Constantinople, and was therefore not responsible for anything that happened.[1]

There seems to be no doubt that the outbreak in Adana was preceded by quarrelling between Turks and Armenians; and there are stories of one or more Turks killed in the quarrels. Such stories are easily got up to palliate the excesses, and are impossible to test. But one Armenian here says that those in Adana were well armed, and would have been able to defend themselves, if their quarter of the city had not been fired. It is quite certain that there was a good deal of fighting in the city of Adana and many Turks were killed. One Armenian butcher, being accustomed to use a weapon, is said to have killed six Turks with his own hand.[2] Whether all this was

[1] [He was not tried in Constantinople, but in July was still going about freely, when we returned homewards.]

[2] [Later the story, which reached us from Adana, was that the Judicial Commission sent by the new Government condemned to

purely in self-defence, or whether quarrels began, with faults on both sides, one cannot say with certainty; but the Armenians declare that one of their own race was bribed to begin a quarrel and wound a Turk, as an excuse for the Turks to attack the whole Armenian population. This defence looks like an admission that some sort of quarrel applied the spark which started the conflagration.

On the other hand the massacres began simultaneously in the villages, where the Armenians were unarmed and made no resistance, and where there certainly was no quarrel to provoke the riot. The massacres there were largely the work of Kurds. In many cases they did not waste powder on the wretched villagers (Kurds being a very economical and niggardly race), but ordered them to lie down in rows on their faces, and went along the rows decapitating the miserable and unresisting people. It is said that not a single Christian house is left standing in or near Adana, and that there do not remain enough of people to gather in the harvest this month.[1]

death nine Turks as guilty in the massacres. The Turkish women rose in rebellion, and refused to put up with this treatment. To appease them the Commission resolved to hang also six Armenians; and the problem how to select the six was solved by choosing six butchers. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. My informant mentioned a good authority for it; but I have it only at second-hand.]

[1] [The Hulme Scholar, who went down to Adana in the end of June, told us that the crops were still standing in the fields, sprouting afresh and of course utterly ruined.]

The helpless acquiescence of the peaceful Armenian labourers in their fate seems to northern people almost incredible; yet I have been often assured that similar conduct was a striking feature of the older massacres under the régime of Abd-ul-Hamid. In the terrible slaughter, when the Christian porters of Constantinople were exterminated to make room for Moslem (Kurd) porters, and many other Armenians were killed at the same time in order to give a show of impartiality to the business, a score of poor Armenians took refuge in a loft, which was accessible only by a trap-door in the floor and a tall ladder. One Turkish soldier went up the ladder, entered through the narrow opening, powerless to defend himself for the moment if any one had attacked him, and killed with his single weapon the whole twenty, none of whom offered the slightest resistance. In the streets many of the victims quietly held out their heads in a convenient position for the assailant to inflict the death-stroke. An old friend described the whole hideous business in a few words, "they had their throats cut like sheep". He had a very decided dislike to Armenians; but he was so horrified at the massacre that he forbade his workmen to buy any of the loot (which was sold cheap in the bazaars all over Anatolia) on pain of instant dismissal. Some of the ornamental clothing was offered cheap to my wife in Konia by a Greek, who declared that it was Turkish dress purchased in Kaisari; she recognised it as Armenian, and taxed him with his crime in trying to make money from the plunder of the murdered Christians of Kaisari. He

had not a word to say in extenuation of his conduct, but hastily fled from the house.

As I have here mentioned this friend, who is now dead, I may describe the consequences that followed his action and words of indignation. He acted as our Vice-Consul at a town in the interior; and the Governor, who was a very patriotic Turk, though quite free from any complicity in the massacres and strongly disapproving of them as a matter of policy, took mortal offence at his conduct. Our friend, certainly, was always blunt and outspoken, and may have used injudiciously strong language in expressing his horror of the massacres. The Governor, who was a man of great influence, made his life a burden to him, threw every difficulty in his way, treated him with studied rudeness, and lost no opportunity of vilifying his character, accusing him of dishonesty, cheating and theft. Finally, the complaints were taken to the Embassy; and as the Ambassador was very anxious to keep on good terms with the Turks, the Vice-Consulate was given up, and our friend lost the standing which alone made it possible for him to maintain the unequal combat. I had known him since 1882, and was quite certain that the Pasha's charges were unfounded. We therefore would not abandon our friend, whose wife, a French lady, was a great friend of my wife. On the other hand the Governor was also most kind and friendly to us, and did a great deal to help us and to show his appreciation of our studies. Without his strong and constant support, at a time when Great Britain was most

unpopular in Turkish official circles and British influence at the lowest ebb, we could not have maintained our position in the Province, and should have had to abandon our work. Moreover, we were profoundly grateful to the Pasha, whose courtesy towards us was exquisite; and my wife was on most friendly terms with the ladies of his family, who were quite charming persons. The position was therefore a very delicate one, as we continued to pay visits frequently in both houses, and simply ignored the tense feeling between them. The European is now dead after years of misfortune and disappointment, and, in Kipling's words, his tomb might fittingly be engraved "with the epitaph drear, 'a fool lies here, who tried to hustle the East'".

It required a great deal of discretion and tact for an honest man to maintain the position of a Consul in Turkey during those times, and our old friend, while absolutely honest, was far from being well endowed with tact and urbanity.

Saturday, May 8.—I called on the Vali to-day, and presented the letter of introduction which an English friend had given me. He did not open it while I was there, but talked very courteously, showed himself well affected to our work, and volunteered to give us every facility.

The Vali speaks no French, only Turkish. It is very rare nowadays to find an official of rank who does not know some French. Most speak French with more or less ease and fluency. There is a wonderful change in this respect since we first came

to Asiatic Turkey in 1880. Then it was rare to find a Government official who spoke any language except Turkish, and it was comparatively rare to find one who could read and write even Turkish with any ease. Several times it was told me as a quite remarkable and extraordinary fact about some official, that "he can read any paper that is presented to him". The great majority kept an Armenian or Greek secretary who read aloud every paper, and pointed out where the official should put his seal, for few then signed their names. Now it is the regular practice to sign, and not to use the seal.

The change of custom implies an immense advance in education among the Turks, and this advance in education is the real cause of the Young Turk movement. The old Sultan encouraged the spread of Turkish schools all over the country. His motive was to keep the education in Turkish hands and to prevent Turks from going to the American Mission schools and colleges; but he did not appreciate what momentous consequences must result from his action.

The beginning of the movement, then, lies in the mission schools, which roused Moslem rivalry and spread Moslem schools all over Turkey. Then came newspapers and books; and such things after a time proved too strong for the Sultan.

A highly important part, also, was played by English governesses in wealthy and noble Turkish families. They instilled into their pupils ideas and habits which were incompatible with slavery to a despot. Probably French governesses may also have

produced a similar effect; but in the circles in which we moved little or nothing was heard about them beyond the fact of their existence.

The Vali, who was all smiles and graciousness, said that he would instruct the military commandant to give us an escort of gendarmes to travel with us. I said we wanted them on Monday. In the afternoon a brawny, hearty Albanian officer called at the hotel. He said that he came on behalf of the commandant, conveying his compliments and his apology that pressure of business made it impossible for him to call in person, and asking when we wanted gendarmes and how many. The Albanian was in great spirits about the revolution, and very proud that it was an Albanian army that had put down the Sultan, so we told him about our experiences in company with the invading army on the railway, and showed various photographs of the military trains and of groups of the soldiers. An acquaintance in the hotel had photographs of the mutineers hanging on the Bridge at Galata, and he brought them in, to the special delight of the Albanian. We told him how the boys from Monastir and Kossova had all said on the march "Baba Hamid bitdi," "Father Hamid is done for"; and he was immensely delighted with his boys. But there is the most complete difference in opinion between such a man and the native Anatolians. The latter usually are indifferent through utter ignorance; some, whose interests lay in the maintenance of the old system, and others, whose religious feelings are offended, are manifestly not easy in mind, but they

do not say anything openly, and merely show a desire to change the subject hastily, when the new system is touched on even in the most remote way.

The Salonica officers again addressed the populace to-day in terms similar to the speech of yesterday. The Young Turks are undoubtedly showing extraordinary activity and are doing their best to hold the country together, and to prevent that severance between European and Asiatic Turkey which many dread and some regard as an almost accomplished fact. Personally, I do not think that the Anatolian Turks will do anything. They will accept accomplished facts as the will of God, though they might readily have been roused to the support of the old Sultan, if he had fought, instead of plotting massacres and keeping his soldiers close round his own person.

The rest of the day was spent in bargaining for horses, purchasing various articles for the camp, getting out the tents and other baggage which have been stored at the Consulate since last year, and seeing that everything was in good order to start on Monday.

A delightful little example of the total inability of an Armenian to understand the Anglo-Saxon nature occurred while we were thus engaged. The dragoman of the Consulate, an Armenian of quite exceptional activity, well educated (but not at an American College), speaking fluent French, remarked about the abject cowardice of the old Sultan pleading for his life, and said, "An Englishman would have committed suicide". That is the Armenian view! An Englishman would have fought until he died or was success-

ful; and, if the Sultan had had any "stomach for the fight," there were stronger forces on his side than his opponents had at their command.

The Hulme Scholar arrived this evening. In the present state of uncertainty throughout the country we have arranged to work all together for a time, instead of carrying out our original intention to make separate journeys on a systematic plan and thus examine as large an extent of country as possible. It seems advisable, and almost necessary, to form a large and strong party, so as to produce an impression of power in the villages. Disbanded soldiers and fugitives from the Reactionary army may be a source of trouble. Some cases of robbery and murder have occurred. Until we see how things are, it is best to be prudent.

Sunday, May 9.—A well-deserved rest was very welcome. We have had a hard week, and all three of us are much fatigued. I have been hardly able to get through the last few days' work.

In the afternoon an Armenian came with a small statuette, which he wished to sell. He had the idea that it was a portrait of Alexander the Great, and was of great value. If I had offered him £100 for it he would have concluded that it was worth £1,000, and would have taken it to Smyrna or Athens to sell. I told him the facts about it, *viz.*, that it had nothing to do with Alexander the Great, but belonged to an age fully 600 years later; that it represented a Roman soldier; that it was extremely rude and ugly village work. He was visibly disap-

pointed, and asked me to take it for £50. We laughed at him, offered two dollars, declined to bargain, and sent him away. Although the statuette is extremely ugly and devoid of the faintest artistic merit, so that hardly any Museum would care to possess it, a real historic interest attaches to it and gives it some value, if my interpretation of it is correct.[1] I wrote forthwith a letter to the *Athenæum* (published on 19th June, p. 736 f.), which I here reproduce with some improvements and corrections. The interest of this little statuette lies in its being the representation of a Roman soldier in the character of one who had been initiated into the religion of Mithras, and had risen to the rank of a Lion in the ritual.

"It has always been a matter of surprise that so little evidence remains of the worship of Mithras in Asia Minor, considering that it was so strong in the West, and especially on the Danube and Rhine frontiers among the soldiers stationed in guard along those important lines. Yet one important inscription, which I published many years ago in the *Revue des Études Anciennes*, proves that the ritual was familiar to the Phrygian people; and some slighter pieces of evidence, for example a Tarsian coin-type, point to the same conclusion. Also it is, of course, evident that Asia Minor was the intermediate region over which the Mithraic religion spread to the West. I have hitherto been inclined to attribute the scantiness of Mithraic

[1] Professor F. Cumont, the chief authority on the subject, to whom I sent a photograph, accepts my interpretation of the statuette, and subsequent study shows its unique interest.

traces in the country to the strength of Christianity. That this cause did operate is certain, but it does not form a sufficient explanation. The army was the chief seat of Mithraism under the later Roman Empire, and it is at military stations that most of the traces are found. The Mithraic worship was fostered in the army by the Emperors as a counterpoise to the influence of Christianity, and as a buttress of the thorough-going loyalty and religious patriotism which they wished to encourage. If that was the case, there is no apparent reason why the Eastern legions should be free from Mithraism. Although Christianity was much stronger among them than in the Western armies, still it is hardly doubtful that the great majority of the Eastern soldiers were pagans. The attempt made by Galerius to purify the army from Christians, even though it is proved by the recently discovered epitaph of Bishop Eugenius[1] to have failed, is at least a proof that there was some apparent possibility of eliminating the Christian element, *i.e.*, that that element was in a minority among the soldiers, even in the East. In the West the pagans were far more numerous, whereas the strength of the Christians about A.D. 300 lay in the East, and especially in Asia Minor.

"Where the conflict between the Christian and the pagan element was keen, there one would expect to find that the rival religion to Christianity was flaunted by opponents of the new faith. The want of any

[1] Discovered by the Hulme Scholar in 1908 (see my *Luke the Physician, and other Studies in the History of Religion*, p. 339).

evidence of Mithraism among the Eastern armies, therefore, is probably due only to the backward state of exploration along the Euphrates frontier. The only expedition along part of the Euphrates frontier that has been made with definitely archæological ends in view was that conducted by Mr. D. G. Hogarth, and he would be the last to think that any single journey of exploration would exhaust the possibilities of discovery. The evidence about the stations and troops of the Euphrates frontier is still mainly literary, and literature is almost as silent about Mithraism as it is about Christianity. When the archæological evidence is collected, the hold of both the rival religions on the Eastern armies may be illuminated.

"In the dearth of evidence one small item may be mentioned as illustrating what is to be expected in the future. Recently we had the opportunity of seeing for a few moments a small statuette of Mithraic character. The owner, who thinks it is a portrait of Alexander the Great, cherishes a most exaggerated opinion of its value, which will have to be toned down. But for the present it is impossible to deal with him; and I describe the statuette here in order that it may be recognised and its provenance known, when it comes into the European market, as it probably will do soon. It represents a Roman soldier, standing with his head slightly thrown backwards, so that the eyes look a little upwards. The work is rude, but not devoid of spirit. The soldier has an air of pride and exultation, which (if intended by the artist) is very successful and in accordance with his surroundings.

He stretches out his arms to the two sides, and lays his right hand on the head of a figure, which is rising out of the ground (as the goddess Gaia is represented in Greek art). This figure wears the Phrygian cap, and is therefore the young Mithras rising out of the rock—a common subject in Mithraic art. But the statuettes of this type which have been found in the West represent Mithras as a nude boy, and the subject is called 'The Birth of Mithras'; in this Anatolian representation he is clothed in a long tunic girt round the waist and having a broad frill round the shoulders just below the neck. The tunic spreads out round the lower part of the figure, which seems to emerge from the rock at about the height of the knees; and this arrangement of the dress made me at the first hasty view take the figure as female.[1] The hands are crossed over the lower part of the body.

"The soldier wears a helmet with a high crest running down the middle; on each side of the crest are two rows of bosses; the helmet reaches well down over the back of the neck, but leaves the face entirely exposed. He has a moustache curled fiercely upward at both ends in the style of the Kaiser William II., but is otherwise clean shaven. He is dressed in a short tunic which is kilted above the knees. The frilled edges of the tunic appear on the shoulders, but over the rest of his body it is hidden by a cuirass. On the breast of the cuirass is a large human face, probably intended to be a Gorgoneion, underneath

[1] It is so described in the *Athenæum*.

Roman Soldier with rank of "Lion" in the Ritual of Mithras.

which is a peculiar figure, difficult to interpret with certainty. At the first hasty view, in dim light, I took it for a scorpion, or some peculiar reptile or shellfish like a lobster,[1] but on a later view in June it was seen to be intended for a female figure flying through the air with both arms raised and holding palm-branches, while the bent legs and feet are hardly human in shape, but more like two tails. Probably the difficulty of interpretation is due simply to the rudeness of the artist's work, and the figure is a Victory flying through the air and carrying palms.

"The two emblems on the cuirass have only a military, not a Mithraic religious, significance. They are decorations (*phaleræ*) given for honourable service in war. In the excavations on the Roman site at Manchester there was found a bronze Gorgoneion, which is explained by Mr. Phelps as a *phalera* that hung on the centre of the breast-plate (Roman Fort at Manchester, p. 151 f.).

"I do not know any example of a Victory used as a *phalera*; but it seems quite a probable kind of ornament. Presumably, this soldier had twice received a decoration (*donum militare*). According to Marquardt this kind of *phalera* ceased to be used about A.D. 200; and, if that is so, the statuette must be dated earlier than I supposed. Perhaps the Victory was a pendant to the Gorgoneion (Phelps, *l.c.*).

"The lower part of the soldier's tunic is indicated in a remarkable way, probably due largely to the rude-

[1] It is so described in the *Athenæum*.

ness of the art: the tunic has the appearance of being arranged in three flounces. This is perhaps an attempt to indicate a triple row of metal plaques or bosses, with which the lower part of the tunic was covered either as ornaments or as a defence against weapons. In the National Museum in Edinburgh Dr. George Macdonald showed me a set of round bronze plaques, which he believed to have been employed in this way; they were found in the recent excavations at the Roman Camp near Melrose; and the moment that he explained their use, I recognised in them a possible explanation of the Cappadocian artist's purpose, assuming that the plaques were larger and heavier.

"The legs are bare. The feet are covered with boots which reach above the ankles and have a sort of ruffle at the top.

"The soldier lays his left hand on a lion's head (rudely indicated, but proved to be a lion by the mane); this head is supported on an octagonal column, short and thick, resting on a square basis and having a heavy capital. The man is therefore to be understood as a 'Lion' in the mystic initiation of Mithras; and he rests his two hands with an air of pride on the god and on the lion, intimating his claim to this rank in the ritual. The figure is about eleven and a quarter inches high, and the heavy basis adds about one and a quarter inches to the height.

"The proportions of the figure are bad; the body is too slender, and the upper arms and shoulders too massive. The material is a fine white sparkling

marble, but it was dulled with a coating of the fine dust of 1,600 years when we first saw it.

"We had only a brief and hurried look at the statuette, which we dared not study carefully, lest our interest in it should double the owner's estimate of its value.[1] Hence my observation of details was defective. As things have turned out, it might have been better to study the statuette carefully, and swell the owner's estimate of its value, leaving him to come to terms with some buyer. He counts on selling it to some of the German railway officials, or some of the engineers who are working out the great irrigation scheme for the plain of Konia.

"The statuette is said to have been brought from the Karadja Dagh. I expect this means that it was found in the amateur digging which (as I hear) the natives have been carrying on at Emir-Ghazi, since we directed their attention to the place by our repeated visits during the last few years. I learn also that a sarcophagus with sculptures of the Sidamaria type, though smaller than that great sarcophagus, has been found between Emir-Ghazi and Arissama (the ancient Ardistama).

"Now, there remains no doubt in my mind that Emir-Ghazi is the site of the Byzantine military station Kasis or Kases, which formerly I wrongly inclined to place farther east in the plain of Venasa on account of the

[1] [Two months later we saw the statuette at greater leisure in a better light, when the owner's opinion of its value had diminished. The Europeans to whom he tried to sell it had been disappointed by its inartistic character and offended at the price which he wished to charge.]

underground dwellings, which are a feature of that plain and also of the only story recorded about Kasis. They are also found at Emir-Ghazi, which retains the old name, modified only so far as to give a meaning: Kasi was taken as the Arabic Ghazi, conqueror. Kasis was a Tourma of the Cappadocian Theme until about A.D. 890, when it was transferred to the Kharsian Theme. Emir-Ghazi is a military post of the highest importance. It lies in a narrow plain between Karadja Dagh on the south and Arissama Dagh on the north; and in this position it commands many lines of communication, while above it rises the impregnable castle of Arissama. The statuette suggests that it was probably a Roman military station.

"The natives opened a number of graves in 1908, and found only Roman pottery and glass, the date of which was proved conclusively by a coin of the period of Constantine which we extracted from one of the vases. The excavations which we made in a large tumulus, on the other hand, revealed only hand-made pottery which Professor Körte of Göttingen dates about the seventh century B.C., while the Hittite inscriptions also attest the ancient importance of Kasis. Professor Sayce read in them the title of the King of the Kasimiya or people of Kasi, which further confirms the identification. I would also take Ptolemy's Khasbia in Lycaonia as identical with the old name Kasimiya (B corresponding to M)."

[I may add that in the following month we had the opportunity of testing the story of the statuette and the inferences drawn in the preceding paragraphs about

it, and they turned out to be in the main correct, though not so interesting as the exact facts, which are told later in the diary.]

The two Salonica officers with another soldier were in the hotel this afternoon, and were entertained by several European residents with two bottles of champagne. We happened to enter the sitting-room immediately after they had left, and observed that one of the glasses of champagne was untouched, and other two were half full. We had no doubt that these were the glasses of the three soldiers, and that the Europeans had all emptied their glasses.

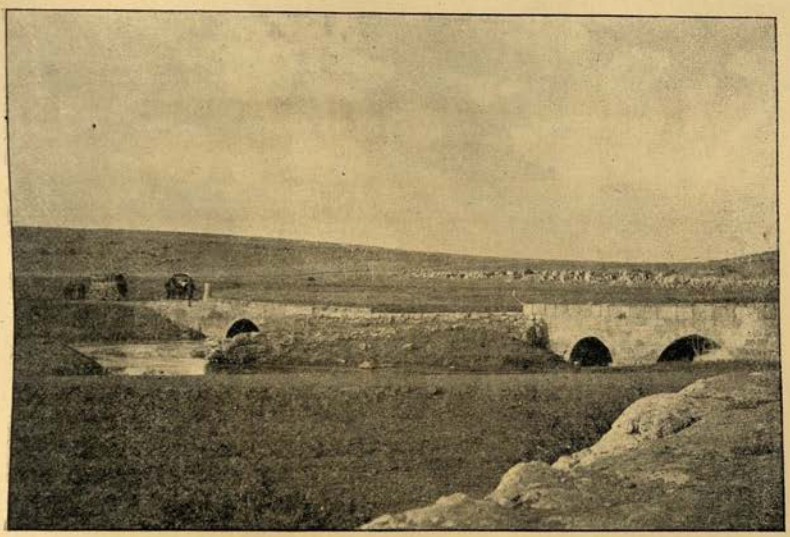
In the evening the Hulme Scholar suggested that we might accompany him to Laodiceia on the morrow, in order to recopy the epitaph of Eugenius, bishop of that city from about A.D. 315 to 340, and to make a drawing of the sarcophagus on which it is engraved. As this epitaph is one of the most important Christian documents that have ever been found in the original writing, we resolved to do so; but my wife, who had various people to see and arrangements to make, preferred to stay in Konia.

Monday, May 10.—We started by train at 5.20 A.M. Our friend the Director of the Ottoman Bank was at the station sending off his son, a boy about twelve years of age, to school at Kadi-Keui on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus facing Stamboul. The boy had been at school there through the winter, but when the Mutiny broke out his father telegraphed to send him home, as Konia was safer than Constantinople. "Now," said he, "I am sending him back to

school, because Constantinople is safer than Konia." The remark was typical of the uneasy feeling that prevails here, though on the surface all is smooth and tranquil. The train was full of passengers going north; the trains that arrive in Konia from the north are almost empty.

We had a very interesting companion in the train, a lady who was on her way to Constantinople. She is the niece of a former Turkish Ambassador to a European court, whose name has been familiar to me from childhood. She had been brought up in Europe, and spoke French as almost her mother-tongue. She was very pretty, with a certain melancholy expression in her eyes, which may have been due to the anxiety that weighs on all non-Turkish residents in Anatolia at present, though possibly it is habitual. Life in Konia in recent years has not been exhilarating or enjoyable for any well-educated lady. Society is for the most part either dull or vicious; and those who are out of harmony with the latter side have had nothing to relieve the depression that accompanied the rule of Abd-ul-Hamid.

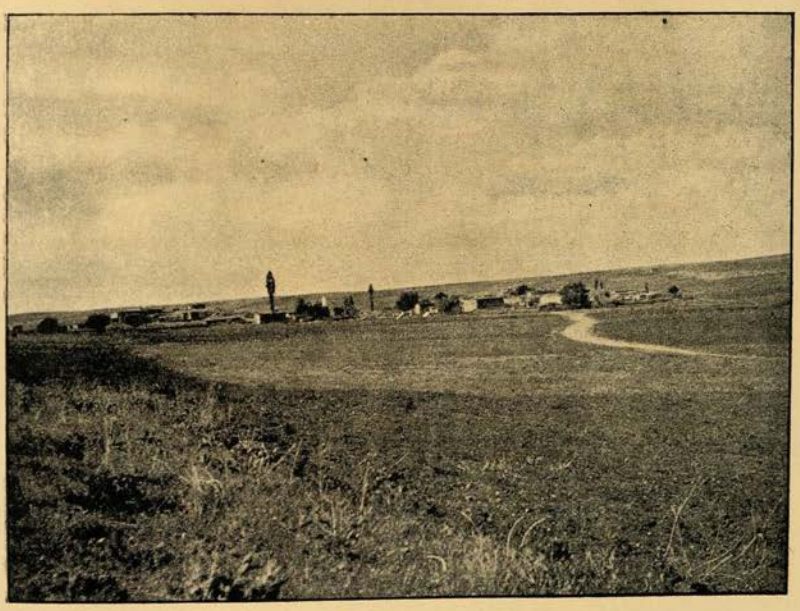
The lady, for whose company I was probably indebted to the presence of my daughter and to the crowded state of the train, talked very freely, and evidently felt it a relief to have the opportunity of speaking her mind without constraint to outsiders. She spoke more like a European giving his experience of the country than as a native. About the Armenians she did not express any opinion. Of the Greeks she said quite truly that their best characteristic is



Bridge and Roman Milestone between Lystra and Isaura.

See p. 277.

XIX.



The Village of Dorla.

See p. 264.

their real respect for education and their correct idea of what it means, but that they were often traitors to their national cause for their own private advantage; the Greeks of Turkey, however, had no other career except in the Turkish service, and a Greek had always to choose between abandoning all attempt at public life and serving the Turks against his compatriots. She ought rather to have said "co-religionists," for it is the religion of the Orthodox Church, and not country or blood, that unites the Greeks of Turkey to those of Greece.

Of the future of the Turks she had no hope. She was a thorough-going pessimist. A very few of the Young Turks were honestly desirous of improving their country and their system of government; but circumstances were far too strong for them, and their efforts were doomed to failure. Their people were barbarians, quite incapable of being civilised; they were soldiers, and could never be anything else. It was best to keep them in their natural condition, because they acquired nothing from education, except dishonesty. They were all false and treacherous at heart; their apparent honesty was merely the result of stupidity; let them learn anything, and they learned only to cheat. An educated Turk was not capable of keeping his word. The idea that it was right to be true to his word had never occurred to any Turk, and could not be made intelligible to him. No Turk ever trusted another, or expected to be trusted by another. Falsehood, bribery and corruption were ineradicable from their nature. The Greeks were false because

they expected to gain something by a lie. The Turk was false because it had never entered into his mind consciously that one should be true. He was true only by chance and ignorance.

As to the women they were almost all ugly. Their eyes, indeed, were often beautiful, and they had often fine complexions, because they never exposed themselves to the sun. The veil allowed the eyes to be seen, and gave an air of mystery; but when not wearing the veil they were generally discovered to be plain and soulless. After their first youth they were all ugly; when the freshness of childhood was gone nothing remained to them. An old Turkish woman was a horror. [Such statements seem too sweeping. These notes give perhaps a rather one-sided idea of what the lady said; but in reporting a conversation that was chiefly on one side and lasted continuously for two and a half hours, one remembers only the most impressive aspect of her words. My wife disagrees with her, and declares that in Constantinople and several other places, where she has seen them, the Turkish women are notable for their beauty, even those of the poorer class. In Konia, however, she allows that the women, whether Turkish, Armenian, or Greek, are not remarkable for their good looks.]

The lady described in most unfavourable terms the habits of the Turks in economic life. They destroy everything, trees, the productivity of the soil, the household, etc.; and she emphatically declared "la Turquie n'a pas d'avenir". Her view was the one

that prevailed almost universally among the Turks when we first came out to Turkey in 1880 and for several years later, though now one rarely hears it. The change must be largely credited to the old Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II., and the historian of his reign should never forget how much he did to recreate hope among his Moslem subjects.

The Turks, she declared, are after all really savages let loose from Central Asia to destroy the West, like the Huns in Europe; and she told how she had herself seen a Pasha, whom she named, and whom I had heard of as a person of quite respectable character, beat with his own hand a young slave for a long time, until the blood flowed freely; and the slave did not dare to cry out, but covered his mouth to stifle the cries.

She considered that the quietness and freedom from bloodshed in Konia had been due largely to the Tchelebi Effendi, the head of the Dervishes, and to the whole body of the dancing Dervishes, whose tradition is liberal and who differ in many respects from the Moslems. Her account agreed with what we had heard from other witnesses, but she added that the Tchelebi had made a speech to the people from the steps of the Government House.

She attributed the waste that goes on in Turkey to the pure lust for destruction which characterises the Turks. One should rather say that the cause lay in ignorance and the want of any inherited agricultural or economic system; the Turks of Anatolia were a nomad people, who conquered and destroyed a more

developed system and reduced an agricultural and manufacturing and commercial people in large degree to the nomadic stage; the old Anatolian population, which survived, and which partly became Moslem and Osmanli, partly remained Christian, lost much of the old tradition amid the growing deterioration of conditions and the decay of education.

As to the destruction of trees, that is a well-known fact. The nomads burn down a tree to get a single log; and they do it so carelessly that in the dry season a forest fire has often been caused in the few parts of the country where forests still exist. I have ridden for an hour through a forest of splendid fir-trees, all blackened and killed by a recent fire, which (as I was told) originated from a fire lit by some Yuruks in this way. My wife saw in the Kara-Dagh, fifty miles south-east of Konia, a man go and cut down a pear-tree with young pears on it, because he wanted one small log.

We left the train at Serai, and had then to hire two native waggons and drive about eight kilometres to Ladik (the old Laodiceia). The Konia station-master had telegraphed to Serai to have waggons ready, and two were there, but the price was not arranged. The driver, who knew we must either take his waggons or do without, demanded a sum which would have hired an excellent carriage and pair for the day in London. I named my price, and said that I would not give one piastre more. I forget what the sums were exactly, for these details never remain five minutes in my memory. He refused. "Then we

will go on foot," I replied, and turned to the road. As he would lose the day if we did not employ him (in fact he had already lost the best part of it), we now had the whiphand of him; and he rushed after us, offering to meet us half-way. I made my usual reply that I had only one word (*i.e.*, never changed from what I had once said). That is the English reputation, and it is best to maintain it, even though sometimes, perhaps often, I lose a chance by it, where the purchase of antiques is concerned. He capitulated at once, and we drove to Laodiceia in the hardest of springless carts, over the roughest of roads. We had forgotten to bring any coverings or cushions, and the drive was terrible. I may explain that the fare which I named was a handsome price to pay in Konia, and liberal at a country place where there was no trade, so that the man had no ground for dissatisfaction. The Hulme Scholar remarked that, knowing my dislike for physical fatigue, he had been astounded to see me start to walk to Ladik. I had, however, never intended to walk, for the exertion on a very hot day would have assuredly been too great a strain even for a Hulme Scholar. But it was necessary to comply with the customs of society, and give the owner an excuse to abate his demand. His self-respect and his standing in the estimation of the onlookers required that I should turn my back and walk away. If he had yielded without my going through the proper forms, he would have felt that I had humiliated him. When I turned my back, he felt no difficulty in yielding, and became forthwith

perfectly friendly and helpful. These people love bargaining with all its forms.

It is always best, in my experience, to pay more than the market price for horses and waggons. If you pay only the ordinary rate, the man knows that he can get easily another engagement equally good; if you pay more, he cannot, and is anxious to continue in your service.

As things turned out, we had to drive five kilometres beyond Serai, climb a hill, spend most of the day walking or standing about in the heat, exploring and copying inscriptions and making drawings, and then drive at breakneck speed back to Serai to catch the evening train to Konia. The drive in the hard carts was almost unendurable after the exploration during the day; and we reached Konia near 9 P.M., firmly resolved not to start at 5.20 on the following morning.

Tuesday, May 11.—We started, at last, about 8.30 A.M. from the hotel, but had to wait about an hour in the square in front of the Government House, as through some mistake the gendarmes were not ready. The big Albanian officer talked to us for a time, and made very handsome apologies. Our destination, Dorla, was twelve hours' journey away, so we stopped at a village, Tchumra,[1] about forty kilometres south of Konia.

Our party was much more numerous than we have ever had before; but the advice given on all sides was that we ought not to travel at all in the present

[1] Pronounce u like oo in bloom.

situation of affairs, so we resolved to exercise an exceptional amount of prudence and take a show of armed official force. Altogether we were a party of twelve men, eight horses and three waggons. At the head was a corporal (On-bashi, "Head over ten"), who was very pious, prayed at every halt, and yet showed himself energetic and useful, stimulated by the hope of liberal reward proportionate to his services.

The men whom we chiefly relied on were two, a Turk and a Greek, who have been with us every year since 1901 and know all we want. The Greek is the son of a professional magician in Konia, and possesses much of the adaptability and quickness in picking up information which are needed for a magician. He is commonly called "Jinnji" (man of the Jinn, demoniac beings). Most of the time which he has not spent in our service during the last nine years has been passed in prison, as he is always on bad terms with the police and with all who are in authority. Everybody in Konia wonders why we take him with us, but he is an extremely useful servant when he is away from the city. As usual he was waiting at the station for us when we arrived, although I had not sent word what day we should arrive. Under the old régime he had to wait outside the station, since no one except officials, police and persons of distinction or Europeans were allowed on the platform; but under the Constitutional government he was this year standing on the platform ready to open the carriage door for us. He was, however, I regret

to say, quite drunk and able only with difficulty to walk straight. I had never seen him in that condition before, though I knew that he drank a little when we were away. It was St. George's Day when we arrived; the Greeks are wont to make merry on the feast-day, and he had not known of our coming, but was conducted by some evil fate to meet us. He had to be dismissed, and was in disgrace for several days; but at last I induced my wife to permit him to go with us. I had promised him a present for his services last year, and we sent for his wife, a recent acquisition of his, and gave her the money. As he never earns a penny except from us, and lives during the rest of the year on the earnings of his mother and his wife (who make carpets), it seemed best in his own interest to entrust the money to her. When we started on our expedition he turned up in magnificent garments, made in the Turkish fashion, voluminous scarlet trousers and white jacket; and during the journey he was a model servant, far better than ever before, and simply the best I have ever known in the country. He lived up to the splendour of his clothes and the dignity of the Turks. In future we shall deal with his wife in all matters of money.

[When the Hulme Scholar left us to travel on his own account I gave him the Jinnji, who did not behave well, and was in a state of semi-intoxication for four days immediately after. There was a sad reaction after the exalted level of virtue on which he had lived with us. Moreover, he has a wholesome awe of my wife and also of myself; he was present

in 1901 when I had to thrash with my horsewhip an insolent keeper of a locanda in a village, and he confided to my son years after that he had thought I was going to thrash himself, as he had taken us to the locanda, of which the keeper was a compatriot.]

Such as he is, with all his many faults, I feel some respect for him. He has never fawned on the police, but has resisted them and shown his independence of spirit in an unwise degree, and he has suffered many beatings at their hands. Generally, he is on the worst possible terms with our gendarmes; and after we have gone back to England they revenge themselves on the Jinnji for many sneers and gibes, which he, in spite of all my advice, hurls at them when he is under our protection. He is clever, energetic in some ways, a good overseer of workmen, and sometimes an excellent servant, and he often utters a true and clever saying very epigrammatically. One day, after a hard contest with a Greek, from whom he wanted to buy an antique for me, he retired beaten from the struggle, and remarked with a sigh: "We Christians are difficult to deal with; but the Turks are easily cheated". He has no sentimental feeling for the truth; he will tell a lie at any moment, and regards it as a smart thing to cheat anybody. He is quite proud of having cheated a resident in Konia, who possesses much influence and high character and might have been useful to the Jinnji. In this case, as I believe, he cheated from mere bravado, because most people would have been afraid to do it in a matter which must quickly be discovered. Yet he

has a sense of honour, which can be appealed to; and he feels on his honour to do nothing in our company which will bring discredit on us. When one considers his position in Konia, comparatively educated, proud, conceited, and in a way ambitious, trodden under the heel of ignorant police, who have often beaten him brutally out of mere revenge, one cannot wonder that even his good qualities turn to evil, and that he is a thorn in the side of every official, and a proverbial *mauvais sujet*, for whom no one has a good word. He seems to be about twenty-seven years old.

One story must be told about the Jinnji and the police, as it illustrates so well many sides of life in Turkey.

In June, 1902, my wife and I were staying in a Greek locanda in Konia, having arrived on the previous day from Tarsus, and intending to start on another journey next morning. The inn, though it is in the principal square, *vis-à-vis* to the Government House, was indescribably filthy and malodorous. A lady, who was a great friend of my wife's, called on us about 6 P.M., and felt so much compassion for our hideous situation, that she carried us off with her to dine and sleep at her house. The Jinnji was in attendance, and as he was about to mount the box-seat of the carriage, a policeman came up and said he was wanted at the police-office in the Government House. He went off, saying to us with perfect confidence that he would be back in a short time to receive our final instructions. At nine o'clock, as we

were sitting at dinner, his mother rushed into the large open entrance hall where we were, weeping, tearing her hair, beating her breast, and shrieking as if she were demented. The police had informed her that her son was to be exiled on the morrow to Ak-Serai, a town thirty hours distant to the north-east, and he was now shut up in jail. She implored us to help her and save her son, who would never return alive from Ak-Serai. After some consideration I wrote a letter to the Governor, explaining the situation, offering to guarantee that the Jinnji had done no wrong, and requesting that he should be allowed to go with us next day. As the lady's husband, who was absent at the time, was on the worst possible terms with the Governor, it would not do to deliver the letter through any of the servants of the house, so we sent and begged an Armenian neighbour to let one of his men carry the letter. He returned in about half an hour, saying that the porter had informed him that the Pasha had retired for the night, but that the letter would be given to him in the morning. There was nothing more to be done except to wait; but evidently our intended start by the morning train was impossible. The weeping mother went away, and we sat talking for a time, until about ten o'clock the Jinnji appeared, calm and smiling. We explained what had happened to us, and asked what had happened to him. "Nothing," said he, "the police asked some questions, and let me go."

The problem now was to prevent the letter from

being delivered to the Pasha next morning, as I should look such a fool if my complaint against the police turned out to be utterly unfounded. Moreover, we should now be able to get off by the morning train. The Jinnji at once said that he would get the letter, and in half an hour he brought it back. In any other country in the world would a letter addressed to one of the highest Government officials, and delivered by special messenger, be given back by the porter to a totally different person, especially one of such shady reputation?

For a long time I was under the impression that the whole incident had been a farce, and that the mother's fears had exaggerated the situation. It was not until several years later that I found out the real facts. The Jinnji had been afraid to confess the truth, lest we should dismiss him. He had been arrested and accused of selling antiques. The police believed that he had received money from me, and wanted a share of it. As a matter of fact I had not as yet paid him anything, except a trifle for expenses. His wages were still unpaid, and I had never purchased any antiques from him. Then news was brought from the Pasha's house that I had sent in a complaint; and it was known that the Pasha was very friendly to me. The police hastily released the Jinnji, and the doorkeeper at the Pasha's house was glad to give up the letter in order to save his friends the police from trouble.

The other useful man is a Turk named Mustapha, of great size, and calm, imperturbable good-humour,

who keeps a khan in Konia, and is a man of some property. He is rather ashamed of being in company with such a low-class person as the Jinnji, and is torn between his loathing of the latter and his real regard for us. He has a wonderful power of dealing with the natives, soothing their prejudices and lulling their superstitions; and when others have failed, he has always succeeded in getting everything we needed or wished in any village.

Wednesday, May 12.—We turned off north-east five kilometres to Tchumra station, to see the superintendent of the German irrigation scheme, to whom I had a letter of recommendation. He promised to send word to the other stations along the course recommending us to the superintendents, who are all subordinate to him. He did not keep his promise; but that made no difference to our reception, as they were all only too glad to see and talk to Europeans, and received us (when we went to them three weeks later) with the most cordial hospitality.

The terminus of the canal and chief distributing centre for the water is to be beside Tchumra station, and there is quite a European village there, brand-new, with seven engineers, many of the principal men having their families with them. Most of the engineers and overseers on the works seem to be Italian; three or four of the principal men, however, are Germans or German Swiss. The two chiefs live at Konia, one in the hotel (who was extremely courteous to me and keenly interested in observing and collecting all traces of ancient life along the line of the works), the other

apparently having his own house. At Tchumra village, where we had stayed for the previous night, there was a house in which at least four Italian overseers lived; they called on us when they saw a tent being put up, and sent us some comforts. All were Italians, and all were loud in their complaints of the treatment which they had received from the company. There were no skilled workmen under them; they had to watch everything that was done to prevent the stupid Turks from going wrong; the work was unceasing, and was not what they had been engaged to do; the pay was utterly inadequate. "Nous sommes trompés," they all declared and reiterated. They had been freely partaking of raki; and all along the line of the canal, at every station, the evidences of abundant consumption of liquor were apparent to our eyes and nostrils. The inadequacy of the pay may be in part due to the expense of drinking; I understand that the railway which employs them transports all their food and other requirements free. The monotony of their life is trying, and they have few intellectual resources in themselves. Moreover, the water is as a rule bad, and dangerous to drink, involving the risk of typhoid fever. Similarly, when the (English) Ottoman Railway at Smyrna was begun, about fifty years ago, many English workmen were brought out; and, as I have been told, two-thirds of them were unable to withstand the temptation of drink, which was so cheap, while the other third became prosperous and influential.

The German Railways in Turkey have benefited

the country, and they have benefited the promoters, who have always received their stipulated guarantee, a very considerable annual sum. The Ottoman Railway, on the other hand, an English undertaking, which runs from Smyrna 244 miles into the country, with various small branch lines in addition, never received a penny of the payment guaranteed by the Porte; and, as I believe, the Porte was due the railway a sum of £570,000, which is not likely ever to be paid. Yet the Ottoman Railway was built during the time when England exercised immense influence in Turkey, more influence than Germany did even in Abd-ul-Hamid's time. One asks why this was so, and why debts to German contractors are paid, while debts to Englishmen were allowed to lie unpaid, not merely the railway debt, but many others. For example, a Scottish engineer was employed to make a shipbuilding yard, and fitted it up with the best equipment known at the time—under Abd-ul-Medjid or Abd-ul-Aziz, I am not sure which. No use was ever made of the yard; the expensive equipment was left to moulder and rot; and the engineer received a very small part of his salary. The engineer is dead long since, but his brother, whom I know well, told me the story in Scotland, and I heard it confirmed in Constantinople.

The German Embassy and Consulates champion the cause of their own people. The rule of the British Embassy has been to let British merchants look after themselves, and take their own risks. There is a certain nobility about the latter way: the

British Embassy existed to serve no private ends, but for higher purposes than to push trade. Undoubtedly there have been abuses, when Consuls were permitted to serve the advantage of private individuals. There is a story that the right which all Consuls enjoy, of having their private property brought in duty-free, was used by the Consul of a certain small European country to introduce pianos for his friends—presumably, receiving a consideration in return—until the number of consular pianos attracted even Turkish attention, and the practice was stopped. The British Embassy has been free from shady transactions in enforcing the claims of subjects against the Porte, whereas certain Ambassadors and Embassies have caused much scandal by using pressure to enforce claims which are believed to have been exaggerated and unjust. Stories of that kind I refrain from repeating; but they were believed and remembered.

It has certainly been a distinct gain to Great Britain in Turkey that no such scandals were connected with our Embassy. But, on the other hand, it may be doubted whether our rule has not been carried too far. The feeling is widely spread among British merchants that their cases have often been sacrificed by the supineness and carelessness of the British officials, who were inclined to substitute for the old Elizabethan description of an Ambassador, as a person sent abroad to lie for his country, a new definition, that the Ambassador is a man sent out to do nothing for his countrymen. But in recent years much greater activity has been shown, I believe.

African Woman (Arab in Turkish), Slave in the Kadi's Household at Dorla.

See p. 271.

I try to state fairly both the best and the worst aspect of the British principle; and the case may be illustrated by one or two incidents which are, I think, accurately stated, as I have known and talked with most of the persons concerned. There is a British trader in a certain large Turkish city who wished some years ago to employ electric light in his place. It was a matter of about £5,000 value. Friends of his and mine had already electric installations in their houses, but the machinery had not been brought through the custom-house. There were other ways of managing. The old Sultan's hostility to all electric machinery was well known. He had heard that a dynamo was a necessary part of the electric installation, and he connected it with dynamite, of which he entertained a panic fear. Even motor cars were forbidden to be imported in his time; yet I have in the old Sultan's time driven in a motor car, and lived in a house lit by electricity, generated by an apparatus imported in spite of the prohibition. The tradesman of whom I speak wished to have the plant brought in by a legal method through the custom-house. He knew that it was lawful merchandise, which the Turks had no right to prohibit; and he desired to give the order to a British firm. He went to his Consul, and stated his wish and made his claim to have the machinery imported in the regular way. The British authorities would not move a finger to help him. After some negotiation, finding that the thing could not be done, he went to the German Consul, with the same request. The Consul replied at once that, if

the order was on a German firm, it would be executed in the regular way at the regular trade price; the installation would be made by the German firm, and started in good order; the only payment beyond the book-price would be the duty at the custom-house, at that time 8 per cent. on the value of imports.[1] The matter was carried through; the German Ambassador insisted on the legal right of trade according to treaty and the Capitulations. The goods were brought in over the quay, the installation made, and when all was ready, in good working order and fully tested, the bill was presented and paid. The immediate result was that several similar orders were placed with the same German Electric Company by other traders in the city.

The story was told me first by an engineer (an intimate friend of the trader concerned in the matter) in a remote part of Asiatic Turkey, and afterwards independently by a well-known and influential person in Constantinople. Finally, I chanced to travel from Constantinople to Berlin with a Briton, who in conversation turned out to know many of my friends in Turkey. After a time he told me his name; he had known mine at once, because he had heard me speak about some remote place in Anatolia. British travellers are rare there, and nobody else has travelled much and continues to travel, so that those who know the land well know the pair of us, my wife and myself, and we are often addressed in railway

[1] It has been increased since that time.

carriages and steamers and remote stations by people of all kinds and very various rank in life, and have made numberless useful and instructive acquaintances in that way. At once I recognised our fellow-traveller's name: he was the "fountain and origin" of the whole Electric Lighting affair, of which I had heard so much, and I seized the opportunity of hearing the story from his own lips, confirming in all respects what I had already heard from other authorities.

A remark which he made incidentally struck me as one of the most noteworthy things I had ever heard. He said that, although he found the climate in Turkey so trying that he had to spend the three hot months of every year in Scotland, he could never resume business in his native country. In Turkey every one of his workmen was an educated man, with whom he could deal directly and on pleasant terms; and he could not now stand the worry and wear of dealing with the uneducated and unreasoning workmen at home, who never knew what was the real state of the facts, but were only certain that whatever the employer said must be false and intended to deceive. His statement was also a remarkable testimonial to the American Mission schools; many of his workmen (and he has the largest business of its kind in Turkey) were educated there, and every one of them had a career and a good future before him, and was likely to leave an educated, prosperous and progressive family behind him when death overtook him.

When one compares this testimony, not given as

evidence, but thrown out incidentally, with what one knows about the working-man in one's own country, it gives one pause and makes one think. The difference lies in the false system of education at home (which is too literary and abstract), and in the habit of drinking.

Starting from his experience regarding the Electric Lighting affair the same gentleman told me much about the difficulties that he had to encounter. He had only been out seventeen years in Turkey, starting in mature life; a stranger cannot easily learn how to manage business directly with Government, and remains dependent on Consuls and other officials. The most prosperous British enterprises in Turkey all deal with the Turks without intermediary, and could not be conducted successfully on any other principle. Once the Turkish custom-house put a ridiculously excessive valuation on some large machinery which he was bringing in, and charged him an import duty that would turn the transaction into a serious loss for him. The Consulate tried, but could produce no effect. The Turkish officials were adamantine; they were masters of the situation, and they would not listen to any appeals. He was leaving the Government House in despair, after long negotiations. An Armenian business acquaintance met him, and remarked that he was looking very disconsolate. He told the story. "Come away back with me," said the Armenian, and they returned to the Governor. The Armenian pointed out that such imposition, in defiance of law and the proved value of the property,

made business impossible, and would ultimately destroy the trade of the harbour. So effectively did he put the case that in a quarter of an hour the whole thing was ended, and a fair rate agreed upon. One of the most hated and persecuted race in Turkey had done in a few minutes what all the efforts of consular officials had failed to effect after days of negotiation. There is a way of dealing with the Turk, and some people can learn it, while others cannot. I know men who become only more helpless and useless the longer they are in Turkey; and these are men of the very highest ability, fit to do excellent service to their country in other circumstances, but utterly out of harmony with the surroundings of Turkish work; and you can see in their expression that every year they grow more dispirited, more disgusted and less able. But the chance of some examination, which forms hardly a better test of capacity for their special work than the old Chinese official examination, has thrown them into a line of life for which they are unsuited, and which they hate, and has ruined their opportunities for an honourable and perhaps distinguished career.

My travelling acquaintance told me of a case at law, in which an official had given to the judge an unsworn copy of the critical document on which his claim was based, although there was a sworn copy prepared for the purpose. The adversary, who was well served with private information, pounced on this irregularity in court; and the case was dismissed since a fundamental requirement had not been complied with.

The story goes that three or four years ago the Ottoman Railway had to make a new pier to accommodate its increasing traffic, and demanded a certain right regarding custom-house dues and the method of levying them, a right which was guaranteed in the railway charter. This was refused. The Embassy was invoked, and the proper official was sent down to investigate the facts. He reported that the right claimed by the railway was incontestable, and that the charter was clear and definite. The report was suppressed, and a second official, next in order, was sent down to look into the claim. He reported in the same terms. His report also was suppressed, and a third official was sent down to investigate. He reported in a different way, which would justify the Ambassador in declining to intervene; and this report was adopted as authoritative. Finally, after some months' trial, the Turks (I think) found that the way on which they had insisted was so awkward for themselves, not to speak of the railway, that they had to adopt the method stipulated in the charter; and so all came right in the long run by a somewhat roundabout way. Both Turks and English have a way, amusing to read about, but exasperating for those who have to live in it, of muddling through a difficulty and getting out of it after all.

One of my old pupils, who has travelled much in the country, met a delightful Turk, who said that there was only one thing needed to make the relations between England and Turkey perfect, and that was to sweep away all the Consular officials at the one

great harbour which he knew; and he strongly advised my young friend to write an article in the *Times*, pointing out the need and advantage of this step. One can understand why it is that Turks and English people usually are on such friendly and cordial terms, when one hears a Turk make in perfect sincerity a suggestion like this. Both Briton and Turk hate red-tape, and have a certain straightforward thoroughness in their thought and expression, which each appreciates in the other.

Whatever temporary differences may arise, as in the spring of 1909, we have always a permanent and strong foundation to rest on in dealing with Turkey; and that carelessness of British interests on the part of British Ambassadors, which has been carried to such extremes as I described, has about it something that touches a sympathetic chord in the Turks. They feel that, after all, they are safer in dealing with us than with any other people, and that we give them fairer treatment, though they hate the good advice which our statesmen are always giving, and still more the manner in which the good advice is tendered.

I could tell my companion what my experience had been. When my wife and I first landed in Smyrna in May, 1880, brigandage was rife, and the streets of the city were unsafe after evening came on. Robberies and murders occurred in the most public parts of the town, and blackmailing was common. Our Consul forbade us to make any excursions, and destroyed my whole reason for existence in Turkey. I had access to information a hundred times better than

he could command as to the state of the country. Bands of brigands cannot go about without their movements becoming known to the peasants in the mountains. The Consul, who knew no language of the country, and was far too great a man to have or desire access to the useful sources of information, was quite unfitted to determine what we should do or what was safe, so he freed himself from possible blame by ordering us to stay at home. We did not obey him, but went about the disturbed country, acting prudently, getting information from a good source, and never letting our plans be known to any one before we actually rode out of the town.

Then I received an official warning that the Consul had written to the Foreign Office, informing the authorities that I persistently disobeyed his orders and warnings, and that he washed his hands of all responsibility for me. My wife, being only a lady, was not included in the denunciation. We set the proper value on this warning, and carried out the work which I had been sent to do. But these facts may show what would be the fate of any Briton who let himself be guided by a Consul ignorant of the country, its people and its languages, free from any desire to help his countrymen and only eager to avoid trouble, and above all not to send home any business which might trouble the Foreign Office and endanger his standing with the authorities in London.

From that time on I made it a rule never to go to a Consul on business, but to be on friendly terms with them all in private life. Unluckily, as the years

Drawing an Ancient Monument at Lamdar in the Isaurian Hills.

See p. 278.

passed, rules in Turkey became more stringent about travelling, and we were compelled to procure some papers through the Consuls. First of all, a passport was required, and in 1884 we got a joint passport at Athens. Some years later a regulation was made that a Turkish visa must be procured through the British Consulate before one could leave the country, and a travelling order (Teskeré) must be procured in the same way before one could go from one Turkish town to another. Thus we were again tied up with the red-tape of Consulates ; and for years the most troublesome and unremunerative part of Turkish travel has been to dance attendance on Consulates until some one deigned to attend to us, when he often refused on some frivolous reason to procure the order or the visa. In such cases we, though law-abiding citizens, resolved that we were absolved from obedience ; and, having applied in vain for the proper papers, we travelled without them, and have never failed to meet from the Turks that courtesy and reasonable treatment which our own officials had denied us.

The Consuls, however, seem to be personally not to blame in many cases, where they have to refuse perfectly reasonable requests. The fault often lies in the new cast-iron regulations which they have to administer. As passports are necessary in Turkey, our officials in London have resolved to make them a reality. Formerly no one in Britain paid any attention to a passport, but regarded it as an absurdity current in retrograde countries, which one must there

submit to, but which ranked among the "methods of barbarism," alien to English manners. In the last four or five years, however, new regulations of the strictest kind have been issued by the Foreign Office. A passport is treated as a sacred institution, and hedged about with formalities and regulations which would be ridiculous if they were not so detestable and uncivilised. Why should Britain imitate the methods of Russia and Turkey at their worst? Some examples of what occurs will be given at the end of our expedition.

But in private life, apart from official business, it has been my fortune to receive from many Consuls a great deal of kindness and help. As officials they would not move a finger to aid my exploration, but as private persons many of them have been the pleasantest and most useful of associates,[1] from whom one could learn a great deal. To the military Consuls who were in Anatolia from 1879 to 1882 I am indebted for most of what I have done or learned in Turkey, because without their help I should have had few opportunities at the beginning of my time, and might have gone out and returned without a chance of doing, or of knowing how to do, anything serious in Turkey. They were, it is true, an exceptionally able lot, as is evident from their career before and after the time which they spent in Asia Minor; the Consul-General was General Sir Charles

[1] The distinction was stated to me by a Consul who unofficially was kindness personified, but who pointed out that officially it was no part of his duty to do anything for me.

Wilson, and the Vice-Consuls were Lord Kitchener, General Sir H. Chermside, Major Bennet, Colonel Turberville and Colonel Stewart (who was killed by the Arabs on his way north from Khartoum, where he was with General Gordon).[1] Yet none of them exercised more influence or did greater service in Turkey than the present Consul in Konia and Adana, Major Doughty Wylie, who, coming to Konia when English prestige was very low in Turkish official circles, and when a Governor (Vali) of the Province specially hostile to Americans and English was in office, acquired by pure merit and by the generous yet judicious charities of his wife an unusually great rank in general estimation, which not even the most hostile of governors could neglect.

The Vali was rather an interesting study. In another office, which he held before he came to Konia, he had a sharp encounter with the American missionaries, with whose rights he tried to interfere; he was worsted in the encounter, as the rights were incontestable; but he felt the humiliation bitterly, and devoted himself thereafter to annoying all English and Americans, whom he regarded as one people.[2]

[1] I give their later names and titles; in 1880 most of them were only lieutenants, and none was of higher rank than major. There were, perhaps, others not known to me.

[2] This idea was facilitated by the fact that, where there is no American Consul, as, for example, at Konia, the English Consul acts officially for the Americans. Moreover, the American missionaries are generally so sympathetic with the English as to be practically one people in Turkey; and in fact quite a number of the American missionaries are Canadians and British subjects.

He succeeded in closing an American Mission School for girls in Konia. Major Doughty Wylie attempted to protect the school; but all that he could do was to report to the American Embassy, which took no steps, and so far as I know did not even acknowledge his letters and telegrams.

We had some difficulty with the Vali at first in 1907; and in spite of the firman authorising excavation he actually forbade our coadjutor (who had gone up to Konia before us) to move a cupful of earth on the site. We appealed to the Grand Vizier, and his protection enabled us to do as we pleased. It was an amusing experience, calling on the Vali in 1907 and 1908, to observe his annoyance at having to concede the freedom which he would fain have denied us; but the Grand Vizier's orders were not to be disobeyed. As I watched him a scene in the Pilgrim's Progress rose to my memory (I hope I am remembering it correctly); he seemed to me like Giant Pope and Giant Pagan gnashing impotent teeth at Christian as he passed by.

By a strange chance this same Vali was afterwards transferred to Adana, and was in power there when the massacres of 14th April and the following days occurred in the city and the province; and it was Major Doughty Wylie who had to protect the Armenians in spite of his supine indifference. The Vali would not allow the soldiers to make any movement to check the disorders, but sat still and allowed the populace to shoot and burn as they pleased. Major Doughty Wylie hurried from his office at

Mersina by special train to Adana, insisted that the Vali must take steps to restore peace, patrolled the town himself to be a witness of what occurred, and finally forced the Vali to send out some troops, whom the Consul himself led until he was wounded, when a young Canadian missionary took his place and continued his action. Finally, it was this same Vali who was brought back in custody through Konia two days before we arrived there, on his way to Constantinople. While everybody in Konia was praising the Consul's action, the Vali had become the object of almost universal abhorrence in the city.

At one point where our road crossed the line of the Bagdad Railway I walked forward a kilometre to get the exact distance from Konia, and thus to estimate the working of the trocheameters, which we had attached to the wheels of two waggons. Looking back after a little I saw that all the rest had stopped. As the day was wearing to its close, and we were still far from our destination, I felt a little annoyed at the delay, and frantically signalled to them to come on; but no one paid any attention to my wild gesticulation. Then I observed a small troop of travellers, five horsemen and eight men on foot, disengage themselves from the crowd and move a few yards in my direction. Next my wife and the Hulme Scholar, armed with kodaks, took up a position in front of the little troop, who halted and arranged themselves to be photographed. The situation appeared half-comic, half-torturing, to my impatience. (See Plate XIV.)

It turned out that this troop consisted of five mounted gendarmes and eight prisoners, who were being marched back to Adana. The prisoners had escaped from jail during the disorders, and were recaptured at Konia. Six of them were chained by the neck in a row; two were chained together by the hand—the latter were persons with money, who could buy this small indulgence—but all had to walk that long journey of 350 kilometres to Adana. The Hulme Scholar remarked to the Jinnji on the different treatment accorded to rich and poor, and asked how this was permitted under the Constitution. Every one now talks of the Constitution (Syntagma) and Liberty (Hurriet). The Greek philosophically replied that whether the form of government was democracy or oligarchy or autocracy, money was the only real power.

The two rich men looked particularly sick and wretched. They had not been used to walk; and, in addition to the physical fatigue, every one here has heard that under the Constitution people are being hanged in Constantinople, whereas under the old Sultan no criminal was ever executed. It was only the innocent or the freedom-loving Turks who were secretly drowned. The real criminals were not put to death. Abd-ul-Hamid had the strongest objection to signing the death-warrant of any individual, and often took credit to himself for his soft-heartedness in this respect. The fact was indubitable; and the result was that no scoundrel in Turkey could be got rid of, except when some rich or influential persons

had a strong interest in ridding themselves and the world of him; in such a case a judiciously administered bribe would result in an accident taking place, whereby the malefactor was unfortunately injured so that his death ensued.

I used to suppose that this reluctance to sign a death-warrant was an idiosyncrasy of the old Sultan; but in 1875 Miss Muir Mackenzie and Miss Irby, in their *Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of European Turkey*, mention a similar trait as universal among Turkish officials. In their first volume (p. 108) they say: "In Turkey capital sentences are rare. A criminal will be ordered to receive a number of lashes, under half of which he dies, or he is assigned a term of imprisonment in a loathsome den, wherein he is certain to perish; but he is not *sentenced* to die."

As to the gendarmes their principle of action was always the same. Their nominal pay was very small. Their actual pay was much smaller. They must live; and it was more profitable to arrest a series of innocent persons, who would buy their release from confinement, than to catch the malefactor and bring the business to a speedy end. A friend of mine was talking to one of them, and expressed sympathy with his scanty pay, and wondered how he and other gendarmes could contrive to live. "Eh," said he, "we lie and steal and trust in God."

My wife, sympathising with the poor wretches in chains, gave some money to one of the gendarmes, telling him to give them all coffee as opportunity

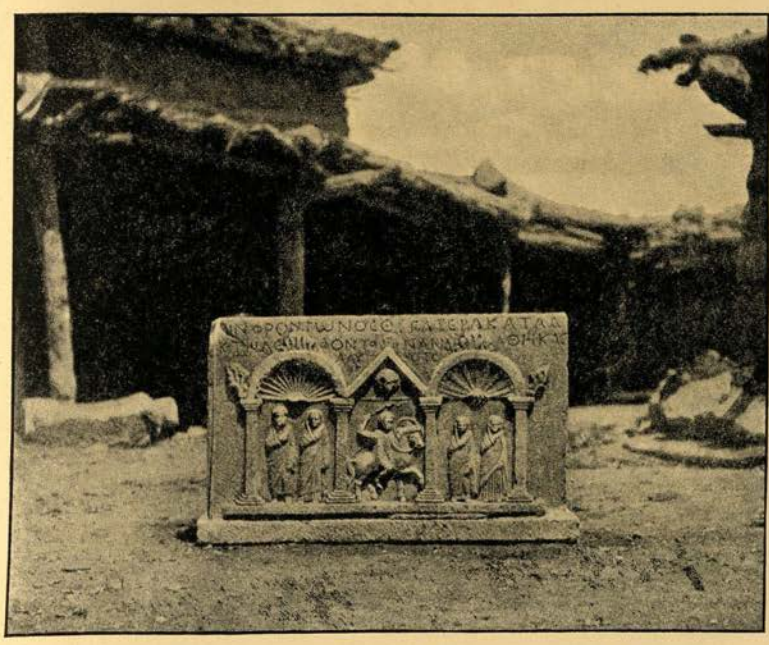
occurred, whereupon the prisoners salaamed politely to her and smiled their thanks.

Archæological work had detained us long both yesterday and this morning; and as the afternoon grew late we were still far from our destination, Dorla; and I observed that we had taken the wrong road and were going straight to Dinek Serai, a village about four miles west of Dorla. As there is at Dinek Serai a long and very difficult early Christian metrical epitaph, I accepted the omen and resolved to go and have a look at the letters in the evening light; formerly I saw them only in morning light, and the changed direction of the little shadows might perhaps bring out here and there some part of a letter which was before too faint to catch the eye; and even a scrap of a letter sometimes is a guide to truth. In the East one acquires the habit of trusting to Fate, and going where circumstances direct. It seemed quite evident that it was *kismet* that the foremost driver should take the wrong turn, that every one else in a large company should follow the error on a road which most of us knew well, and on which the hills behind Dorla had been clearly visible to us for several hours; and therefore that destiny had willed that we should go straight to Dinek Serai. But, as it turned out before sunset, either I had mistaken the signs, or destiny was resolved to play us a scurvy trick; for a very short time was sufficient to show that it was a great mistake to go to the village at this time.

Dinek Serai lies on the south bank of the Tchar-

Village Children at Appa.

XXIII.



Isaurian Tombstone at Appa in the hill country of Lystra.

See p. 277.

shamba River, which is here crossed by a modern Turkish bridge. The German engineers have here improved the channel of the stream, which was eating away the soft soil of the banks and would probably have isolated the bridge after a time. The banks are lined with stones on both sides of the bridge, and farther away they are cut to form a clean channel for the water. A telegraph line has been put up along the stream, doubtless by the Germans to maintain communication along the course of their works. Beside the village is a large tumulus, which must contain vestiges of an ancient town.

The Tcharshamba River is an important part of the irrigation channel, which the engineers are making. The water of the great lakes is to be conducted into the river, which flows into the plain of Konia and there loses itself in marshes.

[I may conveniently explain at this point the situation and the feeling shown in the villages during our wanderings in 1909. The people were in a quite different temper from what I had ever known before; and I made several mistakes in handling them, owing to my not recognising soon enough the change of temper that had occurred. When I tried the old methods the results were quite different, because the people resented what in former years they would have enjoyed and been amused at. The indications may be summed up here once for all, as it is not my intention to print the diary of the following weeks so carefully as has been done for the preceding time, but merely to give what illustrates the state of Turkish

feeling and to omit most of the travelling and antiquarian details.

Already at Constantinople we had observed the sullen temper and disobliging conduct of the priests and hodjas at the Suleimanieh Mosque; but we attributed it to the disappointment of the priestly party in Stamboul at the failure of the Reaction and to their disapproval of the new régime. We paid no attention to it, but regarded it with amusement as an indication of what the hodjas had thought and intended. In Konia we came little in contact with the humbler class of Moslems, and still less with the priests. At Ladik we noticed, and I recorded in my diary, that the people were sullen and inhospitable; but in former years also occasionally one used to meet with people of that kind, and I was too much occupied with archæological work to pay any attention to the signs of feeling in the village.

Next my wife pointed out that there was a quite unusual number of men wearing the small, tightly folded white turban outside the fez, which is the ordinary mark of hodjas and other orders of priests. She remarked one day, "What a great number of hodjas there are in all the villages". Gradually we found that these were not hodjas, but ordinary villagers. For some reason the priestly symbol was widely assumed. It had, perhaps, never been absolutely restricted to priests and hodjas; but it was at least so rarely worn by others that it was commonly regarded as distinctive of priestly character, and certainly no one wore it who did not desire to make

his piety ostentatious. So generally was this recognised that in 1883, when my sun-hat succumbed to the vicissitudes of travel, and when I was obliged to wear a fez constantly and put a folded white handkerchief round it to ward off the sun's rays, I was everywhere addressed as "hodja," and saluted with the greeting which is reserved strictly for Moslems and never uttered by Moslems in Turkey to Christians, "Selaam aleikum," "Peace be with you".

Then she found also the women in the villages often asking whether the Armenians were coming to kill them, and showing plainly that there existed in the villages some apprehension of a religious war. The idea was floating in the minds of the rude villagers; and one cannot be mistaken in deriving it from a mistaken impression about the preaching of massacre and holy war that had occurred in Konia and other cities. If there is a war, there must be an army to fight against,—so reasoned the villagers; and thus a report spread widely among them that an army of 20,000 Armenians was on the march to destroy their homes and murder all the Moslems.

Not in one or two villages merely, but everywhere, did we observe signs of sullenness and reluctance to have any dealings with us. Even in villages where we had repeatedly experienced the greatest kindness and received a very hospitable welcome we noticed an air of greater restraint; the courtesy was more forced and superficial; and people were glad to see us depart, even although our presence was pouring into

their poverty-stricken homes a good many pounds per day and enriching the village. It is mentioned in my former book on Turkey[1] that often, after I had been conversing on the most friendly footing with a few Turks in a guest-house, when others came in one by one the feeling gradually changed, and a dividing barrier seemed to interpose itself between them and me. But in 1909 the barrier seemed almost always to be there.

It appears to me that one cannot be wholly mistaken in laying some stress on this experience. It may prove to be only temporary and evanescent. Next year we may perhaps find that the old condition and feelings have resumed their sway. Assuredly, I hope that this is so. But I must state the impression which is made on my mind that this experience is only one more indication of the growing antagonism between Asia and Europe. Europe has for some centuries done what it pleased in Asia, ground down Asia under the heel of its armies, and spread its power far and wide throughout the Continent. But a reaction is in progress. I have noticed it every year since 1882, sometimes in one form, sometimes in another, and have mentioned it in papers and books published at intervals from that year onwards.[2] The sleeping Asiatic giant has been slowly wakening; sometimes he moves one limb a little, sometimes another. The movements are slight, but they are

[1] *Impressions of Turkey.*

[2] Especially *Impressions of Turkey*, pp. 136 ff., and older papers quoted there.

signs of a new time and of a reaction against Europe which must grow stronger. If the old Sultan, Abd-ul-Hamid II., had possessed as much practical ability in administration as he had of diplomatic skill and cunning, he would have produced far more effect than he did. But he evoked a Panislamic spirit which will not easily be calmed. Some observers from a distance are wont to depreciate this Panislamic movement, and regard it as a mere bogey, devoid of reality or power, evolved by panic-struck or imaginative Europeans from their inner consciousness; but those who have lived in Turkey through the last thirty years and who have had their fortunes and careers and even life staked on the turn of the game know differently. I have heard an American missionary, an old resident in Eastern Turkey and formerly a soldier of the great war of 1860-64, tell how he and his people felt in summer 1882, when they recognised that for them everything depended on the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and that the continuance of their work in Turkey hung on the success of the British soldiers in Egypt. People who have had the opportunity of living through the facts know that Panislamism is a great power, and that it is merely one phase of the Asiatic Reaction.

Abd-ul-Hamid could call up that spirit, but he had not the ability to use its power. The question will be answered during the coming years, whether the Young Turk revival may not transform itself into a nationalist and anti-European movement. The best and most respected leaders of the revival had no such

thought in their minds: their aims were utterly different. But the power may prove stronger than they are, and may break them or bend them to its purposes.]

At Dinek Serai, while we proceeded to arrange for a camp, the Hulme Scholar and the Jinnji went to the house in the courtyard of which the two pieces of the metrical epitaph lie. The Jinnji stood outside and called, asking leave to see the written stone. A woman's voice replied in angry accents, and our heralds retreated a little way, and began to parley with the main force of the enemy, for so the whole of the villagers, led by a most surly-looking hodja, now openly showed themselves. A few minutes later, when I came down, after arranging for the camp and leaving all the men to make ready, I found a heated discussion going on. It was clear that I had made an error in sending the Greek, instead of a Mohammedan. As yet one cannot tell whether this row is a small result of the Reactionary movement, or merely due to the more vigorous character of the Isaurian mountaineers. Dinek Serai lies at the extreme outer edge of the Isaurian hills, and the people of all these hill-villages are more resolute and courageous than the people of the plains; but still I have never before found the slightest difficulty in arranging matters with them.

On this occasion, however, it came to a regular contest; at one time it looked as if blows would result, and we avoided an enforced retreat by a voluntary one, making it with as little loss of dignity as possible.

Thursday, May 13.—At 6 A.M., when we were preparing to depart, a message came to the camp that the stone would be shown; and the stern hodja made his appearance to say that all would be arranged. We were not much inclined to postpone our departure and spend time with little prospect of success in revising the inscription in its present position. Still it seemed perhaps better to use the chance of a pacific settlement, through which we might buy the whole stone. But on inquiry it turned out that the owner of the house had gone away to his vineyard, and would return in two hours, when the matter might be arranged. To the Turk "two hours" meant that the owner would return when he had finished his work, or when he chose to come; we should have to send a message or to go and get him. This would give him an advantage in the bargain, and would cause much loss of time, as his vineyard was distant. The hodja was speaking on his own account, and we had no assurance that he would succeed, though it would, of course, be a great advantage to have him committed to our side, and a small present promised in case of success would secure his devoted service. The chance, however, was too poor, and we declined to make any change in our plans.

In passing we note that the Turks cultivate grapes, though they make no wine. They use the grapes as fresh fruit, or dry them and prepare various kinds of delicacies from them.

As we had among us too many Christians, we

thought of sending one waggon to another village close at hand where a new stone has turned up; but this arrangement failed, and we all entered Dorla together. The old Kadi, Mehmet Effendi, met us in the village, and received us with effusive hospitality, brought us to his guest-house, and placed himself and all that he had at our service: it was a fortunate day that we had come, and so on. Nothing could be more polite and gracious than his manner, though his clothes are apparently the mere remnants of what he wore in 1904, when we were last here. He has grown deaf and old in the interval, as well as slovenly in his attire. He told us that he had rebuilt the mosque at a cost of three hundred pounds Turkish; the actual expenditure may be safely reduced to one-sixth of his estimate, as no doubt all the villagers co-operated and gave their labour free. But the aristocrat of the village takes all the credit, and the common crowd sink out of notice. The Kadi Effendi is distinctly Reactionary, and showed signs of horror as we mentioned the new Sultan, so we hastily reminded him that the new Sultan was the brother of the old one. He did not, however, approve of the extent to which the Reaction was carried at Adana, and we found common ground in lamenting the death of so many Mohammedans and Christians, and the total destruction of the great city. The Kadi's interest lay in the old régime: he promoted the rebuilding of the mosque, hoping to gain credit at the palace. The old mosque was quite a good one, and much more picturesque than the vulgar new building. But the

Portrait of Gendarme of Konia, at work.

See p. 286.

rebuilding proved his zeal in the cause of Islam. It is rather a blow to him to find that his cash is wasted and the credit not gained. He says that he would like to go to Athens for medical treatment. I was interested to observe that the fame of Athenian science is so great among the Turks; but probably he has been advised by some Greek that the best doctors are in Athens. I told him that there were excellent English and American doctors in Stamboul, and offered to give him a letter of introduction to one. He said that at present he was too poor to travel, and lamented his unremunerative investment in the new mosque.

We then gently introduced the subject of excavations, and he quickly caught the prospect that there was money to be gained. If we stayed in the village for some days there was profit on the keep of so many people and horses; he made the condition that we should buy entirely from himself. Then there was the pay of the workmen. We offered ten piastres per day to each man; he arranged to hire and pay the men. We are to pay him, and he will give them a few piastres per day and keep the rest to himself. We are not to mention publicly the price that we pay, but it will be known immediately. There are no secrets in Turkish villages. This method may appear to the Western mind rather dishonest on the part of the Kadi; but Turkish opinion is very lenient in judging such transactions, and the villagers will only respect the Kadi all the more for his cleverness in business. He knows the law of Islam; he has

qualified, in whatever way qualification is tested in Turkey, as an interpreter of the law; his piety is above the reach of calumny; and every one knows that this is the Asiatic principle of action.

Everything was settled in a few minutes, and we went out to see the new mosque. The lower courses consist almost wholly of fine ancient blocks of limestones. The carving and engraving on most of them have been obliterated or turned inwards, but two have mercifully been spared. One is the great ornament of the town, the gravestone of the "Blessed Papas," Bishop Theophilus of the third century, which would be an ornament to any museum in the world. The other is the gravestone of Bishop Mammas, which was formerly placed high in the east wall of the old mosque, upside down, so that we could not see it except from far below in the most disadvantageous position. There were therefore some inaccuracies in our former publication, which can now be remedied as the stone stands sideways to form the S.E. corner of the mosque.

The Kadi also undertook to arrange with the owner of the house in front of which we are to dig; it is necessary to give him a small gift beforehand to ensure his good-will. The Kadi says it can be done for two or three dollars. As we had intended to offer a pound for good-will, and expected to pay much more before long in the interest of friendliness, this is unexpectedly cheap. But in the evening the Kadi returns to say that it will cost four dollars, as the hodja who inhabits the house is very hard to

deal with. This I know from of old; he sat on his house-top in years gone by, and cursed us freely, as we turned round the great gravestone of the "Blessed Papas" to get it into suitable position for photographing. He granted permission then only after much bargaining and money paid down; but he did not promise not to curse us, and he did so with all his heart as he sat and looked on. The Kadi now promises to settle matters for four dollars, but suggests that we give him a pound, and everything will be ready to begin at 5 A.M. to-morrow. Meantime we walk round the place for the dig, and settle on a plan of operations. The available open space has become sadly contracted in recent time. Two new houses have been erected on the north and east sides, which were formerly open. The hodja's house and courtyard bound it on the south and west. The new houses look as wretched as the old ones; they indicate no increase in the population or prosperity in the village. The Turks never seem to repair a house, but to build a new one when some old one falls into absolute ruin, so complete that even a Turkish family cannot live in it any longer.

Friday, May 14.—I sent off Mustapha and the Jinnji and the Corporal about 5 A.M. to get the work started. Within half an hour they returned. When they went up to begin the digging, the owner of the house refused to permit anything to be done. It turned out that the Kadi had never approached him, but had kept the pound in his own pocket; and the owner was naturally a little ruffled in feeling, when a

gang of workmen appeared in front of his house, and began to dig in what he reckoned to be his ground. Whether it is his property or not it would be hard to say; but at least such work as we are undertaking interferes seriously with the amenity of the household. New negotiations have to be begun—this time without the intervention of the Kadi, who abstains from appearing on the scene. It turns out that the old hodja is dead or bedridden—I am not sure which—and his son reigns in his stead. He is a smart and pleasant young man, but very decided in respect to the degree of freedom which he will permit; and that degree is disappointingly small. Such as it is, we find at once that he is inflexible in maintaining his rights, but exceptionally courteous and good-humoured outside of them. Accordingly, a few minutes suffice to fix up the arrangement: he is to get a pound down and other refreshers from time to time, as well as the right to supply five workmen of his own, we to pay him ten piastres a day for each man whom he furnishes.

It was rather a shock to us, especially to my wife, to find that the Kadi had shown up so poorly. The gold was too great a temptation to him, and he could not give it up. He is the typical Kadi of the Arabian Nights, who judges every case according to the price paid by one or both of the parties. It is rare that one of these villagers can trust another. There is no credit; cash down is the universal rule, for no one would believe that the other party would keep the bargain. Yet these same villagers will almost always behave honestly in many matters. Most of them will

discharge any message and carry any sum of money for a European faithfully to its destination. They will prove thoroughly trustworthy servants in many ways. But the more educated they are, the less trustworthy they become; and the Kadi is after the Turkish fashion an educated man, learned in the Sacred Law.

It is probable that poverty, due to his bad investment in the new mosque, has caused a deterioration in his character. He is certainly hard pressed financially. While he had property in land, he had very little ready money. Hence the payment in cash which would be necessary for the mosque has crippled him, and the downfall of the old Sultan has destroyed all hope of reward in this world for the pious act.

Saturday, May 15.—The intervals between watching the digging were occupied in trudging through the village, copying inscriptions and drawing ornaments on gravestones. One little boy showed himself very quick in discovering faint letters on stones which we had passed by as uninscribed; and, becoming a wealthy boy in consequence, stimulated others by his example. In one house the owner was with difficulty induced by a dollar to open the door to us. Far back in the remote recesses of a dark stable we found a stone with letters. His wife placed herself in front of it, and demanded double pay. This we were fully prepared to give, but we teased her a little by pretending to bargain, while a man went to bring water to wash the stone and a candle to illuminate it. She made no pretence to veil her face; she had

very fine features, a strong handsome person, and a bold almost impudent look, and she faced us all, half a dozen strange men and one infidel woman, without the slightest sign of shame. As soon as the water and the candle came I gave her the rest of the price she demanded, but she would not yield until the Corporal took the first dollar from her husband's hand, and gave it to her. With my coin this made the sum for which she was holding out, and then she stood back, and let us study the stone.

A man informed us that he had built his house over an ancient building, and that there were two upright stones about three feet deep, each of which had one side covered with writing; it was, however, impossible to get at them, as they were right under the wall, and two houses would be disturbed and perhaps be shaken and fall if we tried to disclose the inscriptions. We have been occupied at intervals all through the day attempting to bargain with him, offering to bring architects from Konia to repair any damage caused to the house, to restore everything in proper order, and to give him a handsome present. He was persuaded for a time to yield; but finally in the evening he came to say that the women would not permit the work, as they could not endure to have their household privacy violated by the workmen. To-day we could only make promises; but two days hence, when our messenger, whom we have sent to Konia to bring letters, money and stores, comes back, we shall have gold coins to display to him, and I hope his resolution will yield to the seduc-

tive influence of seeing and touching the gold. There is nothing that the Turks so love as gold. At present we have only silver, which I have been distributing lavishly, paying every person who points out a stone with letters or carving on it. Every house seems to contain one or more, besides dozens of fine blocks, which either have no ornament, or have the worked side towards the inner part of the wall.

A negro woman, born (as she says) twenty days' journey beyond the Hedjaz (Arabia), who was brought to this place as a little child, evidently through the slave-trade, came on behalf of the Kadi's ladies to invite our ladies to an entertainment this afternoon. My wife's description of the scene is as follows:—

"The Cadi's house was only a stone's-throw from the camp, a big two-storied building, outwardly in extremely bad repair. The entertainment to which we were invited was given by his second daughter, Fatma, who is married, but lives with her husband in her own apartment under her father's roof. Margaret and I were seated on the divan at the end of the room, opposite the door, which was open; and we could see out across the landing to another room, the door of which was also wide open, and in which our hostess that was to be was attiring herself in her festive garments, doing up her hair and painting her face. The notion of privacy was evidently far from her, as, during these interesting occupations, she remained nearly all the time in a conspicuous position in front of the open door, through which she could keep an eye on what was going on among the rest of us.

"By the time we had finished our coffee she was ready, and sent to summon us to her private abode. This appeared to consist of a single large room. Along the end and down one side ran a broad, low divan. At the end were two windows, and behind the divan at the side deep cupboards, let into the wall, were bulging with piles of mattresses and quilts, half concealed and half revealed by curtains of bright print. The floor and the divan were thickly covered with carpets, and the latter was provided also with the usual stiff pillows in brilliant covers. Besides the two windows at the end of the room there were three on the side opposite the cupboards, and between them the spaces (and every other available space on the walls) were hung with carpets and embroideries, crude in colour and not fine in texture. About two feet from the roof a narrow shelf ran round the room, displaying a variety of plates and cups and candlesticks. Our hostess did not by words draw our attention to her treasures; but her flashing glances from them to us and us to them needed no speech to translate their meaning, and we poured forth exclamations of unstinted admiration. While we were thus engaged the room had been gradually filling, until some twenty women, two accompanied by babies, were seated—most of them on the floor—gazing at the strangers in round-eyed wonder.

"Nearly all of these women were more or less ragged and conspicuously unwashed, and one and all were barefooted. Even those who had come in shoes were stockingless, and their shoes, according to

New Well near Lystra : arranging the apparatus for drawing water.

XXVI.

A road in the country of Lystra : one man for the horses : two at the wheels : three passengers behind.

See p. 288.

custom, had been left at the door. They were no doubt too poor to possess any clothes but those they actually wore. One and all were received with the greatest cordiality and politeness. So far as clothes are concerned, there is no 'respect of persons' in Turkey. The Cadi's ladies, however, were extremely well dressed, according to Turkish village notions, and all except the mother-in-law wore shoes and stockings. The dress of our youthful hostess, which was in the form of voluminous trousers reaching to the ankles, and a very small, close-fitting bodice, was of one material—a cotton print, black with a spotted pattern in glaring green, red and yellow. Upon her head was a tiny wreath of artificial flowers, a string of gold (?) coins and a scrap of pink gauze; and on her feet a pair of thick white woollen socks. The 'make-up' of her face was striking if not artistic. Her eyebrows were concealed by two broad bands of black paint, arched in shape and meeting above her nose. She had really beautiful, though rather wild, grey eyes, with long black lashes; but she had given them an almost ferocious expression by drawing round each a narrow black circle. On either cheek was a patch of pink powder and her lips appeared to be dropping gore. Her finger-tips and palms were stained a reddish brown with henna.

"The entertainment was to take the form of a dance. The Arab woman was to provide the music; but when they told her to fetch her tambourine, she apparently took the pet for some reason or other, and declared she had a headache and could not play; and

she sat down on the floor with her face to the wall, while her little daughter clung to her and howled. The other babies also began to cry, and the women all talked and laughed at once, some of them chaffing the Arab, saying she was going to die and calling ironically to the others to make haste and prepare the hot water to wash her body and order her grave to be dug. Half-laughing, half-angry, she turned and slapped those within reach of her long arms, and finally allowed herself to be coaxed into a good temper and took her place on the divan, tambourine in hand.

"The preparations were not yet complete, however. Fatma produced from one of the cupboards a bundle of muslin veils and kerchiefs which the others hastened to pin in front of the windows, these being without the usual screen of lattice. Where the muslins were not long enough to cover the whole window cushions from the divans were used to fill up the extra space. This was all done as a precaution against the possible curiosity of any stray member of the forbidden sex, who, attracted by the sounds of music and dancing, might be tempted to peep in. It is difficult to see how any one could have done so without the aid of a ladder, and I don't believe the village of Dorla possessed a single specimen of that harmless, necessary article. Some more time was spent in inducing the dancers to begin. They all appeared to be suddenly overwhelmed with bashfulness, and had to be dragged to their feet and thrust into their places by their companions. At last six of them stood ready and the

Arab began to play. Her tambourine was a large one, and instead of holding it with one hand and beating it with the other, which is, I think, the usual way, she balanced it on its edge on the palms of her two hands, held close together, and beat it with the fingers of both hands. To do this must have required strong wrists and fingers both long and strong. I noticed several of the other women afterwards trying in vain to do it. To the beating of the tambourine she chanted a strange, weird song, keeping perfect and very distinctly marked time. What the language was I do not know, only it was not Turkish. The women danced in couples, so that apparently the dance would have been as complete with one couple as with six or with twenty. Each dancer was provided with two pairs of wooden spoons, a pair in each hand, the handles being held between the fingers, so that the spoons could be clicked together like castanets. To do this with adequate precision and force must, like the playing of the tambourine, require some skill and practice. Those women did it so well and kept such excellent time with the music that it greatly enhanced the effect of the dance. The arms were raised all the time, the hands being sometimes on a level with the head, sometimes flung out to one side or the other, sometimes stretched wide apart. The time was slow rather than fast. The step was short, rather staccato, and never varied. The whole dance gave one the impression of a constant assault and repulse, first on the part of one and then on that of the other. Sometimes one would turn on one spot

while the other appeared to be trying to get behind her. The next moment their position seemed to be reversed. Now they would advance towards one another till they were clicking the spoons in each other's face, and just before they touched would wheel away with a graceful motion and pass round each other, back to back, reminding one of the figures of a Scotch reel. It was an entirely different dance from those of professional dancing women whom I have seen in other parts of Asia Minor, and reminded me rather of the dances I have seen among the Greeks of the country. During the dancing the spectators laughed and talked and criticised and applauded freely; and one of the babies, abandoned by its mother while she tripped on the light fantastic toe, added its howls to the general din, refusing to be comforted, although nearly every one in turn tried to silence it with hugs or kisses or lumps of Turkish Delight. No wonder they had been afraid that some stray man might be attracted by the noise! Fatma did not take part in the dance, but her younger sister, Zobeyide, did so, and was quite justly acclaimed the best dancer. We had not seen her for three or four years, and she had meantime grown from a small, sunburnt child into a tall, slim maiden of sixteen, with an extraordinarily white skin, which contrasted strongly with the dark faces of the others. Formerly she used to trot about among us with her father or the Arab woman who was her nurse; but now she only comes to pay a formal call with a veil on her head, when our men folks are safely out of the way.

Having bestowed a backsheesh upon the musician—which is the right and proper thing to do—and promised to send the pattern of Margaret's blouse to Zobeyide, we made our adieux and returned to the camp."

It would be monotonous to give in full the diary of our stay at Dorla. One day was like another. Some of us watched the digging, others made excursions to inspect neighbouring villages, all of which contain ancient stones, interesting or valueless as the case may be. There is a fine milestone of the Emperor Domitian standing probably in its original position, where the road from Iconium to Old Isaura crosses the Tcharshamba River; the bridge and the approaches are modern, but I expect that the milestone has stood here through the interval of more than 1,800 years, since it was first erected and engraved.

At a village called Appa, half a kilometre from the milestone, and about three hours' distant from Dorla, we found an extremely ornate example of the Isaurian tombstones, which for the present are the chief object of our pursuit. It is not merely the most elaborately ornamented, but also the best preserved of the whole. Margaret, whose work is to study this class of monuments, has plenty to do.

Several of the places where we found ancient monuments were in nooks among the mountains now uninhabited, where there was water and some fertile soil. One of these was called Lamdar; it was about three hours distant from Dorla, though not far away if one walked straight across the mountains. There

was here a ruined church, probably of very early period, and a considerable number of tombstones, also other shapeless and unintelligible traces of human habitation on quite a large scale. At some future time, when the glen of Lamdar is cultivated and populous, a good deal will be found; but at present it is a wilderness of thick scrub, of which the ground would have to be cleared before any proper examination of the site could be made, and the clearance would be a tedious and expensive process.

Negotiations with the householder of Dorla dragged on, and at length failed. The people proved more and more difficult to deal with, suspicious of our intentions, and anxious to keep us out of the village. The man himself declared that he had merely been lieing to try and get money from us. It was quite extraordinary to observe how frankly and unblushingly he professed to be a liar. Yet from some of the details which he mentioned, and which he could not have invented, there was no doubt in our minds that his first story was a rough statement of the truth. People from the village came privately to assure us that the householder with whom we were negotiating was a liar, whose word could not be trusted, and that he had merely wanted to delude us into paying for liberty to dig beside his house. I asked why in that case he was now so unwilling to take the money when we offered it, and there was no reasonable reply: he had changed his mind; his women would not permit it; and so on.

At the time I thought that the people either were

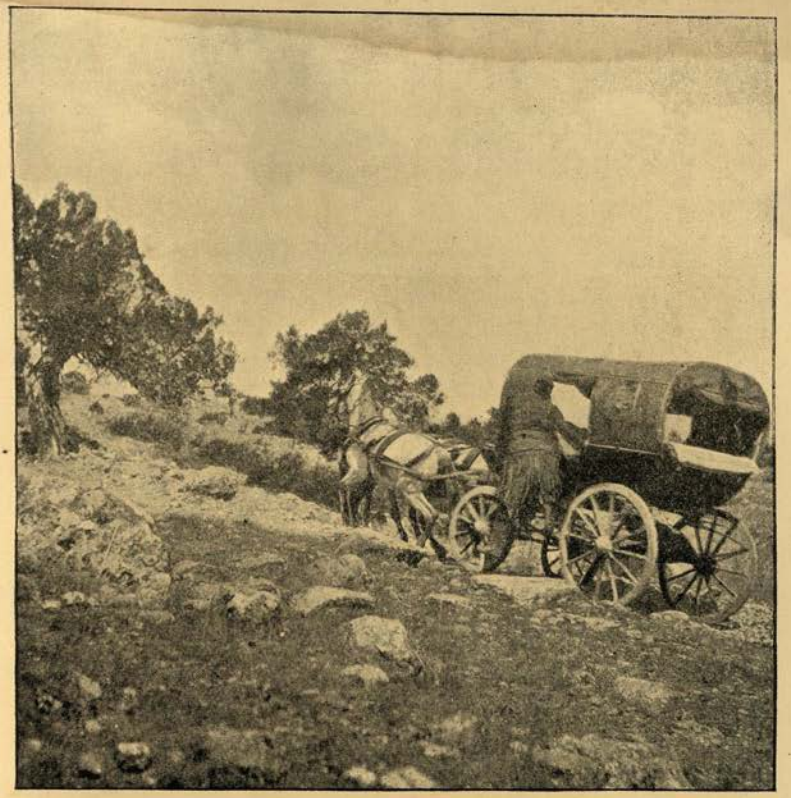
holding out for a higher price, or intended to dig the place themselves in hope of finding something more valuable; but later events showed it to be probable that they were simply afraid of Christians hanging about the place. The vague dread of reprisals, of Armenian invasion, of Christians taking possession of the country and ejecting the Moslems, lurked in their minds, and could not be removed, but only grew worse as time passed. We had unfortunately too many Christian servants, as two of the waggoners were Greeks, though we had hired the waggons from Turkish owners. On one occasion when my wife and daughter were visiting the family of the headman of a village, the woman asked if it was true that the country was to be handed over to the son of the King of England.

It was impossible to judge how far this dread was a result of the Reaction against the Young Turks and the new state of things and the new principles of government, and how far it was due to another cause, which must be mentioned. My wife first called our attention to the large number of freshly made graves in the villages; and on one occasion our men showed great reluctance to enter a village four miles north of Dorla, saying that it was infected with cholera. We gradually found that the country had recently been much troubled by disease in the form especially of typhoid fever, and that many deaths had taken place. In two villages we found people in the convalescent stage of smallpox, and suspected the disease in several other places.

There have been two very bad harvests, in 1907 and 1908; and in 1907, as the result of a very long and severe winter, when the snow lay deep on the ground until late in the spring, disease attacked the flocks, and 50 per cent. of them died.[1] The result was to produce great poverty; and apparently there ensued a weakening of the constitution of the people, who fell a prey to disease. Turkish villages in Anatolia are most insanitary; they stand each on a vast midden, and apparently the evil has come to a head recently. That the water is impure and dangerous generally throughout the central plateau, I have known by experience since 1882, and we never drink it except in the form of tea; but this year even the natives, though accustomed to the stuff, have ceased to be immune and have begun to suffer from it. In a time of disease they seem to be more suspicious of strangers; and perhaps a vague apprehension existed in the villages that some of our company might be cherishing nefarious designs of one kind or another against them.

How much influence should be assigned to one cause and how much to the other I cannot pretend to judge, but probably both operated, and each

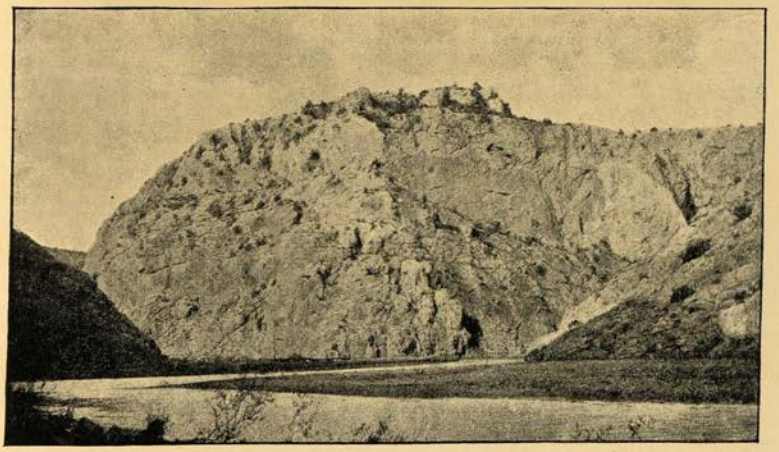
[1] The statement may seem exaggerated, but it was given by good authorities as an average. In some of the districts in which we travelled in 1908 it was said that 70 per cent. of the flocks had died. How far there may have been exaggeration I cannot say. On the one hand it was quite patent to our observation that the flocks were very much diminished; that was a striking fact. On the other hand we saw very few dead sheep or goats.



Road in the country of Lystra: a man stands on the step to prevent the waggon from overturning.

See p. 288.

XXVIII.



Tcharshamba River (left of the great rock) entering the Cañon (hole in the rocks on right).

See p. 293.

helped the other. It is certainly a piece of hard luck for the Young Turks that the Reform movement in 1908 should have coincided with such a serious scarcity and calamity in the country; and it now looks as if the long-continued drought is going to ruin the harvest of 1909, and cause a third year of poverty and dearth in succession to those of 1907 and 1908.

Finally we decided to leave Dorla at the end of a fortnight. So far as the study of Isaurian art was concerned the time was very profitable. Margaret got a large number of the peculiar class of ornate gravestones which are characteristic of this one district, and they contain many new motives and new kinds of ornamental details. The artistic execution of these stones is of the poorest kind. They are the work of village artisans, rude and untrained; but they are on that account all the more typical of the local Isaurian taste. They show what was desired and purchased by people who had no foreign education and no foreign customs. They are really native to the country and the people; and they give pictures of the objects which the makers saw before their eyes in ordinary life and in the churches.

From the point of view of epigraphic discovery, however, which is the interest of the Hulme Scholar, we have had the worst luck. There has as yet been found only one short inscription of real interest. It is of a kind almost unexampled. On the second last day of our stay a woman brought a flat stone, in its natural condition, shaped like a flat sort of plate, roughly rounded, about eighteen inches in diameter

and two to four inches thick. It was, perhaps, water-worn, with smooth upper surface, on which was written :—

They who were feasting at
the marriage of Goullos
dedicated Victory to him.

Here we have the original monument engraved by a group of merrymakers at a village festival; it sets before us a scene of rustic revelry and gaiety; it shows us the first simple stage of rural literary effort, out of which developed, in various directions, the poetry of Theocritus, the Eclogues of Virgil and the rough Fescennine verses of Italy. We bought the stone and deposited it in the Provincial Museum at Konia. The Hulme Scholar will, I hope, publish the text very soon with a commentary. It is probably of a late date, the survival of an old custom.

Six miles from Dorla we made a second small dig near another village, called Alkaran, at a deep-buried building of good masonry, probably Roman. The village and the fields around this building have produced many interesting gravestones, all Christian; and I had cherished the hope that this building, comparatively early in character and surrounded by Christian gravestones, might prove to be a pagan building transformed into a church; but it had been so completely destroyed that its character could not be determined without an extensive excavation at a depth of about eight to ten feet. The cost of lifting and removing such a mass of soil was prohibitive;

and, moreover, the prospects of archæological reward were not sufficiently good. The part of the building which we uncovered was the original flooring, and apparently everything above that level had been carried away to serve as building material in the surrounding villages. .

In Alkaran disease had played havoc recently; our men were unwilling to live near it, and it was unfair to ask them to do so.

We therefore planned to make a progress westwards along the line of the German irrigation channel, which may be taken as marking the limit between Isauria on the south and the Pisidian or Lycaonian hill country on the north. But on the day when we were starting rain began to fall gently, and the gathering clouds looked as if the drought were going to end in a great storm. As it was necessary that we should soon return to Konia for supplies and various other purposes, it seemed best to go there during the storm, and start afresh as soon as the paths were dry again. In this country, where no properly built roads exist, travelling by waggon is very slow and difficult during rain, and becomes almost impossible if heavy rain lasts for two or three days. We went to Konia in one day by a different road from any that I had ever traversed, and found several ancient ornate tombstones by the way. It is very difficult to exhaust the archæological wealth of even such a poor region as the Konia plain. I have been traversing it in every direction for nine successive years, and now, during a rapid run, we picked up several interesting things.

I should not omit to mention that on the first day of our arrival at Dorla, observing how reactionary the Kadi was, I tried to be diplomatic, and refrained from hurting his feelings by speaking of the new régime, only comforting him by emphasising the fact that the new Sultan was the brother of the former one. He seemed to derive small pleasure from this. My wife scorned to conceal her feelings, and expressed very frankly her views on the recent crisis and her admiration of the Young Turks. As it turned out, the latter way was much the most effective in dealing with the Kadi, who is really a pathetic old figure, weakened by disappointment and the poverty that threatens him, though in the first excitement of our coming he still showed some of his former dignified courtesy. He has showed the deepest respect for her, and was always seeking with furtive glance to get some sign of kindness or approval from her. One day I taxed him with his conduct in keeping to himself the pound with which he had promised to propitiate the householder beside our diggings; I did not intend to reclaim the money, but simply wished to see what attitude he would take; he looked towards her with a sort of sheepish smile; and then, observing her disapproval, turned away with a deeply humiliated look.

We spent two days in Konia, where it was necessary to make some arrangements with the Minister of Public Instruction about facilities for sending to the museum some interesting monuments. In conversation I chanced to mention the unhealthy condition of Alkaran. Next forenoon he called at the hotel, bring-

ing with him another official whom he introduced as the Sanitary Inspector of the Province. This official produced a number of documents, partly in print, partly in writing; he showed that the condition of Alkaran had been reported to him, with the number of deaths that had occurred and the causes (which were in almost every case typhoid fever), and stated that the outbreak of disease had been receiving his particular attention. As the papers were, of course, all in Turkish, which I cannot read but only know by ear, I contented myself with a very cursory glance at them, and took all that he said on credit. Both officials were very desirous of proving that the administration of the Konia Province was conducted in the most up-to-date style, so I congratulated them on their care and vigilance, and said that I would be sure to publish this evidence of their watchfulness.

The Minister of Instruction also carried me off with him to pay a visit to the University, of whose existence I had not previously been aware. It is a law school. He introduced me to four of the professors, who were all very polite, and in general progressive and enlightened in their views, and eager to show that they would gladly have a school of historical study as well as of pure law. One spoke only Turkish; the others knew also some French.

The following day we started for the mountain region towards the south-west, as the rain proved very slight and the dry weather had set in once more, to the great sorrow of the whole country. One of

our gendarmes could not go with us; he had sent out his horse to grass, not expecting to start so early. The big Albanian officer sent for another, who appeared after half an hour. He was the smallest, oldest and feeblest of all gendarmes that I have ever seen, and we expected every day that he would collapse from fatigue and old age, but he kept us company through four weeks of constant travel. He found it difficult to keep up with us, and on the march was frequently some miles behind. Once we lost him entirely for four or five days, but he always plodded on slowly in the rear, and caught us up when we halted long enough. These gendarmes usually carry some little baggage with them, an overcoat strapped behind them and a pair of saddle-bags;[1] but old Omar, frailest of them all, who looked as if a breeze would sweep him away like a leaf, had absolutely nothing except his clothes, his gun, his horse and his saddle. He had not even any ammunition, but a gendarme's gun is intended more for ornament than use. Omar was a purely comic figure, except in so far as he was pathetic. He never did anything nor made himself of the slightest use to any one, but rode patiently on in the rearguard, except on one

[1] So long as there is no rain, one can get on very well with such light equipment. I have often travelled, in one case for nine days continuously, with nothing more than a waterproof and what could be put into my saddle-bags or carried on my person; and all my companions were in the same condition. When it rains, or when there is only bare rock to lie on, the situation is unsatisfactory.

occasion when he actually bestirred himself to pluck a fowl for our nightly meal of rice-soup. The Hulme Scholar snapped him in the act, and the result appears in Plate XXIV., p. 264.

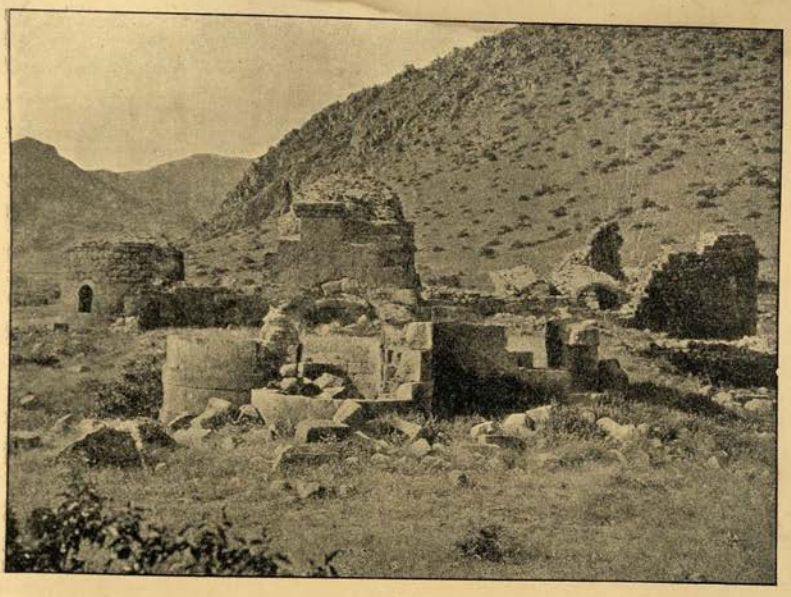
Keeping Lystra on our right hand, we entered the hills, and visited a village which I had never seen before. There were some stones of the early Byzantine time, of which my daughter had to make drawings. A sickly miasma seemed to pervade the place; and we gradually became aware that there were in it a good many persons ill of the small-pox or barely recovered and showing scabs dotted over their faces and hands, a sickening sight and a sickening odour. The Turks seem rarely to lie down except to sleep or to die; one finds people in the last stage of consumption tottering about feebly, trying to perform the ordinary light routine of life.

In this village, only four hours south of Konia, we first became aware of a curious incident, which was the chief topic of conversation wherever we went for the next week. My wife had already heard the women in some villages express their fear of an Armenian invasion. Here everybody was in terror. Two men had passed through the village that morning, and had announced that a large army of Armenians had invaded the district now called Boz Kir (the northern part of the Isaurian country), and were sacking the villages successively. In this village the people were preparing to take refuge in recesses of the hills. We comforted them by the assurance that there was no danger; but, considering the hideously

insanitary condition of the village, I doubt if we did them true service. It would have been much better for them to desert the village for a time, take to the hills, and leave the sun and wind to purify the atmosphere round the houses.

Making a circuit round Lystra at the distance of two to three hours, we turned gradually from south to west, and made our way slowly across the mountains towards the country of the two great lakes. The waggoners were very unwilling to go this way; but, as the German Inspector of the Irrigation Works had assured us that there was a road practicable for waggons, we insisted, and were rewarded by having to walk a considerable part of the way. Towards the end, we took great part of two days to traverse a distance which was variously estimated by the villagers as six or seven hours. We found no road, but only tracks. Wherever the rocks were particularly bad, the tracks ceased; we had to push the waggons one by one up steep slopes, harnessing two pairs of horses to each in succession and ourselves pushing behind. We wandered through groves of scrub, where the track often suddenly ended at the edge of a precipitous ravine, and we had to hark back and try a different way.

At last, however, we came in sight of the southern lake, the ancient Trogitis, now called Soghla Geul, far below us in a level fertile valley, backed by lofty mountains on the south, and by lower mountains on the west and (where we were) on the east, but having on the north undulating country to divide it from the



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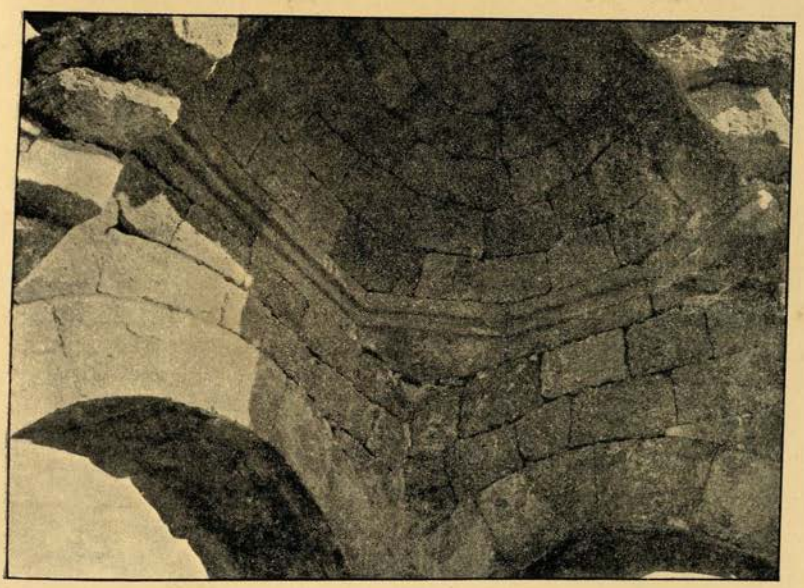


Two of the Thousand and One Churches, No. 6 and No. 9 : with interior of dome of No. 9.

See p. 305.

northern lake, Karalis, now called Bey-Sheher Geul. By a long steep descent along a well-planned road we came down to the plain and the lake, close to the village of Kara Viran, which is the second station of the irrigation works. The first station is at Bey-Sheher, at the south-eastern end of the northern lake, which is the largest in Asia Minor.[1] Here a river, called simply the Irmak (river) by the Turks, flows out of the lake, and carries its surplus water into lake Trogitis. In ancient times the water of Trogitis flowed through a great cañon to join the Tcharshamba River. The new irrigation channel must take the same way through the mountains; and one of our objects was to see the relation of the ancient to the modern course. Strabo, p. 569, describes this valley from hearsay.

The German project is to eliminate the lower lake entirely, or nearly so. The Irmak is to be used for some miles after it leaves the upper lake; but before the water enters the lower lake it is to be barred by a great dam, diverted into an artificial channel and carried past Kara Viran and through the mountains into Tcharshamba River. Then the lower lake is to be drained, and the whole of this wonderfully fertile valley will be available for agriculture. The scheme is bold and magnificent; but even if it is successfully carried through the preliminary stage, the works will

[1] The great Salt Lake (Tatta of the ancients) covers at high water probably a larger area, but it is very shallow, varies much in extent, and contains a much smaller body of water than Karalis, which is fresh.

always require to be carefully watched and maintained in good order. The German Railway Company is merely the contractor, and binds itself to deliver the finished works to the Turkish Government, taking no further responsibility. Assuming that the delivery takes place all right after four years, which is the calculated date for completion, will the Turkish officials show that care which is necessary to keep in good order 200 kilometres of channel and all the numerous constructions for regulating the flow and the distribution of the water? In all past history the Turks have lacked the talent to watch over and maintain the complicated machinery of civilisation. One of the many difficulties which await the Young Turks is to create a body of officials fit to manage the apparatus of such enterprises as this irrigation work. There is to be a barrage at Bey-Sheher, to regulate the outflow of the water from the lake into the Irmak; a second barrage where the water is taken off from the Irmak, and elaborate distributing works at Tchumra in the plain of Konia; these will require constant attention. Then the flow of the Irmak, of the long artificial canal and of the Tcharshamba River, will all need supervision. The last is liable to inundations, which will cause some difficulty; but the Irmak and the canal will have an equable flow. Many other problems of maintenance will present themselves, which need not be mentioned in detail; those which have been described are sufficient to show that a big task awaits the Government when it takes over the irrigation work from the contractors.

The elimination of the Soghla Geul may prove a difficult task, even after the lower barrage is completed and the water of the Irmak has ceased to flow into the lake. I cannot believe that a lake of such size is produced only by the Irmak. There must be great springs under its bosom. The upper lake, which is much larger, is made by such springs; no river flows into it, but merely short water-courses, carrying water only after rain, and dry throughout the rest of the year. The lower lake will be much diminished by the diversion of the Irmak; but the fountains which (as is probable) also maintain it will still have to be reckoned with. The lake literally rests against the mountain wall of Taurus, and there are holes beneath the mountains through which the water runs off. The level of the lake varies greatly from year to year; and the explanation has been that it rises when the underground passages become blocked, and sinks when they are open. Such passages through the mountains that rim the plateau are well known in many parts of the country, and are called Duden by the Turks; the ancient Greeks called them Katabothra. In some places they are visible from points high above the water, when the light falls favourably on the surface. So we have seen them, for example, at the lake of the famous Flute-Fountain, Aulokrene, the ultimate source of the Marsyas and the Mæander.

The fountains in the Soghla Geul may be transformed by the German engineers into streams flowing to the Dudens, lending variety and beauty to a

great fertile plain embosomed among the Taurus and the Pisidian mountains. Many valleys among the mountains of Asia Minor, Greece and Italy were in ancient time won for agriculture by draining the lakes that originally lay within them, *e.g.*, the vale of Reate in Italy and of Stymphalos in Arcadia; but the draining of the valley of Kara Viran will be a work on a vastly greater scale, which I hope that I may live to see carried to a successful issue.

Passing over the archæological work of the next few days, I shall mention only what we saw of the German works and the Armenian panic.

A few miles south of Kara Viran the lake stretches out a long arm towards the east. As we advanced along its northern edge this arm narrowed, until at last it became a mere stagnant canal crossed by a Turkish stone bridge. The story is current among the natives that this bridge stands on the top of another older bridge, now concealed under the soil and the mud. Below this the arm of the lake is little more than a marsh full of large greenish-brown frogs, but the marsh extends several miles farther to the east, with the mountains gradually closing in on both sides, until they meet and apparently bar the way. But through them nature has cleft a narrow cañon, 100 yards in breadth, with sides mostly quite perpendicular and about 300 to 500 feet high. Sometimes a narrow track zig-zags up one side or the other, leading to a village in the mountains.

Along this cañon the water of the lake once flowed into the Tcharshamba River and the Konia plain.

Now the soil has choked the old channel, but it will be a simple though tedious work to excavate the channel afresh and conduct the water of the Irmak past Kara Viran down the cañon (called by the Turks the Boghaz). That is the problem which lies before the German engineers in this part of their task; and they had 700 men, with a machine whose working power was equivalent to that of 1,000 men, engaged in digging the new channel. When the channel was open in the Roman and Byzantine time it was certainly necessary to keep it clear by artificial means, for natural forces are steadily disintegrating the rocks, pouring down fresh soil into the narrow cañon, and filling up the water-channel with soft loose earth.

About sixteen or seventeen kilometres down the cañon we reached a point where the Tcharshamba River pours into it through a similar cañon that came down from the south. The view here is very grand (Plate XXVIII.): the cold water of the stream sounded and felt very refreshing after the long drive through the narrow gorge. We camped beside the river. The rock walls, which were heated by the burning sun of the day, radiated their heat into the gorge through the night; and the hour before sunrise (which is usually a very cold time on the plateau, outside of a city) was as hot as any other part of the twenty-four hours.

About half-way between the entrance of the Boghaz and the Tcharshamba River we came to the third German station on the irrigation works, and crowds of men with the great machine were at work here

along a stretch of a mile or two. I have spoken of the engineers always as the Germans, because the enterprise is undertaken by the Anatolian Railway Company, which is practically German. But, as regards nationality, there was hardly a German in the whole lot that we saw. No one can accuse the Railway Company of introducing a German population into Turkey. We heard of a patriotic German who came out to see the great national institution, and returned home filled with indignation because along the German Railway he found almost every nationality represented in greater numbers than the German. So far as this point of view is concerned the company is fully justified in its plea that it has never sought to introduce German settlers into Turkey. On the irrigation works we saw among the overseers and educated officials Swiss (who often approximate closely to Germans), Italians, Levantine or Constantinopolitan Christians (one at least being Armenian), but extremely few Germans. About three or four years ago, before the irrigation works were begun, the German Ambassador visited Konia. Among other matters of business he had in mind the foundation of a German school in Konia, which should keep the German children in the right path and at the same time attract others to walk in the same path. Doubtless, he knew what a powerful effect has been produced in Turkey by the American schools, and what influence is exerted even by the few Catholic schools. Those schools, however, are maintained by missionaries, and have therefore a solid basis to rest upon.

In order to be successful, a school started by ambassadorial initiative must be based on the needs of German children, and not merely on the unstable foundation of political purpose. There were in Konia, so important as the terminus of the Anatolian Railway and the beginning of the Bagdad Railway, only two German families, one consisting of a single child less than a year old, the other only slightly larger. I should like to see more Germans in Konia.

By the way, it illustrates the situation under the old régime that Konia was specially decorated in honour of the Ambassador's arrival; and the decoration consisted in whitewashing the mud-brick walls that lined the way from the station into the city.[1] A fortnight after his visit, when we went to Konia, some scanty traces of the whitewash still remaining on the walls attracted our attention, and on inquiry we learned what was the reason for the unwonted show.

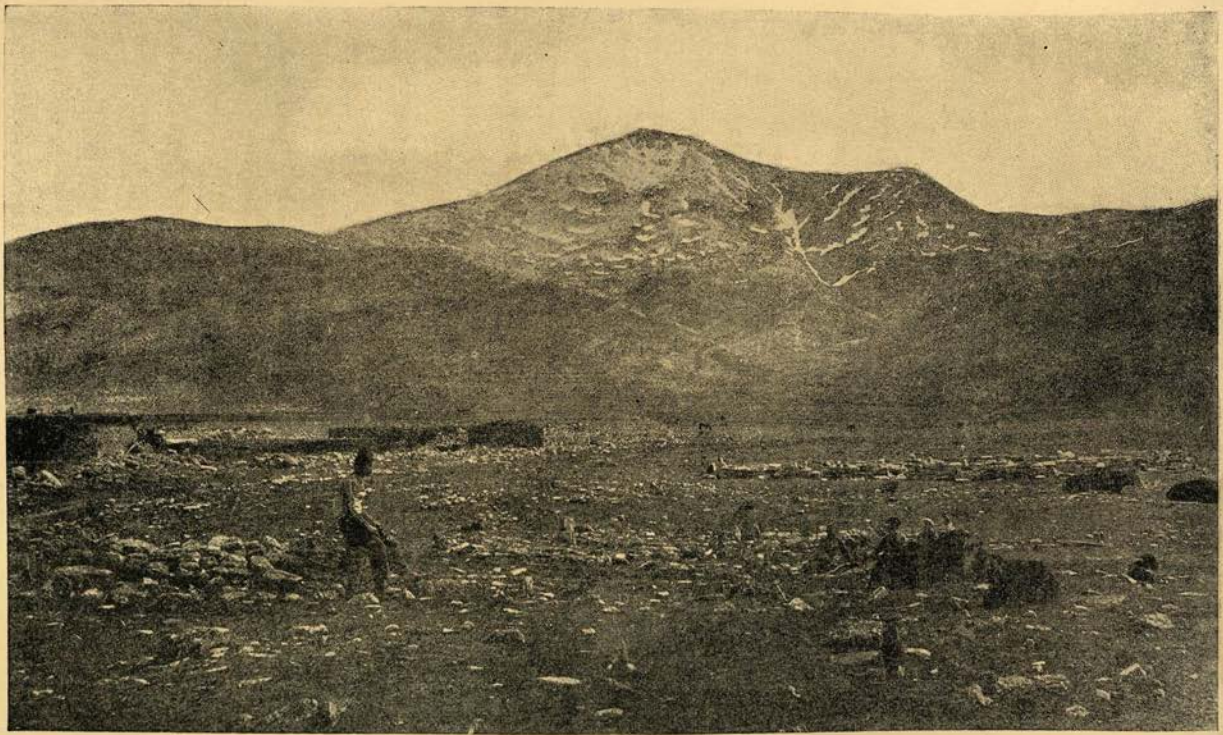
At Kara Viran, and then at the station in the Boghaz, and finally in Konia, we heard further details about the reported Armenian invasion of the Boz-Kir region, which lies on the south side of the gorge. Accounts varied a good deal; but the truth, as far as we could find, seemed to be that a quarrel arose between some gipsies (who are found in small numbers all over Asia Minor) and the inhabitants of one of the Boz-Kir villages, and one Turk was injured or killed. Then an alarm was spread through the villages of the region; and, owing to the causes already stated, it took the form that 20,000 Armenians

[1] This road is now much improved; good houses are being built, and the mud walls occupy less space than they did formerly.

were coming to massacre the Moslems. The workmen in the Boghaz are Turks, chiefly from Boz-Kir; and, when the news was brought to them by messengers from their homes, they went off hastily in a body to defend their families, taking with them as weapons their spades and other implements of labour. The telegraph flashed the news to Konia, mounted gendarmes were hastily sent, gradually the panic was allayed and the workmen returned.

The lower part of the Boghaz, below the point where the Tcharshamba River enters it, is about twenty kilometres long; but the scenery grows more open and quiet as we descend, and at last the hills on both sides open out. The total length of the gorge is therefore about thirty-six kilometres. This natural phenomenon is so remarkable that we may confidently say that the ancients must have regarded it as a manifestation of the action and power of the gods, and we might hope to find in it or above it some evidence of this belief. Near the lower end there are a few small reliefs of the Roman period on the rocks of the northern side, but all are sepulchral and devoid of interest or artistic merit. At the upper end, in the rocky amphitheatre, out of which the Boghaz leads, there is a village, Balyklagho,[1] on the northern hills. In it are various sepulchral reliefs and inscriptions built into the walls of the houses, and along with them a religious inscription, which offers

[1] The name, which means "Fish-pond," is the same word as that which has become famous in British history under the misspelt form Balaclava in the Crimea.



The Pilgrim Father, Hadji Baba, Mountain Guardian of the Lycaonian Plain.

See p. 301.

many remarkable and interesting features. The inscribed stone supported a sun-dial, of which the gnomon was a statue of Hermes; the god cast the shadow which indicated the will of the supreme God and the hour of light.

Toues Makrei-
nos, who is also
called Abaskan-
tos, and Bata-
sis, son of Bretasis,
dedicated (a statue of)
Hermes the Greatest,
have established it
in accordance with a vow
along with a clock,
at their own expense,
to Zeus the Sun.

We notice here the association of Zeus and Hermes. Not far from Balyklagho is the city and Roman colony Lystra (whose territory probably extended as far south as the Boghaz, and may have included Balyklagho). At Lystra Barnabas and Paul were worshipped by the Lycaonian natives as Zeus and Hermes, who had come down in the form of men to show their beneficent power on earth. It was the same gods whose beneficent power was recognised in the wonderful gorge, which conducted the waters of the lake to fertilise the plain of Konia. The river as it flowed through the Konia plain was called by the Arabs in the ninth century after Christ, "the river of underground waters". People with names like Toues and Batasis certainly used "the speech of the natives".

The clock which was presented along with the statue of Hermes was, undoubtedly, a sun-dial, and its dedication to Zeus the Sun-god was appropriate.

This really noteworthy stone had been placed in position by the masons only on the previous day. If we had carried out our original plan of coming to this district direct from Dorla, we should have reached Balyklagho ten days earlier, and should have missed the most interesting document that we found on the whole journey (which proved exceptionally unproductive in respect of inscriptions; our gain was mainly in Isaurian and Roman art, not in epigraphy).

Every new house is consecrated in Turkey, among both Turks and Greeks, by a sacrifice, and the blood of the slain animal must pour over the building. As soon as this stone was put in place an animal was slain, and the blood allowed to trickle over the stone. As the people were poor, possibly it was only a humble fowl that was slain, and the blood had flowed in thin streams across the surface. Richer people would slay one or more sheep.

The day was broiling hot. The amphitheatre of hills on which Balyklagho is perched high up had been exposed from dawn to the glaring sun, till everything seemed red-hot. The walk up the steep hillside from the marsh where we had stopped to eat lunch was very tiring, at least to me; and when I had to look closely at this stone, scrutinising letter after letter with the blood obscuring some and leaving others free, nausea almost overpowered me. In an old house within a narrow court, surrounded by a high

hedge made of cut thorn branches, there was a quaint sepulchral relief built into the outer front wall. My daughter had to stand for a long time in the small court with her back against the hedge, making a drawing of the stone. Owing to the conditions it was not possible to take a photograph of the stone, which would have been far quicker. A sickly odour, as of some disease, filled the courtyard; and in our tired condition, almost overcome by the burning heat, we were (as I suppose) less able to resist the noxious influence. My wife went out of the place; but my daughter and I remained till she had finished her drawing.

From this moment onwards we both felt the effects very seriously; she especially was fit for little throughout the rest of the journey, though she would not consent to interrupt her work and return to Konia for rest and medical treatment; but it might have been wiser to do so. It was not till six weeks later that we found she had been suffering all the time from blood-poisoning, both septic and malarial; and the specialist in London whom she had to consult immediately after her return said that the septic poisoning had in his opinion come through the sense of smell, and that, if she had not possessed an exceptionally healthy constitution, she would have had a serious breakdown.

The intention had been to stop at Balyklagho. We were all (except perhaps the Hulme Scholar) pretty worn out after several long and fatiguing days; and in the morning, when we had started from our pre-

vious camp at a village called Ak-Kilisse (White Church), the baggage had been sent with orders to make everything ready for a night at Balyklagho. But it was evident that the mosquitoes would be very bad down in the marshy glen, and it was quite impossible to take the waggons up the steep hills, so we resolved to forego the contemplated rest, and drive on through the gorge, in hope of finding a good camping-ground somewhere in it.

As has been described already, the gorge proved to be even hotter, if possible, than Balyklagho; and these two days will always remain in my memory as among the most fatiguing and yet the most interesting of all our wanderings in Anatolia. Any one who is led by fortune to Konia ought to drive through this gorge to the lake of Kara Viran. If he goes by the gorge both ways the whole can be done in five days; and if he takes six, he can throw into the bargain also the sites of Derbe and Lystra.

The disease which has been rife in the country spread after our departure. The small-pox, whose effects we had observed in several villages, swept across the country westward as far as Smyrna and the sea. Fortunately, most of the people have been vaccinated at some period of their life, and the disease did not become a devastating plague. Typhoid also spread, and the Hulme Scholar had a bad attack, which interrupted his work and expelled him from the country.

After leaving the gorge and the hill-country around it, where almost every village contains monuments

of the quaint Isaurian art (as in Plate XVIII.), we crossed the plain of Konia and spent five days around and in the Kara Dagh ("Black Mountain"), an island of volcanic rock thrown up through the perfectly horizontal limestone strata of the Lycaonian plain. The mountain is about thirty miles in circumference, and in its highest peak reaches a height of about 7,000 feet above sea-level. The level plain around is more than 3,000 feet above the sea. This plain was in an earlier geological period a great lake (as one of the Directors of the German irrigation works informed me), and there are still a number of small lakes and marshes in it, the chief of which are on the north-western and the south-eastern sides of the Black Mountain. Into the plain there flowed in recent historical time a number of streams from the surrounding mountains (as the same Director informed me). These are all now dry; but in the Roman period they made the Konia plain extremely fertile and rich, for the soil is so good that only water is needed to transform it into a garden under the hands of even the rude native agriculturists.

A fact like this implies that the country is now much drier than it was formerly; and this is confirmed by a little detail mentioned in the diary of one of the soldiers who marched in the crusade led by the German Kaiser Frederick Barbarossa in A.D. 1175. After defeating the Seljuk Turks in a great battle, and occupying for a few days their capital, Konia, Barbarossa marched onwards towards the Holy Land, and on the second evening he camped at a place

called Forty Fountains. There is now only one fountain in the whole plain. On the third day he crossed the Tcharshamba River, so that the situation of the Forty Fountains[1] is approximately determined, as not very far from the modern villages Ali Bey Eyuk and Tchumra. There are here ponds of considerable size; it is probable that such a pond implies one or more springs, and that formerly those springs were utilised and the water conducted away from the sources for the supply of the country, whereas now they form dirty pools of stagnant useless water. One finds many ancient constructions for storing or carrying water in the Lycaonian plain. Most of these are now ruined more or less completely; one, the largest of all, is still perfect, but none hold or convey any water.

These examples prove two things: (1) that there was more water available in ancient times; (2) that far more use was made of the water by carefully constructed engineering works, which were sometimes on a large scale. In modern times such water as falls in the rainy season on a mountain like the Kara Dagh (and a great deal does fall as rain or as snow every winter and spring) runs rapidly off the bare, smooth slopes, stagnates in pools or marshes and evaporates under the sun's rays, never doing much service to the country and sometimes working serious harm.

[1] No stress can be laid on the exact number; "forty" merely implies a large number. In the usage of the present day there are four numbers used in a similar way to describe a moderate or a great multitude: 3, 7, 40, and 1,001.

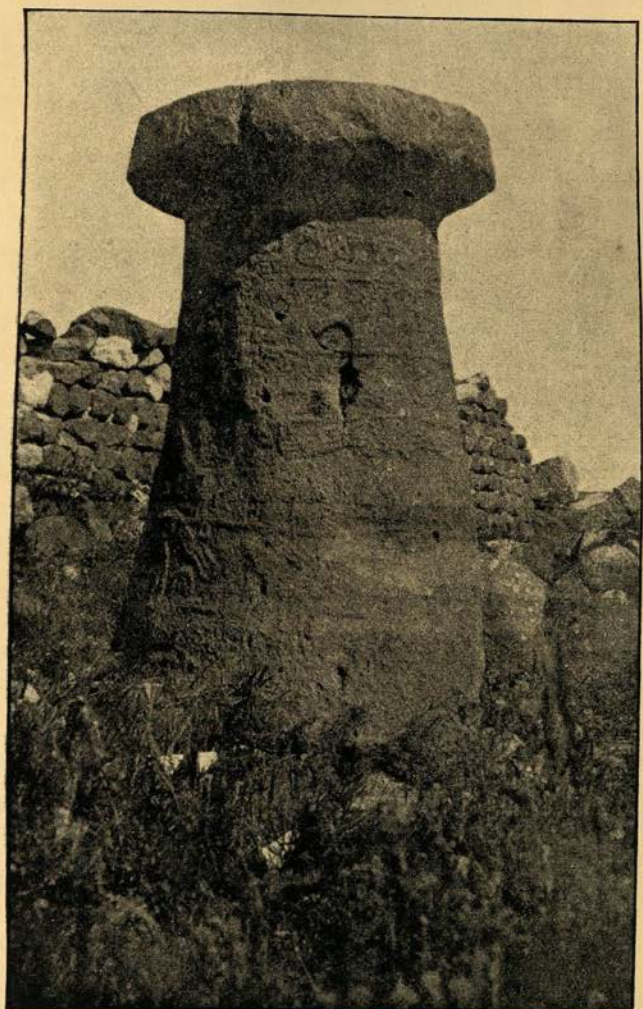
There is also clear evidence that the Black Mountain was formerly covered with orchards and vineyards; and these, by means of their roots, would hold the water and keep the ground moist. Still one finds in the Black Mountain a few fruit trees of very various kinds, apples, pears, plums, apricots, etc., as well as some wretched vineyards; but the trees are now wild, growing naturally and uncared for, and producing only a little fruit of a very poor kind.

The country with its rich soil is still there. The water in smaller quantity is there, but undistributed and useless. If it were distributed by irrigation, and used with wisdom, the available quantity would increase steadily after a few years, and the lost agricultural tradition would be recreated. Hence every one who is interested in the country must wish success to the German Irrigation Scheme, and hope that the conditions necessary for the prosperity of the enterprise will be fulfilled; and one cannot but feel, that, while there was a certain noble side in the resolution of the British Foreign Office and Embassy not to push the cause of British trade in Turkey during the long period when British influence was so great, and though certain advantages accrued from that policy (which have been stated already), yet the German policy, whereby the Embassy actively supports and guides German enterprise, has done far more practical benefit to Turkey as well as to Germany. Contrast the slow progress of the English railways in Turkey under English influence with the rapid progress of two of the same railways as soon as they

were transferred to German and French companies.[1] The English railways could only grow very slowly, as money could be raised in a hesitating market for one step after another; the Turkish guarantees were never enforced; and the return from the railway depended entirely on the gradual development of prosperity in the country that resulted from the working of the line, the improvement of communication, and the development of trading opportunities. I know several English merchants, staunchly patriotic to their own country, who, during the last years of the old régime, would have welcomed the advent of Germany to control and regulate the whole administration of Turkey in the same way that Great Britain manages Egypt. How far their hopes of a regeneration of Turkey from inside have been increased, and their attitude towards European intervention affected, by the rise of the Young Turks, I have not had the opportunity of learning. The fact is that the best interests of Germany and England and Turkey are identical, but only a few recognise this.

In and around the Black Mountain we had to do a week's work on details connected with a book, which

[1] The Anatolian Railway, originally English, was transferred to the Germans in 1889 mainly through the resolute support of Sir William White, a strong Ambassador, whose policy (approved by both political parties in this country) was to throw Germany across the line of Russian advance in Anatolia. The control of the Mersina, Tarsus and Adana Railway was acquired by Germans through purchase of shares in the market. The Smyrna and Cassaba Railway lapsed to the Government, and was given to a French group. Some large English enterprises began in 1909.



Hittite Altar from Emir Ghazi (now in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople). Photograph by Professor Callander.

See p. 312.

was in the Press, called *The Thousand and One Churches.*[1] Such is the Turkish name of a remarkable ancient site in a hollow on the north side of the mountain, containing about twenty-seven churches and numerous other remains of a Byzantine city. The site has been often visited, and is in many respects very picturesque and interesting. In 1907 Miss Gertrude Bell, with my wife and myself, made some excavations there to clear up the plan and settle the period of the churches, and of many others in various parts of the mountain; and we had the good fortune to discover also two "high-places" of the old Hittite religion, and a small Hittite fortified town.

From the Kara Dagh we went on to Emir Ghazi, which lies at the north-eastern end of the Karadja Dagh. It is about eighteen hours from our camp at the Thousand and One Churches; but, as we zig-zagged about in pursuit of prey, at the end of four long days we were still six hours distant from the village.

It illustrates the industrial poverty of the country that a horse, which cast a shoe in the Black Mountain, could not be reshod until we reached Konia again. During more than a fortnight's travelling, in the course of which we were always on the outlook for a blacksmith within reasonable distance, no opportunity occurred nearer than Konia (fifteen hours from the Kara Dagh); yet during that time we passed at different times through the Government town of Kara

[1] It is now published (Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton).

Bunar, where an official of the rank of a Kaimmakam (a grade corresponding in the army to a Colonel, and used in the Civil Service for the Governor of a large district, a subdivision of a Province) has his official residence, and also through the important station of Sultan Khan on what was one of the greatest routes of the country until the German Anatolian Railway changed the lines of commerce and communication. Not merely was there in those places, and in several large villages through or near which we passed, no blacksmith, there was not one even within a moderate distance of our road.

The disuse of pack-horses and the employment of waggons on the roads that feed the railway has destroyed the blacksmith's trade; and whereas twenty or thirty years ago even in small villages one could find two or three horses, and we never experienced any serious difficulty in getting a blacksmith at need, and used to grumble if we had to go two hours off our road for that purpose, now the case in the large area which we traversed is as I have described. Sometimes, when one wishes to hire two or three horses for a day, one finds that there are none. Even in a large city like Konia it is hard to hire horses; there are none but carriage and waggon horses, and hardly any one will hire out horses for riding.

As we passed through Kara Bunar, where Government officials were about, we observed that our Greek servant the Jinnji had discarded for the day his gorgeous Turkish dress and put on his shabby old garb, half-European, half-Greek. We were curious

about the reason, but could never discover it. He said that he had friends there who would be surprised to see him in Turkish dress, but he had had no scruple in going about through Konia (his permanent abode) in that dress. Nor could it be fear of the officials, for he had showed no fear of the officials in Konia, from whom he had suffered much on many occasions. It was one of those curious pieces of conduct which puzzle the traveller desirous of understanding the ways of the people and the reasons that actuate them. Four hours out of Kara Bunar the Jinnji gladdened our eyes again with his splendid attire. Possibly he owed money to some one in Kara Bunar, and wished to wear an appearance of poverty, but this is a guess with nothing to support it. I doubt if any one but myself has ever lent him money.

I pass over some quaint incidents of this part of the journey, and make no attempt to describe the remarkable volcanic phenomena of the region round Kara Bunar. Our first object was to trace the history of the Mithraic statuette, which we saw at Konia in a dealer's hands, and which was said to have been brought from the Karadja Dagh. Accepting this statement I unhesitatingly inferred that the figure of the Roman soldier had been found by the villagers at Emir Ghazi, and that this place was a Roman military station (for which its position makes it exceptionally suitable).[1] I shall here reproduce part of an article which I wrote at Emir Ghazi, and which was published in the *Athenæum*, 3rd July, 1909.

[1] See p. 222.

"I had begun to be apprehensive during the night watches, when one lies awake and thinks over past mistakes and sins, that I had perhaps been too hasty in founding so much on the bare statement of the dealer in Konia as to the provenance of the Mithraic statuette. Could it be a forgery, which he was trying to foist on me, knowing that I had been digging at Emir Ghazi, under Karadja Dagh, last year? But always the conviction forced itself on me that the statuette was rude village work of an ancient date, and not that of a modern forger. No good judge will hesitate to pronounce it a genuine work. If it comes from Karadja Dagh, then Emir Ghazi or the neighbourhood must be the place: historical and topographical considerations made this inevitable. Yet the views which I stated remained a theory; and one cannot convey to others the assurance that one has from one's own knowledge and instinct. To convince others external evidence is necessary.

"That evidence is now complete. The statuette was found at Emir Ghazi, but not during the last few months. It was discovered several years ago, and was lying safely hid in a house in the village all the time that we were working there last year. In fact, we had heard a rumour of its existence, as the Jinnji reminded me; he had tried hard to find out the house, but had failed. Had we discovered it, the statuette would now be in the Constantinople Museum. As we failed, it is in the hands of the illicit trade in antiques; and by this time is perhaps in the European market, being palmed off as discovered at some

Mithraic shrine on the Danube or the Rhine frontier. Its historic value lies in its origin; and hence the importance of making this widely known through a journal of recognised high character.

"Our discovery came about in a curious way, which illustrates the difficulty of obtaining information in Asia Minor during a single journey, and shows how important for historical purposes it is to have some experienced person going about annually, picking up pieces of evidence and fitting them together. I often find that some scrap of information which I learned casually twenty-five years ago, and which seemed too unimportant to be published or even registered, completes and is completed by some new piece of evidence, in itself equally valueless, picked up by us or by some other recent traveller; and the two taken together reveal an unknown page of history.

"On the way here we arranged our journey so as to arrive by noon, and thus find some people in the village: at this season, as a rule, every one is out in summer quarters, but during the day a few people usually come in for some purpose or another. The houses are all locked up; Emir Ghazi is a centre of civilisation with 200 houses and the same number of padlocks;[1] and a peculiar malodour hangs about the place, which is unique, unforgettable, unmistakable. Any one who has once been in Emir Ghazi would recognise the place, if he were suddenly set down

[1] Padlocks have recently been introduced into this region; formerly every door stood open, or was fastened by a bar, which could be moved by any one from the outside.

there on a pitch-dark night. Yet it stands almost on the summit of a slight watershed, in a gap between Karadja Dagh and Arissama Dagh, raised a little above the great plains of Lycaonia to the west and Cappadocia to the east; and a breeze is generally blowing through the pass. To-day at 9 A.M. the sun is bright without being very hot, and a gentle wind makes the air cool in the shade. Yet the village is a mass of filth and pollution, and the only water is found in wells amid this stagnant putrefying sore upon the surface of the earth. There was one well, which was said to have good water, from which we were supplied the first night; but next day one of our servants came to inform us 'thé water stinks: a cat fell into the well'. What we do now for water I shrink from inquiring; but the men say it is all right, and they drink it freely without showing any signs of disease as the result.

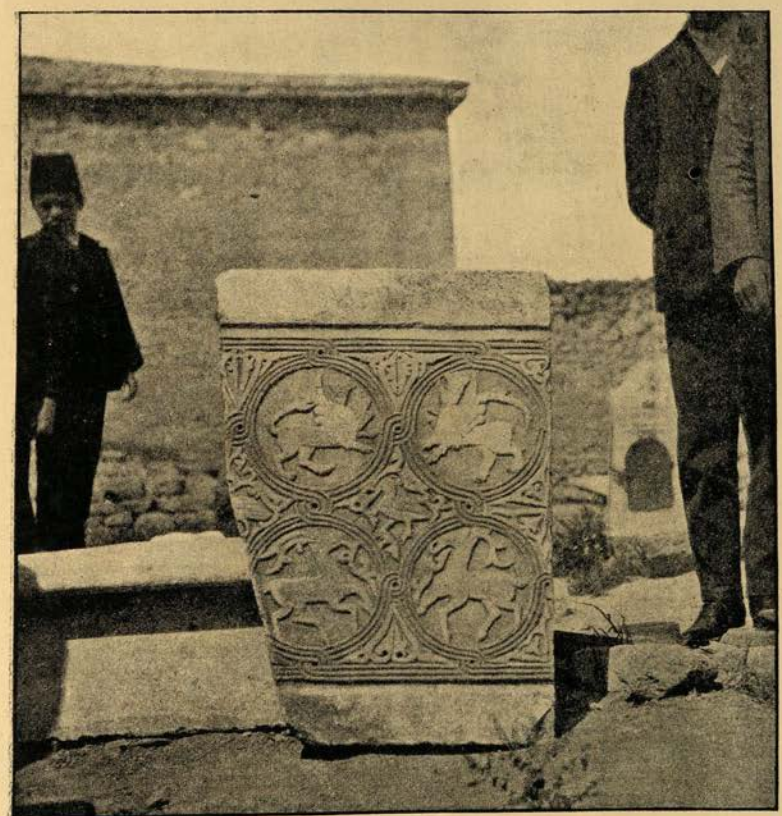
"Our plan of approach miscarried. The village where we had camped the preceding night was too distant, or we were too late in starting: and we stopped to lunch at a Yaila about an hour short of Emir Ghazi. On this casual event hung our fate. We met there a very tall young man, evidently a person of birth and standing; and all recognised each other as old friends. He had been in Emir Ghazi last year, when we were obliged to break open several houses and to send three of the leading men to prison for concealment of antiques (which are all legally the property of the Government). On that occasion the young man, who is called Ali Osman, had looked on

with great amusement, and cheered us in our task by his evident sympathy. That surprised us at the time; but the reason became evident when we found that he belonged to another village. The Emir Ghazili are much disliked by all their neighbours—and it is only from their neighbours that we can get any information about their illicit property in antiques. In conversation at lunch Ali Osman told me that at Emir Ghazi some one, whose name he did not know, had dug up a stone chest. This report was interesting, and seemed to confirm the story told me in Konia that a sarcophagus of the Sidamaria type, but smaller, had been found at Emir Ghazi. Ali Osman said that he had not been told of any figures carved on the outside of the chest; the story, as he had heard it, was that the finders broke the stone box, and found inside of it another stone box, which also they broke, disclosing an idol wrapped in several folds of cloth. The idol was about a foot high, as he indicated by a gesture. What had become of it he did not know; but his informant was the son of Osman Effendi of Emir Ghazi, who was not the finder, but would be able to tell us more. At once, of course, I suspected that this 'idol' was the Mithraic statuette. My knowledge of Turkish was not sufficient to investigate regarding minuter details, so I called the Jinnji and set him to work. He knew who the Armenian dealer was, and could describe him; and after some conversation with several people who had heard the story, he established the fact that the 'idol' had been sold to the Armenian trader in Konia. The circle of

evidence was complete; and the inferences drawn in my preceding paper may, I think, be now regarded as raised to the level of practical certainty.

"Had it not been for this fortunate meeting with Ali Osman, we should have failed to trace the statuette. The Emir Ghazili are the most disagreeable and secretive Turks whom I have ever met. The first discovery of a Hittite monument not far away from the village was made with the help of one of them by Prof. T. Callander and my Greek servant; but as soon as the inhabitants found that such stones interested us, they gathered them into their houses, and all further discovery has been made, in spite of their efforts, by active personal search and through information given by outsiders. This year even my Greek servant, with all his skill and with the knowledge we already possess of the facts, has found it impossible to gather any further information about the sarcophagus. I was anxious to find the fragments and the exact locality; but beyond the facts which we knew already, and which they admit, they disclose nothing.

"Yet these people are very anxious that we should stay and dig. They fully realise the advantages of having guests who pour into the village about £10 per day; they know that it would recreate the place; they ask us to make an aqueduct to bring running water into the village; but they will give no information and no help, and cheat us at every turn. I tell them that, if we dig, they will earn money enough to make the aqueduct; but that I will not dig unless



Stone in the Cemetery of the Holy Transfiguration at Konia: one side.
See p. 318.

they disclose the two remaining Hittite inscriptions, which we know to be hidden in the village. As yet we have made no progress. We had to become agents of the Government last year in order to bring forth two stones which we had traced, and Government is always hated; but they were just as disagreeable of old, when we were trying to buy the stones. I always try first of all the power of money, and only in the last resort appeal to the Government, which sends its own officials to take forcible possession. These Hittite stones are sent to Stamboul to the Museum. It is cheaper to appeal to the Government, but much surer to buy forthwith and present the stones to the Museum.

"Last year we made some trial excavations on a large mound called Mal-Tepe, "Treasure Hill," a mile north of Emir Ghazi, and near the south-west end of Arissama Dagh. We established the fact that it was of early period, for all the pottery was hand-made; and the fragments which were ornamented and thus gave chronological evidence were of the seventh century B.C. We made deep trenches in the top, but all this part had already been dug by the natives in search of treasure, and nothing of value can be found without much deeper digging.

"We have now come out to make some further excavation, and to see what can be picked up from the results of the villagers' digging during the last ten months. It was also desirable to locate the sites more exactly. I have never been able to find the spot from which the Hittite monuments come; but I

have long felt that Emir Ghazi is not itself the site of that ancient city. The graves close around it are all late Roman, so far as the accessible evidence goes: nothing found at the town has ever been shown me that could be regarded as earlier than that period; and the five Hittite stones, probably, have been brought from some old site in the neighbourhood, still undiscovered.

"Emir Ghazi was a Roman site. Khasbia is given in Lycaonia by Ptolemy, and the village lies half a mile on the Lycaonian side of the watershed. But, if it was a station of Roman troops (as was argued in my former paper), these must have been a detachment of the Cappadocian army. Khasbia, then, must have been transferred to Cappadocia when it became a military station. Arissama lies six kilometres on the Cappadocian side of the watershed; moreover, the part of Lycaonia in which Khasbia lies is assigned by Ptolemy to the Province Cappadocia.

"The modern village is almost certainly not the early Hittite site, though it was a Roman site. We have examined an ancient site on Arissama Dagh, near the east end: we picked up Greek, Hellenic and Roman pottery on the site, but could not find a scrap of early ware; yet the story is that all the Hittite stones have been brought from this site, and the place has been excavated from end to end by villagers in search of stones. The same absence of early pottery characterises also the Kizil Dagh fort, near the north-western end of the Kara Dagh. There Hellenic ware is abundant, but I failed to find any scrap that

could pass as earlier than Hellenic. Yet the gate of the fort bears a Hittite inscription, and a great Hittite monument with three inscriptions is carved on the hillside, one hundred yards from the wall of the fort. That fortress needs to be excavated, in order to determine what was the character of the Hittite pottery in Lycaonia and South Cappadocia; but, evidently, the absence of any obviously pre-Hellenic pottery on the surface does not prove that the site was not pre-Hellenic.

"On the central peak of Arissama Dagh, a very steep cone rising out of the centre of a deep bowl, there is a fort in unusually good preservation, the age of which I could not determine, but should guess to be early Byzantine (say of Justinian's time). The mountain was undoubtedly sacred; and I would suggest that the letter *r* in the name Ardistama is one of the various Hellenic devices for expressing the Anatolian sound *ng*: then the name indicates the mountain and city of Angdistis or Agdistis, the Phrygian and pre-Phrygian androgynous god of the central plateau.

"We found it advisable to postpone excavation on this site until next year. The country is not as yet sufficiently peaceable for regular settled work in a place so far from any centre of authority as Emir Ghazi. Last month we dug at Dorla, which is in the more orderly and settled country, forty miles south of Konia. But here we are out on the sparsely inhabited plains, among half-nomad Turkmens, who are in a way very kindly and pleasant to deal with, but who

until fifty years ago were all robbers and practically independent of the Ottoman Government. During the present year disbanded or absconded soldiers of the old régime might be met anywhere. Always contrabandists are engaged in smuggling tobacco; and a band of them are dangerous to travellers (as Prof. Callander found in 1907), though singly they are only anxious to escape notice. In such a region a traveller constantly on the move can go about and take the small risks of the situation; his movements are unknown, and no plan can be prepared against him. But to settle down for weeks in one spot, eighty miles east of Konia, known to be in possession of a considerable sum of money daily needed to pay workmen and feed a large camp, is a much more hazardous business; and, until the new Government is more firmly established, it is not prudent to live more than a few days in a place like Emir Ghazi. We therefore are separating, in order to devote the rest of our time to travel and exploration."

IV. THE RETURN JOURNEY

AFTER four weeks of continuous travelling we reached Konia again. The Hulme Scholar with the Jinnji had gone southwards. He wrote from Eregli, where he stayed four days, helping an English clergyman who was trying, with little knowledge of the country or people, to recover (as he said) 400 Armenian women and girls, stolen from Adana during the massacres, and now captives among the mountain nomads. The authorities could do nothing, because the nomads would have killed their prisoners rather than admit their fault; and it was impossible to detect a girl here and there among the tents, dressed like others and terrorised into silence. A letter was waiting us, begging me to appeal to the Porte.

The case was a melancholy one; but we saw no chance of doing any good. The clergyman was unknown to me, and one could not trust his opinion that the local officials ought to be more active. Moreover, my position in Turkey has been acquired by keeping free from politics and doing my own work; and I was not justified in sacrificing my opportunities by interfering, when the facts were unknown to me except by hearsay. Three days later a telegram arrived from the writer, bidding me disregard his letter; and I was heartily glad that I had done so.

The fact that a good many girls are captive in the mountains is, I believe, certain. A few will escape. The rest will probably be detained for life, and merged among the nomads. The local authorities, however, are powerless, and complaints against their inaction are unjustified. Men in Turkey will not, and cannot, interfere in the family arrangements of Moslems, or inspect the women. The Turkish officials are few in number; they have much to do, and often cannot succeed in performing their necessary duties. To search out those captives is a long and delicate task; and would certainly cause the death of many, if a few were recovered. I cannot blame those who refuse to attempt the task. A patriotic Armenian, whom I consulted, said that nothing could be done: the women had been lost, and were not recoverable by man at present: he believed that there were several hundreds in this situation.

In the cemetery beside the Greek church of the Holy Transfiguration, my wife photographed two sides of a marble plaque, transformed into a modern tombstone with a new epitaph. One side of the plaque I should have unhesitatingly described as Seljuk work; but the other is unmistakably Christian; the great cross and the peacocks are a common Byzantine ornament. This stone is published as a warning against hasty judgment in Plates XXXIII., XXXIV.

A traveller who was in Adana during the massacres gives an appalling description of them. The intense hatred of the Moslems towards the Armenians as money-lenders and usurers had much to do with the

outbreak; but it was fostered and encouraged by authority. This traveller saw the murderers playing a game, in which one tossed a child to another, who caught it on his bayonet: if he transfixed it neatly, he received five piastres. That is only one trifle in an indescribable variety of ways of inflicting death. Many hundred Turks were killed in the fighting; and the most trustworthy authorities think that the total number of killed cannot be much less than 20,000; but the Turks official estimate is only 7,000. It is believed that Major Doughty Wylie saved the lives of several thousands, who would have been burned but for his personal exertions.

It now became necessary to send our daughter home. No proper medical attention could be got in Konia, and it was best for her to go direct to London. I wrote to one of the leading English residents in Constantinople, asking him to get her passport and take her place in the Orient Express, so that she might arrive in the evening, stay the night on the Asiatic side near the railway terminus, and cross next day direct to the European railway station; and explained that she could not stand the fatigue of making the needed arrangements in the brief interval between two long solitary journeys. As things turned out, a letter from the Secretary of Aberdeen University recalled me to make arrangements for next winter's classes, and we all went down together. My friend told me that he had engaged a place in the Express, but a passport could not be got without the personal attendance in the Consulate of the person who desired

the passport. He knew that this was so, as he himself, though known to all the officials for forty years and more, could not get a passport without making the journey in person to the Consulate. Still he had written explaining the circumstances, and asking if an exception could be made: but the law was inexorable, and the Consul was powerless. At the Embassy this was confirmed: no exceptions were permitted by the rules. At the request of one of the Embassy officials the Consul courteously said that he would send a Consular official to interview the young lady; but this message did not reach me until 5 P.M., and the Consulate closed at 3; so that nothing could be done to take advantage of the courtesy. I went to the Minister of the Interior, who gave me a letter to the Chief of Police; and the latter wrote an autograph order to his officers at the railway station and at the Turkish frontier. At the station, I explained that the lady had no passport, but handed the order to the officers: one of them read it, and gave it back saying, "This would pass a hundred people".

Now, what one wonders is, as already stated on p. 250, why our Foreign Office should make such rigid new rules. Why should a Consul-General in Constantinople, who is trusted with such serious and wide responsibilities, be denied the power to issue a passport to a lady too ill to appear personally at the Consulate, or to one of the leading Englishmen in Turkey, unless he goes there? All this red tape is of recent manufacture. None of these absurdities ever happened until a few years ago. This and

many other restrictions have been introduced since Sir E. Grey came into office. Is he responsible for them? Is he aware of them? Or are they the growth of a noxious weed, which is gradually substituting cast-iron regulation of the German type for the common-sense and personal initiative, which were formerly expected of and permitted to our Consuls in Turkey?

In 1884, for the first time, we got a passport in Athens, certifying that my wife and I were British subjects. For twenty-two years it served us, sometimes separately, sometimes alone. But in 1906, when she was returning home from Constantinople with a daughter, she sent this and also her daughter's separate passport to the Consulate through the Bible-House, surely a sufficiently respectable and trustworthy institution, to get the visa required for departure. They were sent back with the message that no visa could be given unless she applied in person; and she had to make the journey, requiring much time, from a point high up on the opposite side, to Galata for this one purpose. Then a new difficulty was discovered. The officials knew that I had left some weeks before, and a joint passport could not be used for one. She explained that it had been repeatedly used singly for twenty-two years; but the officials insisted that she must get a separate passport for her single self. She declined to do so, made them put the visa on the young lady's passport, and broke the law by leaving without a visa on her own. An experienced traveller can always manage these things; but one prefers to

obey the law, so long as it is reasonably possible to do so.

A missionary in Asia Minor, a British subject, sent through the Bible-House a request to have the birth of his child registered. This could not be done unless he came in person, five days' journey by horse and train. At last the Foreign Office was consulted and granted exemption. As time passed, the birth of a second child required registration; the same objections were made, and the Foreign Office had to be again consulted.

One could make a volume of the stories which many British subjects in Turkey tell of the way in which these new rules work, causing the maximum of inconvenience to every one, and producing no gain. If any British subject can get a passport through his Bank in England, why cannot he do so in Turkey, where every one is known? The Bible-House, among its other duties, acts as Banker for the whole Missionary organisation.

The passport system is an anachronism in Europe; and the increased stringency of the new rules is a retrogression towards barbarism (as is pointed out on p. 250). Everything that fetters free intercourse among the nations is illiberal and wrong.

As regards health, 1909 was the worst year I have known. The Hulme Scholar started on a big expedition in the third week of June. In August he reached Scotland looking twenty years older, having spent much of the intervening weeks in the enjoyment of typhoid fever. My wife and I escaped illness on

he journey; but I suffered almost continuously from euralgia in the head for three months after returning, hile she suffered much longer and more severely om the same cause. The records of exploration in sia Minor show how severely it has tried the health f those who have engaged long in it; but, from the auses explained already (pp. 279 f., 287, 299), this as an exceptional year, and disease was rife in the untry.

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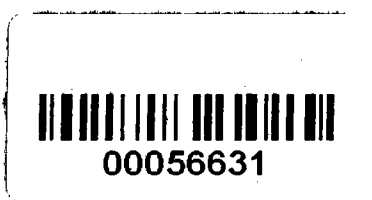
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